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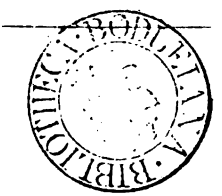

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THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XI.

LORD AVONMORE.

Of the many distinguished men whose genius shed a lustre on Ireland, few have a stronger claim on her grateful recollections than the eminent character who forms the subject of our present memoir. Other countries have consecrated the virtues of their great men through the substantial monuments of national history—the lives and pursuits of the great lawyers, orators, and statesmen of England are familiar to almost every schoolboy; we seem to converse with them face to face from the admirable minuteness with which every incident of their lives is depicted—not a fragment remains undiscovered which could stimulate public interest in their favour, or throw an additional light on their modes of thought or action. But the curse of Swift is on Ireland. "Hibernia semper incuriosa suorum" is a saying which has well nigh attained the melancholy truth of an axiom—she has been but too regardless of the memories of her great men. Sir James Mackintosh justly censures this erring characteristic of a country which has given to the world such an imposing array of genius—no record, he complains, can point out the birth-place of the celebrated Boyle. This is not strictly true. Boyle was born in Lismore: but we are not the less inclined, however, to censure the general principle which he deduces from his own slight error,—that few nations have been more favoured than Ireland in the intellect which, from time to time, has brightened her dark annals, and few have treated it with more cold and cruel neglect. The birth-place of Barry Yelverton is not unknown, but what is known of the produce of his rich and magnificent mind?—of that sublime and resistless eloquence, which Grattan finely compared to the advance of a column of water three thousand miles deep? What remains of that chaste and polished wit which gave a brilliancy and softness to his wisdom, and of that deep and sober wisdom which gave a relief and lustre to his wit? Grattan and Curran have alone survived the general wreck: filial affection has done for both what otherwise would have remained long undone—their fine orations have outlived the liberty in behalf of which they were delivered,—like the noble ruins of Pæstum, which are almost as entire as the day they were built, while not a solitary vestige remains

of the city to which they belonged. But Barry Yelverton has not been so fortunate. Tradition, a weak and evanescent substitute for historical certainty, is the only medium through which we can convey even an incorrect estimate of his great original powers. His contemporaries, and they are now very few, regard him with feelings of admiration and astonishment, and see nothing to compare with him in the genius of the present day. As an orator, they say, he was unequalled. He possessed all the grand and numerous modes of awakening the deepest emotion—the fierce and scathing invective—the terrible crimination—the bold and unexpected retort—the piercing sarcasm—the cool and dignified irony—the polished and skilful flattery, and the exquisite artifice—by which the passions of an audience are wound up to suit the purposes of the speaker. His speeches were not mere *pièces de circonstance*, but solid and elegant structures, perfect and harmonious in all their parts. There was no surfeiting and luscious sweetness—no misplaced and tawdry ornament—no sparkling and extravagant conceits—faults which our critical neighbours discover abundantly in our best specimens of eloquence. His were of a different cast; and though Burgh may have surpassed him in purity and transparency of language—Grattan in brilliancy of sentiment—Malone in the art of addressing a jury—Curran in luxuriance of imagination—Flood in severe logical deduction,—he surpassed all in bold and lofty elocution, and in the general massiveness of his conceptions. If the soul of eloquence be persuasion, he was the first of eloquent men. A parliamentary audience is a creature of reason rather than susceptibility, and to be vanquished by the weapons rather of argumentative than of impassioned speaking; and he appealed to men's minds with such energy of argument, such strength of reasoning, illustrated with all the resources of an accomplished and extensive erudition, that, in the Irish House of Commons, where the influence of the minister was generally strong enough to bear down any rising conviction of the questionable character of his measures, Mr. Yelverton often so far prevailed as to mitigate the general obduracy of the members, and secure many a vote to the opposition. When he appeared, momentous interests were at stake—England, haughty and insolent, unaccustomed to opposition, stood on her old right of supremacy, a principle which shook her dominion to its centre—Ireland, on the firmer ground of a free parliament and native institutions. Into this field of contending rights all the genius of the nation was pressed, whether to harass or support the minister. Grattan had just dedicated to his country his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendour of his astonishing eloquence. One instance, which we furnish on the best authority, will both strongly illustrate the ancient maxim that fate has more to do with men's fortunes than prudence, as well as exhibit the ardour of the government to discover efficient implements for their purposes.

Lord Harcourt applied to the Provost of Trinity College to recommend some young man of ability to combat the eloquence of Mr. Flood, who was then pressing into the foremost rank of the patriots (as the opposition party was then called.) There were then two students named Scott, both scholars and both Johns. One, the future Lord

Clonmel, who exhibited in his academic course little of that powerful though rude intellect which was afterwards so effective in parliament and at the bar—the other of great attainments and a highly cultivated mind, better known as "Falkland," whose characters of the Irish members are remarkable for gracefulness, truth, and energy. The latter was recommended; but, by a fortunate error, the former was summoned, and ever after maintained his ground, combating against every just and national principle, to secure that favour to which a freak of fortune had invited him, and which he never after forfeited. Beneath the rough husk of vulgarity there was a solid understanding, which, combined with boldness and intrepidity in action, raised him to the first honours. Against so formidable an opponent Yelverton broke the first lance at the bar, and not without success—a warfare which often after was renewed in the House of Commons. In a law argument on the subject of some forfeited estates, he alluded in very forcible language to the anomalous relation that existed between the administration and the people, which elicited an indignant rebuke from Scott. But his opponent was not intimidated. "I am well aware," said Yelverton, "how displeasing to corrupt and tyrannous governments is every sentiment which trenches on their libertine excesses. I am also well aware in what relation the slave stands to his master, but the violence of the one or the insolence of the other shall never frown me into a neglect of what I owe my country and my profession. The germs of a power have been sown whose maturity will teach submissiveness to both—the developement is at hand." He was right: already was 1782 in the bud, an era with which the name of Barry Yelverton is immortally associated.

When Napoleon made the proud boast, "I am the Rodolph of my family," he must have felt more satisfaction than if imperial blood flowed in his veins; and John Philpot Curran derived more true pride in deducing his birth from the Seneschal of Newmarket than the vanity of Lord Byron from the Norman conquerors. Of the same feeling was Barry Yelverton. "There is," he used to say, "the same odour in the gentleman and slave, when both are perfumed—the only odours worth cultivation are those arising from honourable toils."

He was the son of Francis Yelverton and Elizabeth Barry, obscure but industrious persons, and was born on the 28th of May, 1736, in the little village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, which claims the high honour of sending forth two such men as Yelverton and Curran. Both were educated at the free-school in Middleton, under Dr. Carey, a man, it appears, of very amiable manners and considerable erudition. From the very lively recollection both his distinguished pupils entertained of him in the days of their prosperity, he must have been gifted not only with a good heart but deep knowledge.

The information is very scanty about young Barry's early education, but, from his profound acquaintance with classics in his more mature years, he must have laid the foundation deep and well. Curran says he was remarkable at school for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and often maintained a classic warfare with the doctor, in which, more than once, the latter came off second best. He preceded Curran by several years at Middleton, but all still remembered

him with schoolboy affection. Many were the adventures told of Barry; he was the leader in every movement—for fun and frolic he exceeded all. In stone-casting, leaping, ball-playing, boxing for himself or another, he was looked on as another Crichton. Having resolved to try his fortune in college, he set out with a few shillings in one pocket, a small Virgil in the other, and an oak staff in his hand. He bade adieu to his family, and quitted his humble home. His wardrobe was as inadequate to his wants as his pecuniary supply. He often told a humorous story which occurred on this occasion. While his mother washed his solitary shirt the night before his departure, he said jocularly, "Mother, I wish I had *eleven* shirts."

"Why eleven, Barry?"

"Why, because then I should have the gentleman's dozen."

He walked to Dublin, and when he reached James Street, his pocket contained the smallest of his majesty's silver coins. "I ate," said he, "a penny roll, with some milk, and paid my lodging with the remainder. The next day, however, the prospect of an hungry stomach vanished. I obtained first sizership, and borrowed a pound from my tutor."

A custom prevailed in those days in the university, which operated keenly on his sensitive mind. Sizers then waited at table on the fellows and commoners. While attending at table, a pert commoner ordered the future chief baron to bring up a codfish from the extremity of the table. Yelverton acquiesced, and while ministering to the velveted scamp, he slipped, and pitched the sauce on the worthy's gown. He turned to rebuke Yelverton, who contemplated the fallen codfish with a good-natured smile. The choler of the noble rose, for Yelverton did not condescend to apologise for such an infraction of the law of the two tables, and he rudely shoved him aside. Yelverton very coolly disposed the platter on the sideboard, returned with the tale of the fish, and smote the offender on the face. Great was the clamour among the "sons of the knights." A meeting was convened—a remonstrance made to the authorities—Yelverton was slightly rebuked, and so the matter ended. About this time, his pecuniary circumstances being somewhat straitened, and no other mode of improving his condition accessible, he became tutor in a classical academy, kept by a Dr. Buck, in North King Street. Mrs. B., like all good wives, was a rigid economist—a very hoarder of cheeseparings—Mrs. Squeers in "Nickleby" is formed on her exact model; but, what was of more consequence to the doctor, she was absolute in the dominion of the breeches. Yelverton felt his situation pungently enough, but he learned with the poet "to bear the ills the gods bestow us." Mrs. B. was gentle for the first few weeks, but she was a bitter scold, and panted for practice. Old subjects were exhausted—poor Buck himself was absolutely flayed—Yelverton now was the only inviting object, and on him she resolved to try the efficacy of her tongue. He might have borne even this with patience, so long as the right of his stomach to proper nutriment was not disputed. While he was indulged with a bowl of tea for breakfast, she might with impunity have dinned herself to sleep. But this was only preparatory to an altered regimen; Yelverton was a saucy fellow, and must be content with

brown bread and cold milk. He appealed to the doctor, but, like other wise doctors, he shook his head, and said nothing. He appealed to the terms of the contract, but she silenced him at once with a broadside of vituperation. He shook the dust off his feet, and left Dr. Buck to enjoy his domestic comforts. He was elected scholar in 1756, and some friend who weighed the depth of his mind, and saw the balance of success in his favour, recommended him to study the law, to which he applied himself with earnestness and energy.

He was called to the bar in 1764. The difficulty of emerging into notoriety was then great. Genius had to perform its usual quarantine of years without bag or brief, and if success depended on an empty pocket, he richly deserved it. An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "Some succeed by great talents, some by high connexions, some by a miracle, but the majority by *commencing without a shilling*." The first and last qualities he eminently possessed, for his talents were vast, and he was poor to perfection. But he did not the less thirst for professional knowledge, which he sought after with unwavering industry. He had stoicism to be content with his condition, and to know that if life has present ill, it has also future good—that it is better to bear with than whine over evils, and that the best remedy lies in intellectual activity. Like Lord Mansfield, he scarcely knew the difference between nothing and a thousand a year—like him too, when once on the highway, he advanced progressively, until the summit of his ambition was attained. As we have remarked in the memoir of Mr. Burrows, his first display was on an election petition. A petition was lodged against the return for Baltinglass, in which Mr. Yelverton was junior counsel. The prime serjeant, Kelly, was senior. When the case was opened, he was compelled to attend some parliamentary business, and leave the management solely to Mr. Yelverton, and he discharged his duty with astonishing power. This was the foundation of his fortunes. Eloquence was then the most popular and shortest way to distinction at the Irish bar. Its cultivation was sure to lead to success, and while men of acknowledged power, but unfurnished with the "divine gift," toiled in the shade, the young orator was admired and cherished—his ignorance of the law was forgotten in the acquisition of the other grand attainment, and he was rolled into the senate, and thence to the bench. But when to profound learning in the law was added a striking eloquence, such as never before had been heard at the bar, it is not surprising that he rose rapidly into eminence. His political opinions were well known—they were those of the opposition. Various attempts were made to enlist him in the ministerial ranks, but he was firm. In 1776 he was returned with Mr. Conway Dobbs for the borough of Carrickfergus, which he continued to represent while in parliament. Of his splendid though short career in the House of Commons, we have only scant memorials; nor of such men as Burgh and Daly, his cotemporaries and compeers, what record is there of their eloquence and learning—of their principles and arguments in favour of liberty?—A past century has witnessed them, though they are lost to the present. With the occasions that gave it birth their eloquence has gone by and perished, save a few dismal fragments

which return not a glimmer of the original brightness; yet their fame stands recorded in their actions, and is immortally bound up with the national history. The lofty monuments which Mr. Yelverton erected to his fame are no more, and if in the few extracts which have survived him the reader may fail to discern the elements of that genius which he unquestionably possessed, let him ascribe it to the miserable insufficiency of the parliamentary reports of the time.

Before we conduct the reader to the House of Commons, it will be necessary to state briefly the condition of Ireland at the period he took his seat. The insolence of Lord Sidney laid the foundation of 1782. There had been no parliament for twenty-six years, when the pecuniary wants of the crown forced it to convene one. Not insensible of the rapid encroachments made on whatever shreds of freedom survived the oppression of England, the Commons, somewhat animated by principles disseminated by the Révolution of 1788, assented to one-third only of the sum demanded. The administration remonstrated; they boldly stood on their right to determine the amount of every supply. England, too unsparing in her severity to sanction a privilege so derogatory to her interests, sent over two money bills, and insisted on their immediate approval. But the Commons were not to be daunted; they rejected one, and, in the language of one of their spirited resolutions, "from the extreme urgency of the case," granted the other. Parliament was haughtily prorogued, and when they requested permission to send commissioners to England to lay an impartial statement before the king, Lord Sidney sneeringly told them, "they might go to beg his majesty's pardon for their seditious and riotous assemblies." Such was the contemptuous and insolent language addressed to the Irish parliament—a style of speaking which future lieutenants did not much care to indulge in. It was not without its effect. Even in those days of popular weakness he was compelled to yield to the universal hatred; but what was of much greater importance, his conduct generated that great principle which Mr. Molyneaux embodied and illustrated in his famous "Case of Ireland," and was further propagated in Mr. Hutchinson's "Commercial Propositions." The associate and correspondent of John Locke was infused with those exalted opinions which characterised that venerable friend of freedom. He saw and felt that the root of Irish suffering lay in the selfish spirit of British monopoly; that commercial prosperity was precarious so long as the constitutional rights of the nation depended on the sanction of a foreign parliament, and with no less energy than intrepidity he advocated the cause of his country. Long before his death, Molyneaux was deified in Ireland. Far different were the opinions of England. The "Rights of Man" was never held in such sacred abhorrence by the courtiers of George III. The obnoxious volume was examined by a *rational* committee of the House of Commons, and at this day there is a resolution on the journals of the first assembly in the world, "that the book published by Mr. Molyneaux is of dangerous tendency to the crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the king and parliament of England to bind the kingdom and parliament of Ireland." The wisdom of government adopted the prudent mode of preventing the dissemina-

tion of its dangerous principles by submitting it to purification by fire. But did the magnanimous order produce the desired effect? Did the common hangman and the shouts of a mob dissipate the vital truths it contained? The material on which a truth is impressed may be destroyed, but the truth itself never—especially when it is associated with national freedom. "Tribunals," eloquently observed Mr. Yelverton, "may condemn the form, but the sense and spirit still live—they are too subtle for the authority of tribunals, however high-handed and arbitrary. A principle once abroad can never be crushed—violence only adds to the number of its adherents—the more it is persecuted, the more firm is their devotion; and they see in the malevolence of its opponents renewed reasons to confirm their belief, and to die, if necessary, in maintaining its truth." England was still all-powerful, and, in proportion to the resistance she experienced, augmented her oppression. The thraldom was now terrible. The champions of Ireland also became her martyrs. Swift and Lucas shared the fate of Molyneaux. As the writings of the one were burned, so those of the second were persecuted, and Lucas was expelled the parliament. The Commons had not a vestige of real power. They were merely secondary to the privy council, which could alter or suppress their bills at pleasure. Parliament was for the king's life—the judges dependent on his will. The crown had the excise and customs granted it for ever—the Meeting Bill was perpetual. The murder of an Irishman was an offence punishable by fine; and, as it was publicly stated from the bench, "the law did not presume a papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could he breathe but by the sufferance of parliament." Ireland was then in its aphelion, but she soon reached the point of her greatest obscuration, and gradually began to emerge from thick darkness into comparative brightness. The dawn of a happier era now appeared—the democratic principle, as Grattan finely expressed it, was getting on and on, and like a mist at the heels of a countryman, small at first and lowly, soon ascended to the hills, and overcast the whole field of the horizon. The patriots, who had increased in power and numbers since 1770, assumed a more compact form, and operated on a common basis. They had numerous meetings on the best mode of cleansing the island from every vestige of civil tyranny, and the ponderous labour was apportioned between the ablest. The groundwork of all future national good being the repeal of Poyning's law, that was allotted to Mr. Flood and Mr. Yelverton—to Mr. Gervas Parker Bushe the Perpetual Meeting Bill—to Mr. Gardiner and Sir H. Langrishe the Penal Code—to Mr. Grattan and Mr. Brownlow the Supremacy of the British Parliament—Mr. Hussey Burgh and Mr. Daly co-operated and assisted each in turn, while Charlemont House rounded the entire. The difficulty of overcoming all these powerful obstructions was immense; they would have disheartened men less devoted to the regeneration of their country; but they combined daring energy with indomitable perseverance, and applied themselves to the noble task with a fervency worthy of the cause. They were not, however, unassisted; the Atlantic cities were in arms. British authority fell there like an exhausted thunderbolt; and the impulse given to freedom by the heroism of the undisciplined militia of Maryland was not lost

on the Irish people or their leaders. Prompt advantage was taken of the weakness of Lord North: he was attacked with skill and vigour. When the town of Belfast applied to government for some means of defence, the answer received was, that they would endeavour to send half a troop of dismounted horse and half a company of invalids. The citizens at once took up arms for their protection. In this the leaders saw the germ of a great movement. The people were universally appealed to for the defence of the island; they were too sensitive to disregard the call; eighty thousand men, as if by a species of magic, were at once in arms. So splendid an array of chivalry in the cause of liberty was never before witnessed. The volunteers felt the great power they possessed, and they acted with a prudence proportioned to their strength. They did nothing rash, or inconsistent with the greatest good sense. They stated their grievances simply, but with firmness—their language was invariably the language of discretion. All the arts of seduction were employed, but they were seduction-proof. Nothing could tempt them. Threats and artifices were used to deceive and deter, but they could not be stirred from their high resolve. In their conduct men will read this proud lesson, that a nation will outgrow its servitude when bound by the spirit of union, and moved by the principles of liberty. In 1780, the antagonism between popular claims and ancient prerogative was at its height. Mr. Yelverton suggested the necessity of a six months' money bill. The opposition met at Charlemont House. This proposition was unanimously agreed to. Circulars were immediately sent to all the volunteer corps in the provinces, and country and city instructed their representatives to support a six months' instead of a two years' bill. The subject was attacked with extreme violence in the House of Commons by the attorney-general Scott, supported principally by Sir H. Cavendish and Mr. Monck Mason, which very nearly terminated their parliamentary and earthly career at the same time.

The people grew enraged, and on the 15th of November proceeded in vast numbers to Scott's house. Fortunately he was not there, or the Irish peerage might have wanted Lord Clonmel. They next proceeded to the Parliament House, and thence detached a body of one thousand men to the Four Courts, in search of the attorney-general, who lay concealed in one of the offices. They returned to College-Green, and pledged every member, as he entered, to vote for a short money bill. Mr. Yelverton, who, with Mr. Grattan and Hussey Burgh, was aide-de-camp to Lord Charlemont, was called on by the mayor to order out the lawyers' corps, as it stood deservedly high with the people. The drums beat, and the "handsome battalion," in its uniform of scarlet and gold, drew up unarmed in front of the College, commanded by Mr. Yelverton. He advanced into the centre of the crowd and harangued them, which had the effect of allaying the tumult and prevailing on them to disperse.

In that year Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, introduced a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, which was prepared and drawn up by Mr. Yelverton. Every person acquainted with the iniquitous policy and spirit of the penal laws, knows the situation of the Catholic regarding the acquisition of property. The object of the bill

was to empower him to take leases for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and to render such property devisable and descendible as that enjoyed by Protestants. In committee Mr. Yelverton inserted a clause disabling the eldest son of a Catholic from making his father tenant for life by conforming to the Established Church—"a regulation," said he, "so infamous as to disgrace any nation on earth." The bill was combated with unabated virulence in every stage, but was at length carried. On the Mutiny Bill he made one of those powerful speeches which electrified the House. The attorney-general, not very profuse in his praises of Mr. Yelverton, said, "he must confess that a finer compound of glowing language and ingenious argument was never delivered within these walls; but it had one fault, which pervaded the whole—it was grounded on fallacies." Of this fine speech the reporter gives only this diluted fragment—"How great is the folly of British ministers expecting to force English laws on Ireland, when even to execute decrees made by the King's Bench in England, or writs of error from the King's Bench in Ireland, they were compelled to apply to the Irish courts for power. When the King of Great Britain was advised by his ministers to touch with his sceptre the laws that declared Ireland a slave, (the Declaratory Act of Geo. I.,) he broke the imperial crown of Ireland into pieces. Let us then gather up the scattered fragments, and with them form a diadem worthy the brows of our sovereign, instead of the baleful wreaths of usurpation. We were moderate," continued he, "this entire session, but such have been the declarations of ministers this day, that moderation is at an end—we have now done with the scabbard."

This violent menace, however, he did not act on, for we find him shortly after pursuing a wiser and more conciliatory course. On the 5th of December, 1781, the disastrous account of the surrender of the English army under Lord Cornwallis reached Dublin. The dismay was terrible. The Irish administration apprehended immediate advantage would be taken of the weakness of the mother-country; but Mr. Yelverton, with the more prudent of the opposition, pursued a contrary course, and though some did not support the address from a belief that it would commit them on the principle of the American war, it was carried by a large majority. It was an address to the crown, sympathising with the calamities which befel the army. On moving the address, he observed—

"I had determined this day to bring on a motion—a motion which I will never lose sight of until a mode of legislation utterly repugnant to the British constitution shall be done away; but the melancholy intelligence received from America has turned my thoughts into a different train. I have always looked on the true interest of Great Britain as inseparable from Ireland. Britain cannot experience a misfortune which we must not feel. She cannot gain an advantage which we shall not partake. It would ill become the generosity of the Irish people to remain in sullen apathy or silent insensibility on so momentous an occasion, when Britain, surrounded by enemies, and struggling with magnanimity against a warring world, becomes the object of admiration to every generous mind. But when, as Irishmen, we consider our connexion with England, what must be our feelings? We are called on to testify our affection and unalterable attachment to that heroic country, and to convince foreign

nations that we do not despair of the constitution, but that the British empire has power and resources to render her still formidable by land and sea, and to prove to them that the dismemberment she has suffered has only served to draw the remaining parts into closer union and interest."

The Rockingham administration was formed, and the Duke of Portland came over to Ireland. On the 15th of April, 1782, Mr. Yelverton beheld the fulfilment of his labours. The nation was declared free, and the rights of Ireland established on a firm basis. Lord Clonmel rose higher from his fall, and Mr. Yelverton was appointed attorney-general—a well-merited reward of his patriotic exertions. He supported his party with his usual ability, but with a moderation which proved that with the assumption of power he did not surrender his more early convictions. On the question of simple repeal he combated against Mr. Flood, in which he was supported by Mr. Grattan —Flood was right. In 1783 a thick shade passed over his popularity. The subject of parliamentary reform, which had been so powerfully recommended by the dying voice of the great Chatham, and was again borne up by the rising genius of Pitt, excited great attention in Ireland. The volunteers, conscious of having obtained the liberties of their country, proceeded wisely to secure their permanency by a reform of the House of Commons. According to a table of the representation of Ireland, out of three hundred members the people returned eighty-one, including sixty-four for the counties—the patrons two hundred and eighty-one! This state of things they sought to remedy, and to effect that purpose they appointed a number of delegates from each county to meet in a grand convention to be held in Dublin. The number was two hundred. Mr. Flood was the great directing spirit of their councils. The convention sat for three weeks, forming a rival senate, and overshadowing the state. They were still powerful, they had arms in their hands, and they sought to effect by intimidation what would not be conceded to right. A measure of reform was prepared through the instrumentality of Mr. Flood, and they entrusted him with its presentation. The 29th of November was a day of terror in the House of Commons. As the speaker took his seat there was a clang of trumpets through the long corridors leading into the House, which created a general panic. This was the procession of the Bishop of Derry to the Rotundo; and the *cortège* exhibited anything but a peaceful appearance. Ministers were in alarm. Twenty-one pieces of ordnance were fired as Mr. Flood, Mr. Brownlow, and other members of the Commons, proceeded from the convention. They entered the House in their volunteer uniforms amid the acclamations of the populace, while the delegates, also in their respective uniforms, and wearing swords, thronged the galleries. Ministers entrusted the management of the whole business to Mr. Yelverton, and he had nerves for any occasion, however perilous. He saw disunion in concession, and at every risk he resolved to resist the demands of the delegates with firmness. All eyes were now turned on Mr. Flood; he at length arose, and merely asked leave to bring in a bill for the more equal representation of the people in parliament. This was responded to with loud applause from the galleries. Mr. Yelverton rose immediately.

"I do not mean to go into the discussion of this bill, but I wish the hon. member would state the necessity there exists for its introduction, and also who those persons are who are discontented. The sudden irruption of this measure surprises me, for before yesterday I never heard of it."

* * * * *

"We sit not here to register the edicts of another assembly, or to receive propositions at the point of the bayonet. I admire the volunteers so long as they confine themselves to their first line of conduct—it was their glory to preserve the domestic peace of this country, and to render it formidable to foreign enemies—it was their glory to aid the civil magistrate, and to support their parliament, but when they depart from this honourable conduct, and turn themselves into a debating society, and, with that rude instrument the bayonet, would probe the wounds of the constitution that require the most skilful hand, I own my respect for them is destroyed. If it shall be avowed that this bill originated with them, I reject it at once, because I consider that decides the question whether the House or the convention—whether the Parliament or the delegates, are to be obeyed. What have we lately seen? Even during the sitting of Parliament, and in the metropolis of this kingdom, armed men lining the streets—armed men going in fastidious show to that pantheon of divinities, the Rotundo, and there sitting in all the parade and mockery of Parliament! Shall we submit to this?

"I think the time is now arrived—things are come to such a crisis, that even our self-preservation as a Parliament depends on the vote we shall this night give. This is the spot whereon to make our stand—here we must draw the line, for they have advanced, as we have retired, step by step. We are now on a precipice, and to recede one step more plunges us into inevitable ruin.

"Sir, I lament, for the honour of my countrymen, that they should have chosen this period for introducing innovation, or exciting discontent. What is the occasion that calls forth this displeasure against the constitution; and what is our present situation? Blessed with a free trade and a free constitution—our peers restored to their rights, and to their lawful authority—our judges rendered independent—the manacles fallen from our Commons—all foreign control abolished, we take our rank among nations as a free state. And is this a time to alter the constitution which has endured so many storms, and risen superior to all oppressions? Will the armed associations, wise as they may be, be able to form a better, though they reject this? Before they have for a single session entered into the enjoyment of it, like children they throw away the bauble, for which, with all the eagerness of infantine caprice, they have struggled—or, like spendthrifts, they would make away with their inheritance before they entered into possession of it. But I will say to the volunteers, You shall not throw away from you the blessings you enjoy under your happy constitution: cultivate your own prosperity, and enjoy the fruits of your virtues—beat your swords into ploughshares—return to your different occupations—leave the business of legislation in those hands where the laws have placed it, and where you have had ample proof that it will be used for the advantage of our common country. It is in vain, on the part of the convention, to disclaim their intent of overawing the Parliament; nay, I am told their session is not yet prorogued, and they meet again on Monday to reverse our opinion of this night. I call then on this House to stand up for the constitution, which is menaced by military despotism—I call on them to exert their spirit, and vindicate their rights—I call on them in the words of a great man, "Expergiscimini aliquando, atque capesite rempublicam."

The address was a highly insinuating and artful one, of which the

above is a mere famished skeleton, and it produced the desired effect. The experiment on the part of the convention was a very bold one. Had they assumed less military menace, and relied more on their moral than physical power, they might have been more successful. The constitution of 1782 was not tried, and it had been obtained with too much toil to sacrifice it to the suggestions of a military assembly. Though Mr. Grattan was an ardent reformer, and supported the motion, yet there was a perceptible hesitation in his language—and why not? The constitution was the offspring of his genius and his exertions, and he parted from it with regret. Had Mr. Flood and the convention succeeded, the Union would never have passed; but neither the Parliament nor convention entertained a notion on that subject. If the volunteers were precipitate, it cannot, however, be said that Mr. Yelverton treated them with fairness, or maintained, in this respect, that consistency of action which was the boast of his life. If his argument were true in the case of the convention, it applied with equal or greater force to the two great meetings in Dungannon before 1782. In both instances the dictation was one of steel, and if the constitution was perilled by military despotism in one case, so was it in the other. This did not escape the acuteness of Mr. Flood, whose reply was masterly and eloquent.

"I have not introduced the volunteers, but if the hon. gentleman dare asperse them, I will defend their character against all the world. By whom were our commerce and constitution recovered? By the volunteers. Why did not the hon. gentleman make a declaration against them when they lined our streets, and Parliament passed in triumph through those virtuous armed men to demand the rights of an insulted nation? Are they different men at this day, or is the hon. gentleman different? Let him answer. He was then one of their body—he is now their accuser. Are they less wise, less brave, less ardent in their country's cause, or has their admirable conduct made him their enemy? May not they say, we have not changed, but you have changed? He cannot bear to hear of the volunteers, but I will ask him, and *I will have a starling taught to halloo in his ear*—Who got you the free trade—who got you the constitution—who made you a nation? The volunteers—the glorious volunteers! If they were the men you now describe them, why did you accept of their services? Why did you not then accuse them? If they were so dangerous, why did you pass through their ranks, with your Speaker at your head, to demand a constitution? Why did you not then feel the ills you now apprehend? Have your viceroys refused the services of these men—the calumniated volunteers? Look back to their offices in Lord Carlisle's administration? Have not Parliament returned repeated thanks to this body of men, who are now so degenerated that in them rectitude becomes depravity? When betrayed into wrong they were cherished, but now, when right, opposed. What do some of the greatest men in England say of them, 'That the history of mankind, the annals of the world, do not furnish such another illustrious example of moderation and patriotism.' And now will any man dare condemn them if they wish to crown themselves with immortal glory, and finish their labours by rendering perfect the constitution their generous labours have acquired?"

The motion was negatived by a hundred and fifty-seven to seventy-seven; after which Mr. Yelverton moved a resolution that the Parliament will maintain its just rights, and resist any encroachment

whatsoever on its liberties, which was carried by a large majority. The services he had rendered the administration while attorney-general were not forgotten. In 1784 his parliamentary labours terminated. On the death of Hussey Burgh he was appointed chief baron, and Mr. Fitzgibbon attorney-general. Of Walter Hussey Burgh it may not be inopportune to say a few words here. He was certainly one of the most pure-minded men ever produced in any country. In an era which sent forth so many luminous minds he was among the foremost in genius, learning, and all the various accomplishments which embellish and adorn life; his existence was a continued glow of intellectual splendour. Gifted with the most elegant taste, even when on the bench and distracted by his judicial occupations, he always returned to drink of the sweet waters with which he fed his mind from the fountains of antiquity. He was a more refined but less profound scholar than his successor, and in general acquirements perhaps surpassed him. Easy and brilliant, his peculiar character was a fertile and graceful imagination, which always enlightened but never dazzled—always aiding his judgment, but never concealing it. His eloquence was more fascinating than vehement—more polished than powerful; there was an irresistible attraction in his pure, transcendent language, which was heightened by the soft and flexible tones in which it was conveyed, that at a time remarkable for great oratory he was characterised as the "silver-tongued." With all these qualities he combined an integrity of principle and inflexible devotion to his country. No government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland. When prime serjeant in 1780, on Mr. Grattan's motion for a free export trade, he said, "I agree with a great writer of antiquity—men should make sacrifices for their country—non nobis solis nati sumus—ortus nostri partem patria quoque vindicat. If I am to make a choice, then let the prime serjeantry perish—let the constitution live." On Mr. French's motion to grant the loan-duties for six months, he made a speech which is said to have produced the most astonishing effect.*

* "You have two nights ago declared against new taxes, by a majority of one hundred and twenty-three, and have limited the support of the minister to forty-seven votes. If you now go back, and accede to the proposed grant for two years, your compliance will add insult to the injury already done to your ill-fated country. You strike a dagger into your own bosom, and destroy the fair prospect of commercial hope, because if the minister in the course of two days render void the animated spirit and patriotic stability of this House, and procure a majority, the British minister will treat our free trade with contempt. When the interests of government and the people are contrary, they secretly operate against each other. Such a state is smothered war. I shall be a friend alike to the minister and the people, according as I find their desires guided by justice, but in such a crisis as this the people must be kept in good temper, even to the indulgence of their caprices.

"The usurped authority of a foreign Parliament has kept up the most wicked laws that a jealous monopoly and hateful spirit could devise to restrain the bounty of Providence, and enslave a nation, whose inhabitants are recorded to be a brave, a loyal, and generous people. By the English code of laws, to answer the most sordid views, they have been been treated with a savage cruelty. The words penalty, punishment, Ireland, are synonymous—*they are marked in blood in the margin of their statutes*—and though time may have softened the calamities of the nation, the baneful and destructive influences of those laws have borne her down to a state of Egyptian bondage. *The English have sown their laws like serpents' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men.*"

The House rang with a tumult of applause, in which the galleries joined—an impropriety of which the busy Sir H. Cavendish took immediate cognisance, and appealed to the attorney-general, Scott, to have them cleared out, which he refused, adding, that it would be severe to reprove that expression of applause which was an emanation of joy inspiring a whole people, and they should not be blamed for the feelings of nature. In his pamphlet in reply to Lord Clare, Mr. Grattan has left the following record of his eloquence and his virtues:—"Mr. Burgh, my beloved friend, another great actor in these scenes, whom it is not in the little quill of this author to depress. He was a man singularly gifted—with great talents, great variety, wit, oratory, and logic. He too had his weakness, but he had the lofty pride of genius, and struggled to raise his country along with himself, and never to build his elevation on the degradation of his country. I moved an amendment for a free export—he moved a better amendment, and lost his place. I moved a declaration of rights:—'With my last breath will I support the rights of the Irish Parliament,' was his letter to me, when I applied to him for his support. He lost the chance of recovering his place, and his way to the seals, for which he might have bartered. The gates of promotion were closed on him as those of glory opened."

He represented the university with Mr. Fitzgibbon, than whom no man could be more dissimilar. One was gentle, moderate, and patriotic—the other harsh, violent, and traitorous to his country. The eloquence of the one was figurative, brilliant, and convincing—that of the other, if it could be called eloquence, bald, unideal, and unpersuasive. The errors of the one were lost in the general brightness of his virtues—the mass of errors of the other were unrelieved even by the semblance of a virtue. The one was a great lawyer—the other a miserable one. With the Parliament, the bar, and the people, the one was equally admired and universally respected—the other hated and despised. The one died with self-satisfaction—the other with self-accusation.

Mr. Yelverton was now removed from the busy scene in which for eight years he acted so conspicuous a part. Those who did not know the firmness of his character, or sought to connect corruption with place, ascribed to him a dereliction of the principles which he steadily maintained up to his elevation. He always kept within the limits of a judicious opposition, advancing the interests of his party more by tact and moderation than by violence and clamour. Where the administration erred, he unsparingly exposed their faults—where they acted right, he supported them. That he was not actuated by any perverse feeling of hatred to England, is clearly seen from his manly conduct on the defeat of Cornwallis. He was besides the greatest lawyer at the Irish bar, which alone should recommend him to the high office of chief baron. Whoever looks over the judicial roll from the middle to the close of the last century, will perceive that, with very few exceptions, the general incompetency was most glaring, and that Dunning's sarcasm to an English judge may be applied to nearly all ours.

"If that be law, Mr. Dunning, I may as well burn my law-books."

"Far better read them, my lord," was the exquisite reply.

For five years he was politically silent, although at the social meetings of the "Monks of the Screw" he freely expressed his old convictions in that celebrated association of genius and wit of which he was the soul and centre. His mind was too active to confine itself solely to his judicial duties; he panted for that stir and bustle which he enjoyed in early life, and so, when the occasion offered in 1789, he appeared once more among his old companions in arms. When George III. exhibited the first symptoms of his malady, and repaired to Cheltenham for the benefit of the waters, the chief baron crossed the Channel to pay his respects to the sovereign, although some were unkind enough to assert that he was influenced by far different motives, the object of his visit being to see whether the chances lay on the side of recovery or not, in order to determine whether he should espouse the cause of the Regent or the King. He was accompanied by John, better known as Bully Egan, for whom he entertained a most affectionate regard. John was a man of vast corporeal magnitude, and manners not the most elegant, while Curran, who was also of the train, had wholly opposite proportions, and the third was Mr. Brownlow, remarkable, among his other good qualities, for a most refined taste in music. The chief left a puisne baron to discharge the Nisi Prius business. Various were the inquiries through the Hall for the leviathan of the Exchequer. Curran and Egan were also missed. Surmises were rife, and at length the discovery was made. "Oh, yes," said Fitzgibbon, between whom and the chief the cord of friendship was never tightly drawn; "he travels like a showman with a fiddler, (Mr. B.,) a monkey, (Curran,) and a bear, (Egan,) in his train." The question of the Regency was afterwards agitated in the two countries, and the Irish Parliament, as is well known, advocated the cause of the prince. The chief agitated, and joined the Whig Club. At his own request he was excepted from the committee appointed to draw up the constitution of that body, but he co-operated with them in all their measures. Opposition from so distinguished a character sorely perplexed the administration, and soon taught them the necessity of silencing so formidable an adversary. His powerful talent and high station, the great veneration for his personal character, rendered him particularly dangerous; the union too was in contemplation—so they resolved to muzzle the eloquent tiger. He was accordingly raised to the peerage as Baron Yelverton of Avonmore in the county of Cork—a rank which had been well deserved, and in which we should rejoice had the motives that led to it been less questionable.

A deep and black deposit of inveterate antipathy to the national liberty had remained on the English mind since 1782. The rising commerce of Ireland augmented that jealousy, and when the time arrived, Pitt resolved to strike a final blow. The train was skilfully laid—trifling discords between the popular leaders were artfully fomented—physical force was substituted for legislation—the Castle with one hand kindled the torch of the incendiary, and with the other erected the gibbet and furnished the convict-ship. The government was a mere mechanical, not a moral system—an entrenched citadel in an

enemy's country—its first and last expedient violence without measure, and always with the most lamentable success. Martial law superseded the authority of courts of justice. We introduce the subject of the rebellion here, for it is connected with a very amiable trait in the character of Lord Avonmore. He never failed to reprobate in the most unmeasured language the cruelties practised on the unfortunate peasantry. He felt for them; and whenever he was compelled to award the sad penalty of the law, he vented his feelings in a manner that told the tenderness of his heart. When the unhappy Orr protested his innocence, and appealed to his lordship for protection, he alluded to a passage in Livy,* where the nobles, after the banishment of the Tarquins, seeking to restore royalty, reasoned thus:—"That a government by laws was stern and cruel, inasmuch as laws had neither hearts to feel, nor ears to hear; whereas kingly government was merciful, inasmuch as the sources of humanity and tenderness were open to entreaty. For my part," he added, "I am acting under a government of laws, and am necessitated to speak the voice of the law, which has neither feelings nor passions." But though his intellect was granite, his heart was weak as a woman's; and when he proceeded to pass sentence, his emotions were for some time too powerful to enable him to proceed: the callousness which he affected vanished in commiseration of the victim—he hid his face in his hands, and burst into tears. The severity of his language, in the case of the notorious Judkin Fitzgerald, brought on him some animadversion in the House of Commons. History does not record an instance of similar brutality; and perhaps a fear of the recurrence of such acts operated on the minds of many well-disposed persons, and accelerated the union. An action was brought by a Mr. Wright against Fitzgerald, and was tried in Clonmel before Lord Avonmore. The facts are these, and will give some notion of the horrid atrocities practised at the time. The plaintiff was a French teacher, and a man of unimpeached character. In 1798 Fitzgerald was high sheriff of Tipperary, and an unsurpassed loyalist. Wright, having heard that he had received charges of a seditious nature against him, with a promptitude not very characteristic of conscious guilt, went to his house, and being shown into his presence, explained the purpose of his coming. The valiant sheriff drew his sword, and shouted, "Down, you rebellious ruffian, on your knees, and receive your sentence." In vain did poor Wright protest his innocence—in vain did he implore trial on his knees; he was immediately sentenced to be first flogged, and then shot. The unfortunate man surrendered his keys to have his papers searched, but this could not satisfy the sheriff's principles of jurisdiction. First death—then investigation. His answer to the just demand was, "What, you Carmelite rascal! dare you speak after sentence?" He then knocked him down, and ordered him to prison. Next day he was dragged to a ladder to undergo his sentence; and

* "Regem hominem esse a quo impetres ubi jus—ubi injuria opus sit—esse gratiæ locum—esse beneficio—et irasci et ignoscere posse—inter amicum et inimicum discrimen nosse. Leges rem surdam atque inexorabilem esse—salubriorem atque meliorem inopi quam potenti—nihil laxamenti nec veniæ habere si modum excesseris.—Liv. book ii.

while repeating a prayer, his tormentor seized him by the head, threw him back on the earth, and, while prostrate, smote with his sword on the forehead. He was then stripped naked, and received fifty lashes with a wire whip. A military officer came up, and inquired the cause, justly observing that the crime must be flagrant to sanction such cruelty. He was handed a note in French, which the learned sheriff said he could not read, but contained the treason—it was addressed to Wright:—

"Sir,

"I am extremely sorry I cannot wait on you at the appointed hour, being unavoidably obliged to attend Sir L. Parsons.

"Yours,

"B. De Clubs."

Notwithstanding the translation, which would have satisfied any but a loyalist of 1798, he ordered fifty more on his belly, when the wretched man's bowels protruded. The defendant pleaded his excessive loyalty in extenuation. "Yes," said Lord Avonmore, in addressing the jury, "you have manifested your loyalty most unequivocally; for you have written it in blood, and imprinted your name in savage characters on the plaintiff's back! Gentlemen of the jury, record your just abhorrence of such revolting violations of human and divine law, by giving the full amount of the damages laid in the declaration."*

The union came, and the support he gave that measure is the saddest blot on his character. When Lord Clare introduced that subject in the House of Lords, in a speech abounding with that low malignity and desperate bigotry which he knew so well to indulge in, and which, as Belsham observes, it would pollute the page of history to notice, Lord Avonmore, in support of the fourth resolution, that twenty-four temporal and four spiritual peers do represent Ireland in the Imperial Parliament, spoke as follows:—

"The great value of the arrangement of 1782, which I assisted in forming, was, that it placed the Irish on a proud footing of national and legislative independence, and *enabled them to say on what terms they were willing to unite.* Whereas, if that adjustment had not occurred, they would perhaps before this have yielded to an union of subjection, not an union of equality. Their independence had never since been violated, and they were not now desired to give up their legislative independence, but to perpetuate it by union. Their liberties would not be annihilated,

* A bill was introduced into the House of Commons to indemnify Fitzgerald, which was opposed by the Honourable Mr. Yelverton, son of Lord Avonmore.

"Gracious God," said he, "will any man say that such conduct is to be sanctioned and indemnified by this House? Are the laws to be supported by trampling on them? Is the man who could commit such barbarities without the colour of justice or necessity, or even the shadow of suspicion, to come for protection to this House? I feel an indignation on this subject that almost deprives me of utterance. I have before said, that I would be one of the last men to refuse any reasonable indemnity to loyal magistrates for acts done under the pressure of apparent justice or necessity for the suppression of the rebellion; but I will never vote for indemnity and protection to *a bloody tyrant*, whose conduct surpasses any enormity we read of in the annals of cruelty. On these grounds I will give the motion every resistance in my power."

No indemnity was allowed.

but would be rendered immortal by being placed on the same broad basis as those of Great Britain. The Irish parliament would be so far annihilated as to be a distinct legislature, and so would that of Great Britain also; but out of the two a third would arise more competent than either to secure the freedom, the prosperity, and happiness of the whole. If an idle fondness for independence had prevailed from the beginning, no political association could have been formed, and mankind must have remained in a state of nature. But prudence or policy taught two or more families to form a society—societies to form a nation—and small nations a great one, by sacrificing distinct independence to common security. The condition of Ireland was miserable when it was divided into petty principalities—influenced by the pride of independence, disunion and disorder prevailed, and scenes of rapine and bloodshed were deplorably frequent. But such a state was not peculiar to Ireland, being general among petty dynasties. In the opinion of some politicians, the existing federal union between the two countries might be made to operate a sufficient remedy for the disorders of this country. But the history of the world proves the inadequacy of federal connexion for the purposes of real union—for the jealousy of the weaker state would always prompt it to separate itself from the stronger. An incorporative union could alone prevent the effects of such jealousy."

He spoke with much ingenuity, but with little of his accustomed force. It is the strong impression of the truth that in a powerful mind always produces a high order of eloquence. *Pectus est quod disertum facit.* But he was on a subject which, as it brought no conviction of its necessity to his own mind, so it carried little to that of the hearer. Evils which his profound knowledge might have taught him to regard as ruinous to the state, he undervalued or defended; or would bear with in the dread of encountering other hazards that laid hold of his imagination. Remedies of which, in other days, he was himself the propounder and patron, and which clearly flowed from principles known to be congenial to his political feeling, he now turned from with suspicion. With the multitude, suspicions are always too powerful for arguments; but on his great mind irresistible reasoning should have had much more effect than timid apprehensions. The sight is painful and humiliating. To draw from the earlier states of society practical reasons for a union, is a piece of extravagant deduction, which would lead us to doubt the soundness of the judgment that conceived it. On the question of finality, Lord Castlereagh, in the debate in the Commons, referred triumphantly to the opinion of Lord Avonmore; but that he entertained no such opinion in 1782, or long after, Mr. Grattan clearly proved in his reply to Castlereagh. "The noble lord has mentioned that a distinguished law character, who took a conspicuous part in the settlement of 1782, had declared that at that time he had a union in his contemplation. The secret motives of the heart I cannot presume to investigate, but secret, indeed, must they have been in this instance; because the noble person alluded to not only never communicated such a sentiment to any of his colleagues, but held conversations directly the contrary; and further, did honour with his name a society, one of whose fundamental regulations was a declaration against the union. The noble lord has quoted this distinguished character—whether he has quoted him truly, I cannot pretend to determine; but if so, I most sincerely lament his

opinions, retaining always the highest regard for his great talents, and respect for his person." That Mr. Grattan was correct, is apparent from the fact that Lord Avonmore was a member of the Whig Club, established in 1789, one of whose resolutions was, *that they would endeavour to preserve to Ireland, at all times, a parliament of her own, residing within the realm, exclusively invested with all parliamentary privileges and powers; and that they would for ever support the constitutional rights and dignities of the Imperial Parliament of Ireland.* If the principle contained in this resolution did not fully negative the idea of non-finality, we know of no language that could; and we think too highly of his candour to suppose that he joined his old associates only to deceive them. But the union passed; and as the additional reward of his services, poor and barren as it was, he was honoured with the title of Viscount Avonmore. There is a humorous incident connected with his promotion. When the patent arrived, Mr. Keller, a celebrated wit and humorist of the Irish bar, happened to be present with some other friends. His lordship read the patent, which ran in the usual form. "To all those to whom these letters patent shall come greeting, we of the *united* kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth." When Avonmore read this part, Mr. Keller exclaimed, "Stop, stop, my lord."

"Why should I stop, sir?" was the reply.

"Why, because it strikes me, my lord, that the consideration is set out too early in the deed."

His lordship smiled at the wit, but he felt the stinging truth.

Before we inquire into his character, it would be wrong not to notice the relation in which he and Curran stood to each other. Born in the same town—educated in the same school—both eminently distinguished for eloquence—both raised by their genius and talents to the highest honours of the state, they entertained for each other that deep regard which such a combination of circumstances may seem likely to engender. His friendship for Curran commenced in 1775, through Doctor Creagh, the father-in-law of the latter, between whom and Lord Avonmore a close intimacy existed from boyhood. Yelverton was the first lawyer and advocate at the bar when Curran was called. He at once generously took his young countryman by the hand, and never omitted an opportunity to forward his interests. The praises which he habitually dealt to his ability, brought him rapidly into business; and it is but just to the memory of Curran to state that he venerated the friend and patron of his youth, and spoke of him with almost the enthusiasm of idolatry. When, in 1779, Yelverton founded the "Monks of the Screw," a political and convivial society, in whose ranks were enrolled all the wit and genius of Ireland, Curran, then a young man, more than any other member enjoyed the favour of Yelverton. He invariably had his seat beside him, and when Curran was absent, he could not enter fully into the amusements of the night. At the passing of the union, a coolness occurred in their friendship, fomented by the insinuations of pretended mutual friends. During their separation a manifest depression hung over the spirits of the chief baron: he acutely felt the loss of the social gaiety, the wit and humour of his friend; and whenever he appeared in his court,

visible symptoms of sorrow passed over his aged countenance. The unhappy discord at length terminated. In the celebrated case of Judge Johnson, Curran, borne away by his eloquence, touched a chord which the tender heart of the chief baron was too sensitive not to respond to—the remembrance of those "attic nights and refections of the gods" came on him with too full a force to be resisted—the venerated companions "over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland had been shed"—the Burghs—the Balls—the Duquerrys, passed in sad review before him. The chisel of Lysippus did not produce a more faithful copy of the features of Alexander than Curran's beautiful burst of enthusiasm did of the intellect and virtues of Lord Avonmore; and when he brought to his recollection the social pleasures they once enjoyed, it was too much for the old judge—he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. "Yes," continued he, "my good lord, I see you do not forget them—I see your pained and softened fancy recals those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler enjoyment of social virtue, and the horizon of the board into the horizon of man—when the swelling heart conceded and communicated the generous purpose —when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more mature and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we remember those nights with no other regret than that they can return no more; for—

'We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy;
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine!"

When the court rose, Curran was sent for—poor Avonmore, still in tears, clasped him to his bosom, and both carried their affection for each other to the grave. He loved a jest in his heart, but none more than Curran's, though the latter often made him the victim of his waggish mirth. One day when addressing a Dublin jury, not very remarkable for clearness of intellect, he hazarded a piece of humour on their stupidity. First throwing a glance at the chief to attract his attention, he proceeded:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, my client is unfortunately poor—there alone lies his guilt. I remember a touching sentiment of a Greek historian on the subject of poverty; it is of course familiar to you all, and is found in that noble work of Hesiod, called the *Phantasmagoria.*

'Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.'"

The chief baron looked on Curran with astonishment. "Why, Mr. Curran, you make a great mistake. Hesiod was a *poet*, not an historian; and as for the book you quote from, I never heard of it."

"I pledge myself he wrote it, my lord."

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mr. Curran. As you are so resolved in its assertion, I will not dispute it; but unquestionably the lines you repeated are Juvenal's."

"Perhaps, my lord, he quotes them from the *Phantasmagoria.*"

"Oh, nonsense! they are Latin. Do you want to argue me out of understanding and memory?"

"Well, my lord, I clearly see we cannot agree on the subject. I'll tell you how it can be easily determined: if it was a legal question, I should bow at once to your lordship's decision; but it is a pure question of fact, and there is but one mode of deciding it. Send it up as a collateral issue to the jury, and I'm confident *they will find it Greek.*'"

The force of the sarcasm at once struck his lordship, and his sides shook with laughter. He died on the 15th of August, 1805, in his sixty-ninth year, and was succeeded by the present Lord Guillamore.

Of his merits as an orator, we cannot form a correct opinion; for it would be necessary to give a fair specimen of his eloquence. A limb, from which the proportions and style of the perfect figure might be rightly conjectured—an arc, from which the nature and extent of the whole orbit might be justly computed—a division, from which the spirit and character of the whole melody might be exactly understood—a finger of the Belvidere Apollo, or a splinter of a column from the Temple of Theseus, would give a very inadequate idea of the finest monuments of ancient art. So it is with the eloquence of Lord Avonmore, which is but feebly represented in the miserable fragments supplied by parliamentary reports; but, such as they are, they still contain an outline of great power. What they are unable to supply, we will make up from tradition, and even that becomes weaker day after day. He sprang up at a period of which the present is a corrupt degeneracy: it has a colossal breadth about it which fills us with a sense of grandeur, and from its contemplation a something passes into the mind which is ever after identified with our thoughts. Of that era, when there were giants in the land, he was one of the great directing spirits. The features of his intellectual character had impressed on them the solemn majesty of antiquity. He was not inaptly called the Irish Hyperides. His eloquence was an epoch in the senate—always elevated, and always full of constitutional wisdom. He did not reach the astonishing grandeur of Grattan, who, if language be the garb of thought, wore the imperial purple. He dealt with words as Rubens did with colours. Give him the order of the procession, and there was no limit to the magnificent expressions with which he could array it. But Avonmore equalled him in bold and lofty elocution—always spontaneous—always adequate to every emergency. At one time conducting the understanding through the subtle process of argumentation—at another, lighting on a subject, and reaching conclusions by sudden flashes. In reply it shone forth with unrivalled splendour, fascinating the imagination by the beauty of language, while it forced assent from the judgment by the weight of argument. It bore down all resistance, forcing assent from those who most severely felt its strength. He had a glowing fancy which was chastened by sound taste, and never luxuriated in the dazzling flights which characterised the eloquence of Curran. He employed figures and ornaments, but they never interfered with the substantive object he had in view: they were chiselled into and incorporated with

it, rather than mere superadded ornaments, introduced for no other purpose than to astonish, while the subject remained just where it was. Metaphor was ministrant, not predominant, never obscuring the sense, but assisting its march to the destined end. Grattan has left a beautiful record of his great oratorical powers. During the debate on the Catholic Question in 1808, when alluding to the penal code, he observes—"See whether that code was an adequate cause. It was detailed by the late Lord Avonmore. I heard him. His speech was the whole of the subject, and a concatenated, an inspired argument it was—powerful, irresistible. It was the majestic march of an elephant—it was the wave of the Atlantic—a column of water three thousand miles deep. He began with the Catholic at his birth—he followed him to the grave. He showed that in every period he was harassed by the law: it stood at his cradle—it stood at his bridal bed—it stood at his coffin. The justice of his fellow-countrymen paid a just tribute to his mighty eloquence, by repealing the greater part of that code: it remains for your justice to repeal the remainder." It would be an heresy in good taste to add one word to this noble eulogy. It was worthy of the "old man eloquent," to offer such a tribute to the memory of a departed friend. But though the solidity of his genius commanded admiration in public—in private society he won the esteem of all. "Nec vero in luce modo, atque in oculis civium magnus, sed intus domique præstantior. Qui sermo—quæ præcepta—quanta scientia antiquitatis—quanta notitia juris—nullæ, etiam ut in homine Romano, literæ?" His brilliant and extensive learning, refined taste and discernment, widely comprehensive, and minutely accurate, he displayed to the fullest perfection in the society of his friends. The benevolence and simplicity of his heart bespoke the absence of all moroseness from his nature. With the most engaging vivacity he assumed no superiority in conversation, nor oppressed any man with the strength of his talents, or the pungency of his wit. It surprised all, that so much power could be compatible with so much gentleness. His ordinary conversation had an elegance and beauty that riveted at once the attention of the hearer. Once speaking of Blackstone, he said, "He first gave to the law an air of science—he found it a skeleton, and he clothed it with life, colour, and complexion—he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, and health, and beauty." Some fastidious critics may find fault with this style of conversation; but we can discover in it nothing but what is equally beautiful and appropriate: it is, perhaps, the best concise description ever given of the work of that accomplished writer. Lord Mansfield is reported to have translated the orations of Cicero; Lord Avonmore undertook a sterner task—he translated Livy, which still remains among his papers. He delighted in poetry, which at all times was subservient to his purposes, whether for ornament or illustration; and it may perhaps be soothing to the vanity of Mr. Moore, that his translation of Anacreon was a decided favourite. He was frank, ingenuous, unguarded—incapable alike of uttering a falsehood, or suppressing a truth. As a judge he had many great and some weak qualities. He certainly did not remember the sixth and seventh of Lord Hales' resolutions—"That in

execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and never give way to them; and that I never suffer myself to be prepossessed with any judgment until the whole is heard." He wanted that caution which, above all others, is necessary in a judge. With him first impressions were ever the strongest—he admitted conclusions far too soon. He wanted that firm consistency, which is the result only of a judgment exercising itself on the whole consideration of a subject. Always impatient in discussion, to this weakness was added, in his advanced years, a carelessness of investigation: the first made him anticipate, the second to disregard, the authority by which such impressions might be removed. That injudicious habit is happily illustrated in Curran's story of the "Child and the Calf." His person was not remarkable for dignity; but his face exhibited marks of more than ordinary power. The rough and strongly-marked lines of his features betokened fire and energy. Perhaps, in general attributes, none more strongly resembles him than the present chancellor. Great men hallow a whole people—Ireland is justly proud of Avonmore; and but for one fatal step his name would be without a shade; but he was a rare combination of strength and weakness.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

No. IV.

I THINK ON THEE.

I THINK on thee
As o'er the sea
My gallant bark rides fearlessly;
When ev'ry wave
Foretells a grave
As the tall mast dips, for the surge to lave!

I think on thee
'Mid mirth and glee,
Where music, wine, and minstrelsy,
Rule the soft hours
In Pleasure's bowers,
And strew life's path for a while with flowers.

I think on thee
When sunbeams flee,
And twilight reigneth mournfully;
Or when Night's car,
With many a star,
Chases the shadows of eve afar!

I think on thee—
For thought is free,
The mind to where it lists can flee;
Though doom'd to rove
Like the storm-toss'd dove,
Thy breast is my haven of shelter and love!

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE merry Christmas-tide of yore,
That day of social glee,
Time never can its joys restore,
My friend, to thee and me.
We walked the barren trees beneath,
We marked the leafless spray,
And loved the shining holly wreath
Beyond the flowers of May.

When day declined, a joyous throng
Assembled round our board,
Kindred esteemed and cherished long,
Forth at our summons poured;
And some, estranged and cold awhile,
Still sought the well-known spot,
And soon the cordial look and smile
Declared the past forgot.

But now, my friend, our girlish bloom
And early hopes are lost,
We seek not images of gloom,
We court not ice and frost;
The blush of flowers, the sun's warm light,
These to our sight are dear,
All outward objects should be bright,
When all within are drear.

And when the sparkling fire burns high
In gay and circling rays,
We mourn the scattered family
Once gathered round its blaze;
The eve we once so loved to greet,
Seems cheerless and unblest,
We muse on every vacant seat,
And every absent guest.

Yet, oh! my friend, still cling, I pray,
Devoutly to the thought,
How God on this auspicious day
A work of mercy wrought;
He sent his Son our form to wear,
Our rebel hearts to win,
Our wants to know, our griefs to share—
To suffer for our sin.

Though years may pass, and youth may fade,
And friends and hopes may cease,
No power can shadow or invade
That work of love and peace.
Oh! let us still those thoughts retain,
Still prize our blessings thus,
And Christmas ever shall remain
A day of joy for us.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.[1]

COWLEY.

THE question of Pope, and its accompanying comment, as to the merits of Cowley, are still as applicable in the days of Queen Victoria as they were in the days of Queen Anne.

> "Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
> Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> *But still I love the language of his heart.*"

Cowper draws a more laudatory sketch.

> "Ingenious Cowley! and though now reclaimed
> By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
> I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
> Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
> I still revere thee, courtly though retired,
> Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
> Not unemploy'd, and finding rich amends
> For a lost world in solitude and verse."

It is this retirement of Cowley which gives a charm and an interest to his writings. We see him first the boy-poet and student, thirsting for distinction, and burning with a noble emulation.

> "What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?"

He distinguishes himself by his loyalty as well as his learning, and is plunged into the full tide of active life. He is present, and in service, in several of the king's journeys and expeditions, when the sword of civil war is drawn. He is sent on various secret and important embassies to France, Holland, and other countries. He deciphers the correspondence of Charles and his queen, which for some years together takes up all his days, and two or three nights every week. He returns, and is thrown into prison. At last he obtains his liberty upon the terms of a heavy bail, and passes several years in forced obscurity at home and abroad. The Restoration came with all its hopes and fears—a sun-burst amidst storm and disaster. England then looked for happy days, and loyalty for its reward; but when was either benefited by Charles the Second? His reign seemed destined by Providence only to show that there are hearts which exile and misfortune cannot improve, and that sensuality must ever be the grave of patriotism and virtue. Cromwell boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as famous as ever that of a Roman had been; and the victories of Blake seemed to sanction his enthusiasm. Charles debased his country at home, and lowered its character abroad—living like Antony, in the Circean lap of pleasure, and living the pensioner of France! It is painful and humiliating to

[1] Continued from vol. xxiii. p. 250.

think that noble spirits like Cowley had toiled and prayed for the restoration of such a monarch, and had hastened a period fraught with so much peril and dismay to all the sober restraints, the decent charities, and home-bred virtues of English domestic life. The poet, in the bitterness of his disappointment and sorrow, must often have been ready to exclaim with Milton—"Oh! if we could but see the shape of our dear mother England, as poets are wont to give a personal form to what they please, how would she appear, think ye, but in a mourning weed, with ashes upon her head, and tears flowing abundantly from her eyes!"

Cowley's ambition was satisfied; public life had no further charms for him. He had only just passed his fortieth year; but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and vicissitudes. "He had nearly," as his affectionate biographer Sprat remarks, "beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind; he had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees." The inclination of his mind, however, even in the throng of business, had still been to the enjoyment of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate fortune. He had little in his past life to look upon with regret or penitence. His loyalty and his sufferings were doubtless sanctified in his mind with stedfast principle, and with many hallowed and endearing associations. His youth had been well and carefully spent. He alludes, with great beauty and tenderness, to his college studies, in his stanzas on the death of his companion Hervey.

> "Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
> How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
> Till the Ledean stars, so famed for love,
> Wondered at us from above?
> We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

The opening stanza of this poem has always run in our memory, and has appeared to us as conceived in the highest style of poetry.

> "It was a dismal and a fearful night;
> Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling light,
> When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
> By something liker Death possessed.
> My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
> And on my soul hung the dull weight
> Of some intolerable fate.
> What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know."

There is a picturesqueness and solemnity in the imagery and expression of these lines that have rarely been equalled. The irregularity of the stanza, which in Cowley is often felt to be harsh, cumbrous, and pedantic, is here moulded into harmony by the exquisite skill and prevailing pathos of the poet. There are occasions in which the most fastidious or affected of mankind are simple and sincere. Cowley's notions of poetry as an art were based upon the metaphysical conceits and exaggerated strain of expression then popular; but

when his feelings were fairly roused, and his sympathies awakened by strong natural emotion, his genius burst the manacles of his verse, and expanded into a pure, deep, and transparent stream of living poetry. His lines on the death of the religious poet Crashaw are nearly equal to those on Hervey, and they also open finely.

> " Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of earth and heaven—
> The hard and rarest union which can be
> Next that of godhead with humanity.
> Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
> And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
> Like Moses, thou, though spells and charms withstand,
> Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land."

The full triumph of uniting the Muses to the cause of piety and religion was reserved for one before whom Crashaw must " pale his ineffectual fire;" but Cowley could have known Milton only as the republican, and the stern contemner of prelacy, or at most as the author of " Comus," and the lighter strains of his immortal genius: the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley, ushered the " Paradise Lost " into existence.

Crashaw was a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith; and Cowley, in his elegy, touches on the circumstance in a manner truly inimitable—

> " Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
> That angels led him when from thee he went;
> For even in error sure no danger is,
> When joined with so much piety as his.
> Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't and grief,
> Ah, that our greatest faults were in *belief!*
> And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
> Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
> His *faith* perhaps in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his *life* I'm sure was in the right.
> And I myself a Catholic will be,
> So far at least, great saint, to pray for thee!"

This is the true spirit of that gospel which brought healing on its wings to the weary destinies and troubles of mankind, and which was fraught only with peace and good-will. We of the present day have placed far too much efficacy in points of doctrine and belief, and have wasted time and temper, and sown the seeds of rankling animosity in controversies as to sects and opinions. Let us turn to the fathers of our literature for a more genial and christian spirit—imbibing from their pages, as fountains of kindness and brotherhood, a broad, expanded feeling of liberality, more accordant with the great Book of Life, and hence more conducive to peace and happiness among all classes and communities of men. High genius is ever associated with liberality, and is clothed with the simplicity of nature and gentleness. The more we inhale its inspirations the more diffusive will be our benevolence—seeing how wide is the range of human sympathy—how varied its operations—how little may bias our early opinions and belief—and how much of excellence is found linked to every form and mode of christian faith and discipline.

The court and the courtiers inspired Cowley with a portion of gallantry, but he expresses it in a style almost as quaint and fantastic as the euphuism of Sir Percie Shafton, or Lylly himself. Occasionally he grafted it with a careless felicity on the odes of Horace, and produced such exquisite fruit and blossoms as those dedicated to the fickle Pyrrha.

> " To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
> To what heart-ravished lover
> Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
> Thy hidden sweets discover?"

His ballad, " The Chronicle," and his delicious little " Anacreontic, to the Grasshopper," that happy insect,

> " Fed with nourishment divine,
> The dewy morning's gentle wine,"

are familiar to all lovers of poesy.

We are not disposed to give up Cowley's " Pindaric art," without at least a salute at parting. It may not roll the full flood of Pindar's unnavigable song; we admit that even the art of Gray was higher; yet Cowley's odes contain some superb images and illustrations. Take two stanzas of " The Resurrection."

> " Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
> Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
> All hand in hand do decently advance,
> And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance!
> While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
> My music's voice shall bear it company.
> Till all gentle notes be drown'd
> In the last trumpet's dreadful sound,
> That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
> Untune the universal string;
> Then all the wide-extended sky,
> And all the harmonious worlds on high,
> And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
> And he himself shall see in one fire shine
> Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.
>
> " Whom thunder's dismal noise,
> And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
> And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice
> Could not whilst they lived awake,
> This mightier sound shall make
> When dead to arise,
> And open tombs, and open eyes,
> To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
> This mightier sound shall wake its hearers' ears;
> Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
> Back to their ancient home,
> Some from birds, from fishes some,
> Some from earth, and some from seas,
> Some from beasts, and some from trees,
> Some descend from clouds on high,
> Some from metals upwards fly,
> And, when the attending soul naked and shivering stands,
> Meet, salute, and join their hands,

As dispersed soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortured men,
Their joints new set to be new rack'd again.
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confused than they."

There are some conceits here, but they are magnificent conceits.

Milton is known to have read Cowley's sacred poem, "*Davideis*," for his memorable description of Satan's spear is clearly borrowed from the account of the spear of Goliath.

"His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be."

We fancy also that in Cowley's description of heaven and hell there are passages which must have lingered in the mind of Milton, and mingled themselves unconsciously with his own majestic conceptions. Our readers will pardon us another citation or two from this neglected "Sacred Poem." First, for the doleful shades of hell.

"Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
Gold which above more influence has than he—
Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath the eternal fountain of the waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow;
No bound controls the unwearied space but Hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind red display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd Night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains,
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning which him struck he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air,
Since when the dismal solace of their wo."

Satan is then described with great vigour as enraged at Saul's preference for David, which was to place

"The sacred sceptre in blest Judah's race;"

and his appearance is thus presented—

"Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll,

His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the night,
And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright,
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,
And greedily catch at his lips' fear'd sound."

The arch-fiend calls upon them to attempt what becomes furies, and reproaches them with having grown benumbed with fear. He exclaims

" Oh my ill-changed condition! oh my fate!
Did I lose heaven for this?"

Then follows the effect of his objurgation.

" A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly raged, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known,
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan."

At length one of the ghastly crew breaks silence—the demon Envy—a personification which, though vastly inferior, recals Milton's "snaky sorceress," that sat

" Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key."

Cowley's description of the spirit is vivid and striking.

" Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'st; her black locks hung long,
Attired with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within.
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep stain'd with human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious grew
And lash'd herself; thus from the accursed crew,
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents—
Envy, good only when she herself torments."

David sleeps fearless in his bed while the convocation of the fiends is held, and the poet here introduces his description of heaven: there is a melodious beauty in the versification which fills the ear and the imagination like the music of an Eolian harp.

" Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take;
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
Above those petty lamps that gild the night
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal NOW does always last."

The poetry of Cowley has led us away from his life. We have seen that, wearied with courts and camps, and perhaps neglected by his sovereign, whose Act of Indemnity and Oblivion was aptly denominated an act of indemnity to his enemies and oblivion to his friends, Cowley retired to the country. He was a stricken dear, that left the herd, perhaps, with many an arrow deep infixed, but bearing with him ample means for consolation and employment. "He always professed," says Sprat, "that he went out of the world, as it was man's, into the same world as it was Nature's, and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And, indeed, he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers." It was, he tells us himself, a passion of his youth. He had read Spenser's works all over before he was twelve years old, and even when he was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with his fellows, he was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone or with a book. The final retreat of the poet was on the banks of the Thames, and no one can visit Barn Elms or Chertsey, without feeling strongly that Cowley has added the associations of poetry and virtue to the rural charms of nature. Here he cultivated his fields, his garden, and his plants; he wrote of solitude and greatness, of obscurity and liberty—he reviewed the troubled period of the Commonwealth from which his country had gladly escaped, though guided by the gigantic mind of Cromwell—he renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whom he rivalled in ease and elegance, and in commemorating the fascinations of a retired life; he composed his inimitable essays, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful *bonhomie* and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne, and a vein of wit and liveliness that was only excelled by Addison. The prose of Dryden, by its superior energy and fluency, and the copious range of his masculine intellect, threw the essays of Cowley for a time in the shade, but they have ever found their warmest admirers among those whose praise it is the most honourable to an author to secure, and they must be numbered among the most precious memorials of unambitious retirement and study left to the world by a man of genius. "Had Cowley written nothing but his prose," says Thomas Campbell, "it would have stamped him a man of genius and an improver of our language." Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in his letters to his private friends, and that he and Dr. Clifford had the largest collection of his productions of this kind. These custodiers of the poet's letters, it appears, agreed that nothing of such a nature should be published, as "the very same passages which make

writings of this nature delightful amongst friends, lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent." How entirely does the world differ in this respect from Dr. Sprat and his friend Mr. M. Clifford! The private letters of a great poet are usually read with deeper interest than his verses, and Cowper and others owe much of their fame to the personal knowledge arising from such disclosures of their familiar and daily life. If the recluse of Chertsey had in this respect fared the same as the recluse of Olney, another interesting chapter might have been added to the history of the human mind, and his fame might have rested on a wider and more popular though scarcely more imperishable basis.

But was Cowley happy in his retirement? Was Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, a phantom only that vanished in his embrace? He had attained the long-prized object of his studious youth and his busy manhood: the woods and fields at length enclosed the "melancholy Cowley" in their shades.

> "At eve
> The moonbeam sliding softly in between
> The sleeping leaves, was all the light he wished;
> Birds warbling all the music."

His retirement extended over a period of only seven or eight years. The places he chose for his retreat were ill selected, and his health was touched by the change of life and situation. He had gone out from Sodom, but he had not found the little Zoar of his dreams.

"I thought, when I went first to dwell in the country," says Cowley, "that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age; I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sidney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfey upon the banks of Lignon; and began to consider with myself which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia or La Forêt; that if I could not content myself with anything less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good to go back and seek for it in the court, or the Exchange, or Westminster Hall."

Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the groves of Arcadia, or the charms of the golden age, has published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet has a querulous lament over his rural prospects. His health was shattered, he could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours! Yet Cowley must have enjoyed the quiet of retirement for part at least of his seven years' sequestration from the "monster London." After the experience of no inconsiderable portion of that time he said, "I do neither repent, nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum;* nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her." He had pitched his ideas of the happiness of a country

life in too high a key, forgetting the wisdom couched in his own admonition—

> " The wise example of the heavenly lark,
> Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark:
> Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
> Thy humble nest build on the ground."

At length his very delight in the country and the fields proved the source of his untimely death. In the heat of summer he stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and was seized with a cold which, being neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. At the age of forty-nine the admiring world and the laurelled fraternity of poets lost the amiable, the accomplished, and the gentle Abraham Cowley.

" O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!"

MOYLA.

A CANZONET FOR THE GUITAR.

Old Air—" *Donnell.*"

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

And is it so—and is it so?
Is Love so frail a thing?
Then let it go—then let it go,
On fancy's vagrant wing!
I little thought—I little thought,
Such change as this to see;
But thou hast taught—but thou hast taught,
How faithless hearts can be.
Moyla!

And is it so—and is it so?
And can'st thou me forget?
Oh tell me, no! oh tell me, no!
And I will trust thee yet.
It cannot be,—it cannot be,—
Thou would'st but speak in vain;
My heart in thee—my heart in thee
Can never trust again.
Moyla!

And is it so—and is it so
Thou hast requited me?
The tear will flow—the tear will flow,
When I remember thee.
Like scattered flowers—like scattered flowers,
The odour lingers yet,
Of blissful hours—of blissful hours,
I cannot all forget.
Moyla!

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER XV.

HAD the Lady Capel been aware of the number of the candidates for an office not solicited by herself, but peremptorily assigned by her wealthy and heirless aunt, she had perhaps been better reconciled to the prospect of appearing at court as the bear-leader of a country cousin.

Herself the daughter of one of the few noble adherents who followed to the continent the widow of the unfortunate Charles, her ladyship was educated in a convent at Paris, under the auspices of the queen-mother; and dire was her disappointment, when, on finding her dowerless hand unsolicited among the mercenary nobles of the court of Louis XIV., her father saw fit to bestow it upon a wealthy English baronet, who had been captivated by her beauty—an alliance which condemned her to exchange the airy nothings of delightful France for the ponderous substantiality and foggy climate of her native country. From her French education, Lady Capel derived little beyond a passion for dress, and conversancy with the mincing affectation of a fine lady. Her refinement was wholly superficial, and she prepared herself accordingly to be as ungracious as decency would permit, towards the uncivilised kinswoman for whom Lady Carlisle had bespoken her services at court. The eloquence of the old countess's strong-box had alone prevailed over her scruples on the occasion, and as the journey to Hampton required in those times more than three hours to perform, and the royal fête commenced at the unseemly hour of eight, she expected, when her gaudy equipage drew up by daylight before a dingy house in Duke Street, Westminster, to be excruciated by the spectacle of Lady Lovell's high head and scanty skirts, embellished by the tinsel fineries of a provincial belle. It may be doubted, however, whether her surprise on beholding the elegant and lovely being who was to be her companion, afforded not a still more disagreeable surprise. Obeying the injunctions of the old countess, Lady Lovell had suffered herself to be provided with a habit of the most costly and becoming description, and the services of the newest Parisian coiffeur, imported by the Duchesse de Mazarine and Chevalier de Grammont; and elaborate as was the elegance of Lady Capel, she saw that she had a lesson to learn, in the art of which she had hitherto esteemed herself a professor. After eying askance the graceful figure by her side, she grew out of conceit with her own frippery garlands and unmeaning draperies.

Piqued beyond her patience, and persuaded that, though transcendent in purchasable fashion, Lady Lovell would soon betray her

[1] Continued from vol. xxiii. p. 421.

real rusticity by some breach of that courtly etiquette which the court-bred narrowly denominate good manners, Lady Capel condescendingly proceeded to instruct her in the course to be pursued.

"As I enjoy *at present* no appointment in the household," said she, in a tone of patronage, "it is impossible for me to promise to your ladyship a place within view of their Majesties. Though the ball is to be held to-night in the Cardinal's Hall, yet, as seven hundred invitations have been issued, our only hope of obtaining a seat is by making at once towards the lower end, by which their Majesties and the household enter the gallery."

Lady Lovell smiled, and was content. All she desired was to obtain the least ostensible place, and quit the ball at the earliest hour; for though unusually elated by the certainty she enjoyed, for the first time since her sojourn in the metropolis, of security from an accidental encounter with Lord Lovell, she recoiled from the publicity into which she was forced by the arbitrary caprice of the king. Yet, when they entered the stately hall of entrance, lined with yeomen of the guard, and resounding with the inspiring strains of a military band, and gleaming with lights, and covered with a carpeting of scarlet cloth, an irresistible consciousness assailed her that she was now in her fitting station; and that under any other circumstances she should have been gratified at entering the palace of her sovereign as a bidden and honoured guest.

Secretly indignant, meanwhile, that the unwonted spectacle of the splendours around her should extract no comment from her companion, Lady Capel now set down her country cousin as the most stupid and insensible of dummies. With an air of scarcely concealed disdain, she tendered their names to the usher in waiting, when, to her surprise, she was immediately accosted with an inquiry whether he had the honour of addressing the Lady Lovell. The insult was scarcely to be endured. *She*, the favourite of queens and foster-sister of princesses—*she*, the pupil of St. Evremond and flattered of the Chevalier de Grammont!—she to be mistaken for the Lady Bountiful of a Northamptonshire village! Still greater, however, was her amazement, when the real criminal having been pointed out, she was requested to accept a countermark for the queen's private entrance,—a place being reserved for her, by their Majesties' desire, among the ladies of the royal household. Though almost moved to exclaim, like Shakspeare's Old Lady to Anna Boleyn,

> "I have been begging sixteen years in court,
> Am still a courtier, beggarly; while you,
> A very fresh fish here, (fie! fie! upon
> This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
> Before you open it!"

she experienced a paltry delight in having so much as arrived in company with one so singularly distinguished by royal favour.

To Lady Lovell, meanwhile, the honours heaped upon her were as the crackling of thorns. Though the royal party had not yet entered the hall, hundreds of the brilliant assemblage were already ranged around, awaiting their Majesties' arrival, with the officers of the court

and numerous gentlemen of condition, sauntering in the open central space, ready to place themselves in file on the signal of the music. At the extremity of the hall, a sort of platform, or dais, was erected for the accommodation of the royal party; in which privileged sanctuary not a creature was to be seen, when Lady Lovell, conducted thither with much form and ceremony by the usher-in-waiting, was placed in her allotted seat, a single and solitary mark for the curiosity of hundreds. A new face at court—and such a face! A stranger at Hampton—and a stranger so memorably honoured! In the murmurs that arose as she took her seat, and all eyes were directed towards her, it was difficult to distinguish between the ejaculations of admiration caused by her beauty, and the exclamations of inquiry touching her name and condition.

"*The Lady Lovell*, sayst thou?" demanded the Duke of Buckingham of Baptist May, who was in attendance near the private door devoted to the use of the King and Queen. "Go to!—this is some idle mystification! Yonder queen of the graces, my malapert hostess of Lovell House? I tell thee, fellow, 'tis some noble kinswoman of Grammont or Comminges, freshly arrived from the Louvre! *Je m'y connais!* That graceful yet majestic deportment was never acquired elsewhere than in the '*città ridente!*' My life on't, the charming creature is Parisian born or bred."

Their colloquy was interrupted by the announcement and entrance of the court. Yet brilliant as was the effect produced by the sudden appearance of so many fair faces, rich uniforms, and sparkling jewels, more than one admiring eye still wandered from the gorgeous cortège towards the single beauteous figure standing alone in her flowing robes of glistening white satin, and an attitude of courtly dignity, such as might have drawn Vandyke from his grave to delineate. She seemed as if stationed there only to do the honours of the palace to the King and Queen!

Whispers now ran from lip to lip among the ladies of the household as they took their seats. "Who can it be?"—"How provoking that the Queen should order a stranger placed among us!" which soon deepened into—"Let Miss Stewart look to herself!" "Let the Castlemaine bless her stars that she is not brought to-night into competition with this overpowering rival."—For, after conducting the Queen to her chair of state, and returning the salutations of those nearest to him, Charles made his way towards the seat of the fair stranger, to demand the name of the lady of the court she desired to have stationed by her side.

"The Lady Chesterfield, sire, is the only lady present with whom I have the honour to be acquainted," replied the fair stranger; and those who heard the answer, and beheld the King proceed to request the presence of the fairest and brightest of countesses, smiled at the simplicity of a woman who had thus ventured to display herself in perilous contrast with one of the most popular beauties of the court. Their next movement was to inveigh against her cunning, when they noticed to what advantage her dark hair and expressive countenance were seen beside the unmeaning blue eyes and golden ringlets of Lady Chesterfield; to say nothing of the lustre imparted to her counte-

nance by the animation of familiar conversation with an intimate acquaintance.

The ball commenced with minuets, the dignified formality of which soon gave place to ballets, executed in costume by the leading ladies of the court, the principal group being headed by the Duchess of York, and composed of the Misses Stewart, Middleton, Price, Hamilton, the Ladies Radnor, Chesterfield, and Denham, led by the Lords Ossory and Arran, by Grammont, Hamilton, Jermyn, and *le beau* Sydney. Scarcely had they taken their places, when the King, reapproaching the seat beside Lady Lovell, left vacant by the absence of the Countess of Chesterfield, commenced a conversation which the brilliant crowd soon began to notice as momentously particular.

"I am a suitor to your ladyship in the name and behalf of my friend the Duke of Buckingham," said Charles, with an ingratiating smile; "who labours under the mortification of apprehending that, in fulfilling my behest, he must have given unintentional offence to one whose gentleness and courtesy are a guarantee that she would not otherwise have driven from her gates a gentleman who had performed a pilgrimage of one hundred miles in the dogdays, in the hope of being permitted to salute the point of her slipper."

"That so trifling an incident, sire, should not yet have escaped his grace's memory," replied Lady Lovell, "is a sufficient proof how little the Duke is accustomed to be received with coolness. But I pray your Majesty to consider my ill-manners extenuated by the peculiar delicacy of my situation; which determines me to decline all presentation of strangers, or intimacy with persons on whose character in the world my Lord Lovell could ground an imputation of levity."

"I am to understand, then," cried the King, not sorry for a pretext to avoid the promised introduction of his dangerous favourite, "that you would again refuse an interview to the Duke?"

"If proposed by any voice less authoritative than that which now addresses me," replied Lady Lovell.

"You judge not, I trust, so harshly of me," retorted the King, "as to imagine that I would repay the amiable concession of your visit here, by forcing upon you a distasteful acquaintance? You exacted, madam, that Lord Lovell should be absent from our fête—you are obeyed! You desire that the Duke of Buckingham shall not approach you—he must submit. Grant me only a slight reward for my concession, by acquainting me whether it be your wish that, on any future occasion, the cavalier, whom I understand to be your ladyship's inmate at Lovell House, should be included in your invitations to court?"

Instead of the conscious blushes the King had intended to call up into the cheeks of Lady Lovell by this searching insinuation, an arch smile illuminated her fine features, as she replied, "I am largely indebted, sire, to the good offices of the Duke of Buckingham, who seems to have taken ample note of my domestic arrangements. But to your Majesty's interrogatory I have only to reply, that not even a royal invitation would avail to withdraw the gentleman in question from his rural seclusion."

"So *proud*?" cried the King, with one of the good-humoured laughs which evinced his constitutional inaptitude to take offence.

"So *independent*, sire!" replied Lady Lovell, with firmness.

"You will at least enable me to make the attempt," observed the King, bending towards her in a closer whisper, "by instructing me in the name of your mysterious friend."

"I must again entreat your Majesty's indulgence," she replied. "It would grieve me to pronounce a name, sire, in your hearing, which is likely to conjure up unpleasant recollections."

"Am I to learn then," demanded the King, more gravely, "that disaffected or perhaps disloyal persons are harboured at Lovell House?"

"Under your pardon, sire," replied his companion, with dignity, "were I at liberty to breathe the name of my friend in your Majesty's presence, it would be recognised as one that commands, or ought to command, your Majesty's gratitude and affection."

"I no longer wonder at Lovell's repugnance to this beauteous creature," mused the King when, thus defied, he soon afterwards resigned his place to Lady Chesterfield. "She lays down the law even to *me*, as coolly as the saucy Castlemaine. I dare no more present George or Buckhurst to her, according to my engagement, than bring Mrs. Nelly to sup here at Hampton with the Queen."

And both Buckhurst and "George," who awaited at some distance his Majesty's summons, were surprised and indignant when they beheld Lady Lovell led in to supper by the Earl of Arran, whom his sister, Lady Chesterfield, had recommended to her good graces as a cavalier.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the following day, a single name invaded all the echoes of Hampton Court, and hovered on every idle lip which vented its gossiping in the playhouses of London. "Lady Lovell," the Cynthia of the minute, was enskied and sainted without opposition or deliberation. King, courtiers, and at length the nobodies, ever on the watch to ape and parody the somebodies, could talk of nothing but "Lady Lovell!" Her beauty, accomplishments, elegance, riches, splendour, taste, came in enhancement of the romantic interest of her situation; and because her husband disdained her as a wife, every woman wanted to be her friend, every man desired to become her lover.

Unconscious of half her triumph, and indifferent to the other, the lady calmly recounted to the admiring ears of Mistress Corbet the distinctions conferred on her at court; and was indignant to perceive that Mistress Corbet's son considered her cause to be secured by the admiration excited in a ball-room by her stomacher and breast-knots. That very morning the names of half the nobles in the land figured in the list of inquiries after her health; nay, Lady Capel forced her way in with such perseverance of servility, and tendered her compliments so far more respectfully than she had done to the Queen the previous night, that Lady Lovell was at length moved to exclaim, "Suspend, I pray you, this adulation, and trust to my kins-

womanly regard, madam, to apprize you, should there be any prospect of my driving Lady Castlemaine from her post."

It was only her gentle friend, Mistress Shum, who could be moved to participate in her disgust at finding herself promoted in the eyes of the world by the attentions of a royal libertine.

Her own husband, meanwhile, was sorely puzzled by this sudden change of politics. Lord Lovell began to regret that he had not suffered his projects to remain dormant, rather than, by summoning her to town, create hundreds of partisans for one whom, unknown, all were eager to condemn. His pretensions to the recovery of his estates were, he knew, legally untenable; and even the sympathy with which he had been hitherto regarded was now evaporating. Whichever way he turned, he heard mention of no name but Lady Lovell's; nor, since the reign of Cinderella, had any heroine of a ball-room created such a sensation! Lord Buckhurst endited a madrigal in her honour, which, set to a fashionable tune, was carolled by every fashionable mouth; while Grammont protested that he had at length beheld the one thing wanting to convert Great Britain into a garden of Eden—a lovely English soul inhabiting a lovely English body. Seeing, as it was then the custom to see, with the eyes of the King, all were unanimous in asserting the Northamptonshire beauty to be a paragon—"*la belle parmi les belles.*"

"Wer't not for the shame of the thing, I would fain have a look at her among the rest," mused Lord Lovell, after sauntering home from the playhouse, where Nell Gwyn was venting her sallies in vain, so pre-engaged were the lords of her train in discussing the new divinity. "The sapling is not always to be taken as a specimen of the tree, nor the colt of the managed steed. Were this woman the property of another, I should hasten to stare among the other gaping fools of London; and why am I alone to be debarred the sight of a fair face, because the commodity happens to be my own?"

But to accomplish his wish, in the second place, was almost as difficult as to surmount his pride in the first. Piqued at his pointed exclusion from the fêtes at court, Lovell disdained to so much as pay further respects to a prince with whom a new fair face could obliterate the claims of an old fair friendship; and it was understood that Lady Lovell moved not abroad, save to accept the invitations of the King and Queen. Nevertheless, he felt persuaded that curiosity to view the capital, or devotion, or some other feminine foible, would sooner or later lure her forth, and he loitered accordingly in the neighbourhood at those hours when he knew that her ladyship's movements and his own would be most secure from observation.

On the Sabbath morning after her first appearance at court, at that early hour when

> "Duns at his lordship's door began to meet,"

and

> "St. James's bell doth toll some wretches in,
> As tattered riding hoods alone could sin,"

he had the satisfaction of perceiving that Madam Corbet was accompanied to church by the object of his hatred and curiosity; and

trusting to the changes effected by the lapse of twelve years in his own appearance to remain undetected, he crossed the ladies on their path.

"'Tis her own fault," quoth his lordship, "if, even at this barbarous hour of morning, she choose to traverse the parks unmasked and on foot, instead of decently preferring a chair."

It mortified his vanity to perceive with how strange an emotion of curiosity he was pursuing a person towards whom he had so long maintained such contemptuous indifference; and indescribable was his triumph when, after contriving to obtain a full view of Mistress Corbet's companion, he beheld a face which, though he admitted its fairness, produced no further effect on his feelings than when his girlish bride stood beside him at the Dalesdene altar.

"I had fancied her twice as handsome!" he exclaimed, with a scornful smile. "Is *this* the moppet which, per force of kingly caprice, hath been exalted in public estimation? 'Od's death!—Rowley must have lost all perception since his return to Fogland, to fancy this blushing gawky a divinity. Low as I ever valued her charms, methought she would mature into somewhat better than *this!*"

"Mere spite and envy!" was the cry of Arran and Rochester, when, joining them some hours afterwards in the Mall, he presumed to disparage the lady whom he stated himself to have accidentally encountered. "Lely, who, at the command of their Majesties, waited upon her yesterday with a request for permission to add her portrait to his gallery, protests that it is the fairest face and fairest form he ever looked on," persisted the younger earl.

"He would say as much of Madam Chiffinch's ape, were the King to declare himself captivated by the physiognomy of the beast!" retorted Lovell. "And faith it would not surprise me; for, from the crooked policy of Harry Bennet to the upright gawkiness of my pseudo wife, Rowley's favour seems to run upon things ungainly. That he would but take her, and in lieu give me back my estate! I should hold it a virtue to perjure my immortal soul for the chance of a divorce!"

"If Buckingham is to be credited, you might obtain one on easier terms," observed Rochester, Lord Arran having at that moment withdrawn from their company. "I myself heard him acquaint the King that this peerless lady, who would not so much as abide his presence, entertained at Lovell House some led captain as her paramour."

Lord Lovell grew flushed with instant fever, then cold as death. For some moments he could not command himself to utter a syllable.

"You're *sure* of this?" were his first intelligible words.

"Sure that I heard the Duke *assert* as much," persisted Rochester.

"Let us go wait on him!" cried Lord Lovell, pressing towards the turnstile leading from the crowded Mall. "To be certified of such a fact, would save me a world of coin and care! Let us to Saville House."

"It proves the prolongation of your residence abroad to propose such a measure to me," cried Rochester, drawing up. "I would

as lief make my apprenticeship in a pest-house! His grace and I are too big with mutual grievances to amalgamate as the contents of one room. But let me not obstruct your lordship's project. I will meet you to-night at Shaftesbury's, and learn the result. *Au révoir.*"

With as unconcerned a mien and spirit, as though he had been making some idle remark on the news or the weather, did Rochester saunter away from the man in whose bosom he had planted daggers! For instead of welcoming the intelligence which was to liberate him from his bonds, Lovell received with equal scorn and indignation the tale of his dishonour! Unconsciously to himself, he had taken pride in the high renown of her who bore his name; and he chose not that the frail divinity should be shivered into dust by any other hands than his own.

Pride was, in truth, the besetting sin of Lord Lovell's nature. In the generous, warm-hearted boy the fault might have been subdued by the wise guidance of education; or even trained to become a characteristic virtue of that aristocratic estate in which it had its origin, and which it was intended by Providence to adorn. But Lord Digby's haughty daughter, mistaking for a merit in her son that which at best could but become the origin of merit, had suffered the ripeness of the soil to give birth to weeds and briers, instead of cultivating its produce for purposes of use or ornament.

Such was the cause of Lord Lovell's first and only rebellion against his father; such the motive of his irrational opposition to an alliance with the granddaughter of a boor—of his wilful exile and malignant hatred against his wife. Despising her in the first instance for her ignoble birth, he at length detested the very virtues which gave the lie to his aristocratic theories. But while detesting them, as proving him in the wrong, he was proud to know that their lustre reflected itself on the name of Lovell. It was not such a name which was to be brought to shame. It was not such a name which was to be trailed in the dust by the vulgar tongues of antechambers and street-corners. The degradation of Lady Lovell's disgrace must recoil more or less upon himself—the scorn, the stigma, must adhere to *him*—a dire addition to the weight of evils entailed upon him by his unlucky marriage.

It was under the irritation of these reflections that, escaping from the more crowded avenues of the park, Lord Lovell took his way towards the Birdcage Walk, with an intention of reaching the river-side at Scotland Yard, and thence taking boat to Saville House. Alone and self-absorbed, he had no one to whom to unburthen his budget of miseries; and however a man's inward soul may cajole and flatter him in the hour of wantonness, in the hour of care it becomes the least sympathising and most truth-dealing of monitors. While Lord Lovell exclaimed that he was "sinned against," the still small voice within began to accuse him audibly of "sinning"—his conscience reminded him, with a sneer, how small was the allegiance owed him by his wife—that the mischief was of his own creation—that he had sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind.—"Still," argued the selfishness of the lordly egotist, "though little indebted unto *me*

this woman hath now lost sight of all she owes herself. Her father was a gentleman of honour; her mother, though of ungentle blood, an honest matron. She herself, prudent and discerning as she is said to be, must be aware how vast a load of responsibility falls upon the woman to whom is committed the charge of a noble and stainless name. And above all, her self-respect,—her personal and inward sense of chastity,—to be sacrificed to so foul a temptation! Some starveling cavalier—some led captain—to tempt her from her lofty eminence! Fie on't! fie on them both! The fellow dies by my hand, though the next hour I fling his paramour forth to the scorn and loathing of the world—discharged from the slight and irresponsible bond that hath hitherto held us together."

The progress of his lordship's reflections next stumbled into a quarrel with the originator of his sad enlightenment. Why should he gratify the vindictive spirit of the Duke of Buckingham by repairing to *him* for a confirmation of his ill reports? It would be impossible to listen dispassionately to a tale that touched him so nearly; and bitter would be his grace's triumph in watching and whispering thereafter at Whitehall the agonies of his wounded spirit. No!—he would proceed at once to the fountain-head! Three days were still to elapse previous to the first hearing of his petition to chancery. There was time for him to ride post into Northamptonshire. Lady Lovell's absence would favour the process of investigation. The paramour was left behind in enjoyment of the princely ancestral seat of the Lovells. It was *there* he would seek him—*there* slay him—*there* pour forth his blood as a libation to the earth, whose rightful owner he had dishonoured!

Blinded by the intemperate emotions swelling in his veins, Lord Lovell quitted the park, and was taking his way towards his lodgings near Whitehall, when, in the narrow turning towards Charles Street, his attention was attracted towards a sedan, the chairmen of which were, or pretended to be, inebriated; for in spite of the remonstrances of a stout country servant by whom it was escorted, they persisted in jesting and sporting with several fellows of suspicious appearance, who had apparently been previously drinking in their company. Dusk was drawing on. At this season of the year, and during the absence of the court, the streets in that quarter of the town were nearly deserted; and it occurred to his lordship, on hearing the reiterated remonstrances of the serving-man, that some act of robbery or violence was intended. Without wishing to entangle himself in a street brawl for the sake of a stranger, he determined at least to keep the parties in view till he could be assured that no iniquity was in hand. Following silently and as though unconcernedly, he overheard one of the ruffianly-looking crew remark to another, that they were "ten minutes past their time; and that the Duke would perhaps be up with them afore matters were ripe for his coming."

"What the plague kept her then a quarter beyond her usual stint?" replied his comrade. "Arran can but do his best. Master Matthew said it was the Duke's pleasure we should——"

But having imprudently advanced too near, in order to make himself master of their whispers, Lord Lovell's appearance now admonished them to silence. A moment afterwards, the conduct of the

two chairmen became more than ever obstreperous: and ere Lovell had leisure to form surmises concerning the "Duke" who owned so beggarly a set of retainers, he found his own progress impeded by two of the gang, while a fight, real or pretended, commenced between the rest and the footman escorting the chair. It was an unlucky moment for such an outrage. No lamps were yet lighted—no patrol was astir. Of all the twenty-four, the hour was most propitious for an act of outrage.

So apparently thought the tenant of the sedan. For at that moment a piercing shriek met his ears; and finding himself assailed with blows, his lordship no longer scrupled to draw and force his way through the villanous crew.

The sudden inbreak of a man of his appearance into the midst of them seemed (rather than the blows which he distributed right and left as he made his way to the assistance of the victim of this evidently premeditated attack) to startle the cluster of cutpurses; and just as he attained the chair which the porters had set down on the causeway while they engaged in the conflict, and from which a lady was now vehemently struggling to extricate herself, one of the ruffians exclaimed aloud to his companions—"Heels and away! 'Tis the Duke of Buckingham himself! I tell you 'tis the Duke of Buckingham!"

Rejoicing in a mistake, which had at least the effect of putting the enemy to flight, Lord Lovell proceeded to swing away by the collar one of the miscreants who was attempting to force back the lady into her place of durance; and who, finding her attendant driven from the field, fancied herself abandoned to the atrocities of a gang of bravos.

"Compose yourself, madam," said Lovell, soothingly; "you are safe. These cowardly blackguards have taken the alarm."

And sustaining her on his arm towards the nearest house, he knocked loudly to obtain assistance. The lady had fainted; and when, having borne her into the hall to the amazement of the terrified woman-servant who obeyed his summons, the light he called for fell upon her face, he was alike distressed and interested to perceive that she was young, richly-attired, and singularly beautiful. Had it been otherwise, Lord Lovell would have probably left her to the charge of the horror-struck waiting-maid in attendance, and followed in pursuit of the lawless ruffians, by whom the stranger was thus frighted from her propriety. But she was too lovely to be left, and verily he had his reward, for, on unclosing her eyes, her first movement was to cling to her deliverer—her first words were an appeal to his protection. The lady's terrors seemed to have overmastered her reason.

"Fear nothing, madam," whispered Lord Lovell, without relinquishing his hold; "you are in safety—you are in honourable hands. These villains have fled the place."

"They may return though," suggested the stupid maid, who in her fright had neglected to close the doors.

"They will not dare attack you in a dwelling-house. I *pledge* myself to your security."

The lady, who had now in some degree recovered her self-possession, started up at this assertion, and gazed earnestly upon her deliverer. On recollecting herself to be under the protection of a stranger, she seemed to imbibe new apprehensions; for, on the renewal of Lord Lovell's protestations, the tears gushed from her eyes.

"That I should be thus abandoned to insult and shame!" cried she incoherently; "I must go home—I must go hence—do not detain me—let me instantly quit this place."

"Under your favour, madam, whether your residence be far or near, you are in no condition to attempt the streets on foot," interposed Lord Lovell. "If you choose to remain under this person's charge, I will hasten to procure a chair, in which you may depart hence under my guardianship."

Scarcely capable of utterance, the lady replied by a sign of affirmation; and having enjoined the old woman to afford no access to strangers during his absence, Lovell proceeded on his errand. Aware that a stand of hackney chairs occupied the still encumbered area of Palace Yard, he directed his footsteps to the spot.

But on reapproaching the obscure house in Charles Street, in which he had deposited his charge, accompanied by two stout chairmen hired for her behoof, a painful presentiment assailed his feelings on beholding a coach attended by several servants drawn up before the door. Equipages were then so rare that Lord Lovell rightly conjectured it to belong to the "Duke" obscurely alluded to by the wretches he had put to flight. It was not, however, till he reached the door, and by the reflected light of the links borne by the running footmen detected their colour and bearings, that he perceived them to be the people of *Buckingham*.

At that moment Lord Lovell was as little disposed to confront his grace as to face the archdemon. There was but one tone in which he could accost the man who had propagated, for the derision of the court, the infamy of Lady Lovell and his own disgrace; and that was of a nature too violent to beseem the presence of a woman. Since his grace had been admitted to an interview with the fair stranger, it was probable that she bore some immediate relation to him. For aught that Lovell knew, she might be his sister, mistress, daughter. It was not in *her* presence, therefore, that vengeance was to be taken. Having, however, no grounds for his surmise, it became his duty to see her again, reward the zeal of the people who had afforded her shelter, resign her to the Duke if there appeared to be justification of the measure, or rescue her from his hands if she still made claim to assistance. When the people of the Duke of Buckingham strenuously opposed his entrance into the house, Lord Lovell grew more earnest than ever in his perseverance. Backed by the aid of the men by whom he was accompanied, he raised so powerful a din that the door unclosed to him; then rushing into the parlour where he had left the lady, in full expectation of being hailed and welcomed as a deliverer, he was surprised to find her not only restored to self-possession, but in calm conversation with the Duke, who stood deferentially and mildly addressing her.

"I gladly accept your grace's offer to convey me in safety home,"

she observed, with stern decision, the moment Lovell made his appearance, "requesting my Lord Lovell, meanwhile, to accept my acknowledgments for his previous good offices."

Then taking the hand offered by the Duke to lead her to the hall, without further courtesy or apology to the gentleman by whom she had been so gallantly defended and generously assisted, she was about to pass with a look of scorn the person of the indignant Lovell, when his lordship, having no reasonable pretext to quarrel with the Duke for being at hand to render aid, which *he* was equally willing to afford, or for being arrayed with precise and foppish elegance, while *he*, in his combat with the chairmen, had disordered to utter confusion his previously simple costume, hastily recalled to mind the grievances of the morning, and arrested for a moment the stately movements of his triumphant rival.

"When your grace shall have discharged your task as guardian of *one* lady, he exclaimed with bitterness, "I have a word or two to crave in atonement to *another* for certain aspersions, which in three days' space I pledge myself to prove calumnious."

"At any hour and moment I am at your lordship's service," replied Buckingham, undisturbed, "praying only that the aspersions of which you speak may not prove to be illusions of the brainsick fancy, to which I am fain to attribute the present excitement of your lordship's manner, and unseemliness of your address."

And with a courtly bow the Duke, and the heavenly creature who had made election of his hand, passed on, leaving to Lovell the agreeable task of requiting the civilities of the old woman, and listening, while the pungent fumes of her candle irritated his nostrils, to her recital of the surprise with which the beautiful lady had hailed the arrival of the grand gentleman in the velvet suit, and the gratitude with which she had accepted his offers of protection.

* To be continued.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE appeals which have recently been made to the sympathies of the British public, in behalf of the Polish exiles, have not merely excited in my mind a deep interest, but have served to recal many very early associations connected with the fate of exiles in a foreign land. A helpless fate indeed! for I well remember some affecting instances of suffering, and privation, and fond affection, which occurred during the last continental war amongst the French refugees in Bath and its immediate neighbourhood; and how my heart glowed with indignant commiseration at the scorn and contumely with which those who *had been* great in their native land were often treated by the thoughtless and the proud of this. It is a very humbling reflection, that that which most entitles a man to the sympathy and assistance of others—some overwhelming providential calamity like this, which generally includes within its compass a hoard of private and domestic griefs—most indisposes the world to grant the needful aid. Misfortunes of a more common kind, and on a smaller scale, have some chance of attracting attention from benevolent hearts in their immediate locality; but miserable in general is the situation of the fallen great, when exiled from the land of their birth, and the home of their affections.

I trust, however, that a better feeling has arisen since the period I allude to, and that those gallant warriors who have hazarded all, and endured all, for their native Poland, will not be suffered to languish in hopeless misery in a land of freedom. Indeed England has already given proofs that this shall not be; and I hope that she will continue to give still further and stronger proofs, so long as the exigency may unhappily remain. There are *some*, both amongst our nobility * and gentry, who have done themselves immortal honour by the strenuous efforts they have made, apart from all *political* and merely *selfish* consideration, to arouse the national sympathy in behalf of the suffering Poles, who appear (in my very humble judgment) to be *patriots*, in the true sense of the word. Looking to the original grievance, the forcible partition and subjugation of their native land, one can easily understand why and how it must keep up in their minds an indignant and never-dying recollection. Visions of the slaughtered brave, and of their ruined homes, and violated sanctuaries, must arise in painful retrospect, with every mournful remembrance of the past-away glories of their country. An exiled band of heroes like

[1] Continued from vol. xxiii. p. 194.

* Still, we would gladly see a yet stronger reciprocation of feeling between the *great* and the *middling* classes on this interesting subject. We could like our *wealthy* aristocracy to adopt a more liberal and a more delicate mode of relieving the distresses of these high-minded warriors, and not by "a ball for the aid of the Polish refugees," put them so completely on a *level* with the *Spitalfields weavers*.

this, though small in number, seem to be still in themselves a nation. There is something solemn and affecting in their destiny. Wherever they go, they carry with them the wishes and the prayers of the brave and the free of every clime; and wherever they are, there is still Poland. Bearing in mind the origin of all their calamities, and believing in the retributive justice of a superintending Providence, it is impossible to dismiss the idea that the Poles will be ultimately restored to their just rank amongst the nations of the earth. Doubtlessly, in the minds of many of these noble exiles, those elemental spirits that weave the shadowy tapestry of dreams are often busy at their aerial looms, bodying forth the future destiny of their beloved Poland in brilliant and quick succession.

Amongst the French emigrants who resided in Bath many years ago, I well remember the Count de Ronçay, a nobleman of large fortune and high consideration in his own country. His lady taught the harp, on which she was a most accomplished proficient; while the count himself, for want of any better or more profitable employment, endeavoured to eke out their slender means of subsistence by making artificial flowers. This was not all. The countess being engaged with her own avocations, the count did not disdain to take about the flowers himself for sale. Whenever I saw him, he carried along with him my profound respect; for, young as I then was, it was impossible for me not to perceive that no occupation, however humble, could in the slightest degree degrade a man who was capable of thus rising superior to the frowns of fortune. I regret to say, however, that sometimes ladies, though well acquainted with his rank, would thoughtlessly keep him standing in the hall while they examined the contents of the little box that held all the worldly treasures of him who but a short time before had his château, his servants, and his carriages, with all the etceteras of rank and fortune, at his command.

On one occasion, when my mother and I were walking in Bath, we saw the count turning away from a large mansion, where the powdered lacquey had so rudely shut the door upon him, that the box containing the artificial flowers was thrown out of his hands by the shock. My mother, who spoke French with great fluency, could not refrain from expressing to him her extreme indignation at the vulgar insult he had just received; but the count, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, passed the matter over very lightly, and palliated it on the score of the man's ignorance. Certainly the French proved themselves to be most excellent practical philosophers in those trying times which followed their sanguinary revolution. The lofty descended from their elevation with dignity and grace, and endeavoured to solace themselves for all they had lost by that which still remained within their power,—the interchange of devoted love and reciprocal endearments.

Such, at least, I know to have been the case with many, and with none more than the Count and Countess de Ronçay. It was a delightful and a touching sight to witness the affection of those noble exiles for each other, and their mutual greetings, after they had been separated for a few hours by their necessary occupations. We used frequently to walk in the Crescent Fields, through which Madame de

Rongay passed, in her way to the country-house of a gentleman, to whose daughters she gave lessons on the harp. The count, after he had been about all the morning selling his flowers, always went to meet madame on her return. I one evening happened to be near, and had the pleasure to witness this in general very common-place incident. As soon as the countess appeared in sight, monsieur began to run towards her, then stopped, and waved his hat, while she returned the salutation with the like recognition from her parasol; and when at last they met, and she took hold of his arm, no one, to see their happy-looking faces, would have dreamed of their sad reverse of fortune, or that daily and hourly toil, embittered by the insults of pride, was all they had to depend upon for the supply of their frugal board.

I also remember well the poor Countess de Morné, a lady of high birth and the most accomplished manners, and formerly about the court of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. At the beginning of the horrors in France, she fled with her young son to England, and settled in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Here she had endured extreme hardships and privations, and was at last reduced to such a state of poverty, that she actually supported herself by taking in washing at the Hot Wells, which was procured for her by some benevolent ladies, though the circumstance was not generally known. The young count, her son, I knew very well, and frequently met him in society. He was remarkable for his extreme good temper, the polished elegance of his manners, and his many and varied accomplishments; and on these accounts he was much noticed by many families, and became a very general favourite. He instructed the young ladies he met in the correct pronunciation of his native tongue, taught them various amusing continental games, sung them French songs, and told tales and anecdotes connected with the revolution and court of the unfortunate Louis XVI., for whom he entertained a profound veneration and affectionate loyalty. His moral character was exemplary, and it may readily be supposed that he was the comfort and main hope of his mother in her declining years. In poverty and in exile she had one consolation, and one rich treasure left in this her amiable son. But it pleased Almighty God to take him away from her. He was cut off by the small-pox, and she was left alone indeed. In the beautiful language of Scripture, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" and, as if to climax this particular case, she was still in poverty and in exile. It was a melancholy and affecting sight, to a mind of any sensibility, to see the aged countess, in her utter desolation, sitting under the rocks on a fine summer's evening, in that garb of sorrow which the French, by discarding all white, make so truly mournful. She seemed to withdraw as much as possible from all observation, and to be desirous of giving vent to the fulness of her heart alone.

> "O, there is no fount
> Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that
> Within a mother's heart!"

Although many passed who well knew her pitiable situation, and expressed a sincere commiseration for it, yet none threw open the door

of hospitality, or offered even the temporary shelter of a roof, to the lonely exile and bereaved mother.

Some few, however, amongst the French *emigrés* experienced a happier destiny. Such was the case with M. Laporte. He had lived in his own country in affluence and honour; but, suffering the pains and penalties attendant upon loyalty and disinterested devotion, he fled to England, the refuge of the distressed of all nations. After undergoing various hardships of a severe and trying nature, chance, or rather let me say kind Providence, directed his wandering footsteps to Lacock Abbey, then the residence of the late venerable Countess of Shrewsbury, whose genuine philanthropy of heart will have spread the fame of that ancient place over distant lands. Many an unhappy exile found a welcome and a shelter within its gray walls, when that revered friend of my young days presided, like the guardian genius of hospitality, at the board of plenty; and the hearth made pleasant by the lively flow of her spirits, and the vast fund of her amusing anecdotes, with which her long life, and intercourse with the first characters of her day, had furnished her memory.

At first an occasional invitation to dinner, after attending the service in the abbey chapel, brought Laporte acquainted with Lady Shrewsbury, who in time knew all his history, and generously recruited his decayed finances. One day, as the countess was pointing out the landscape from the window where they were seated, Laporte, with all the energy and vivacity of a genuine Frenchman, exclaimed, "O madame! de place be von Eden! Here be every ting dat de heart of man could wish for to make him happy!" Lady Shrewsbury answered, that if such were his sentiments, she begged he would make the abbey his home, till a better state of things would admit of his return to France. Scarcely had her ladyship uttered these words, when poor Laporte, overcome with gratitude, fell lifeless at her feet. "It was well for me," said the countess, in relating to me the circumstance, "that I was an old woman; or what would the footman have thought, when my bell summoned him to bring the necessary assistance to M. Laporte?" It is needless to say, that the poor exile joyfully accepted the benevolent offer, and from that time became domesticated at the abbey, where he spent some happy years, enjoying the never-varying kindness of the countess, and, through her, the hospitality and attention of all the families in the neighbourhood. And when at last he was enabled to return to his native France, he departed from the abbey, and its venerable mistress, with a heart too full for anything but tears to express the feelings with which it laboured. Lady Shrewsbury had subsequently the satisfaction of hearing from Laporte, that he had been indemnified for past misfortunes, by being raised to a considerable post in his native province.

I have heard some persons remark, that Lady Shrewbury's kindness to the poor French exiles was natural, as they were Catholics. "Oh! why do we not modestly observe," as Fielding says, "the same rule in judging of the *good*, as well as the evil, of others? Or why put the world in our own person? Indeed I must say (although I am convinced that nothing short of a *miracle* could convert me to the

Catholic faith) I sincerely wish that our church could exchange some of the *drones* of its great hive, for such *working bees* as I know many of the Catholics to be; who, with a noble spirit of *self-denial*, store up the honey gathered from the flowers of charity, to deal it out in the hard winter of man's necessity.

The Abbé Morel is one of these. Never shall I forgot that great and good man. He is mortal, with the looks of an angel; human, yet above humanity. When I have seen him standing at the altar with uplifted eyes—eyes so long consecrated to heaven, that they looked not of earth—his light figure, fragile as the ties that hold him to the world, and his silver locks, white as his own soul, above his meek yet intellectual brow, the religion of Christ seemed indeed a bright jewel set in the purest gold.

. . . . " Such men as he
Give grace to holy ministry,
And make the spirit's incense rise
A God-accepted sacrifice!"

To him prayer is a recreation, and meditation a feast. The robes of his ministry he deems such robes of glory as never king put on. One drop of the blood shed by the Saviour of man is more precious in his sight than all the rubies that ever blushed in the clime of the sun. The voice of the poor, begging alms, is the music of his heart, waking a thousand echoes in his soul, and thence rising upwards, until those sweet responses die away amongst the hills of paradise. I am convinced that to bring home one, only one, strayed lamb to (what he considers) the fold of Christ, he would bow his saintly head, with all its silver honours, to the block of martyrdom, and die joyfully, as he lives, the meek and loving instrument of mercy to man. Such is the Abbé Morel; in the world, but not of it; in the flesh, yet apart from it; matter subordinate to spirit, passion to reason, and reason to faith, and all prostrate before the Giver of all, the Beginning of all, and the End of all! Yes, the great ALL in ALL; the everlasting Creator, Redeemer, and Holy Spirit, Three in One—mysterious union! never to be comprehended, always to be believed, and eternally to be worshipped!

Yet even the saintly being I have just spoken of could not convert me. I admire, I venerate the man, but not his creed. Like Cowper, I cling to the simplicity of our national church, because it clings to the word of God alone.

" O how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands, like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous, as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—Believe and live!"

My friend Mrs. Robinson, the wife of our worthy pastor, to whom I have before alluded, happened to be at Portsmouth at the period when the French revolution drove so many of the poor nuns over to this country; and she gave me an amusing account of what she herself witnessed on one occasion at that place. There was a general anxiety amongst the gentlemen to get a sight of the fair recluses, on their first landing. Excited by the idea of beautiful young creatures, immured by cruel parents within the gloomy walls of a convent, they forgot that there were a great many who would not come within this romantic category. One party of gentlemen actually went from a considerable distance in post-chaises, on the occasion of a vessel from France, with a little community of nuns on board, arriving in the port, with a view to tender their services to the interesting exiles, and promising themselves, no doubt, a highly chivalrous adventure. Great, however, was the disappointment, when, on going to see them land, they beheld a party of aged and infirm sisters, without one solitary exception, which at once put their gallantry to a severe and unexpected test. Without offering either the post-chaises or themselves as an escort, they speedily drove off, leaving the poor nuns to shift for themselves, and to make their way to the inn in the best manner they could. The result of their knight-errantry furnished considerable amusement to their friends for some time afterwards.

We have heard much of late on the subject of convents, and the many abuses which are to be placed in counterpoise against their uses, if they ever could be said to have any. I mean of course as a general system, interwoven with the very fabric of society, and holding out a premium, as it were, to the abandonment of all those relative and social duties, of which reason and revelation alike inculcate the performance: for, as a refuge for a particular few, there might be no more objection to some modified religious establishment of this kind, than to any other asylum or hospital. The dreadful consequences resulting from them, in the way they have existed in some countries for ages, are sufficiently known, and but too well authenticated. But, as usual, when arguments fail, we are often met with an attempted denial of facts. I therefore adduce an instance which has fallen within my own experience.

When I was at Bristol Hot Wells, many years ago, a considerable degree of interest was excited there by the arrival of a young nun, who had made her escape from a convent in Portugal, and was staying with a family with whom mine were on terms of intimacy. This young creature was one of the many unhappy victims who even in this enlightened age are forced, contrary to their inclinations, to take the veil. It happened to suit the convenience or the arrangements of her family that she should be devoted to a conventual life; and without the slightest regard to her own wishes, or the natural bias of her disposition, she was compelled to entomb herself in the living sepulchre which was to shut her out from the world for ever. Whatever may be the merit of a voluntary offering of this nature, where the heart itself is laid upon the altar, assuredly there can be none in a sacrifice like this. Being naturally of a gay and sprightly turn, the victim of religious bigotry and family expediency conceived a deep

and rooted aversion to the monotonous and gloomy seclusion in which she found herself immured. The abbess, having tried for some time to win her to a love of that for which her very nature unfitted her, she now began to treat her with a considerable degree of harshness and severity, which rendered her situation still more insupportable. She resolved to endure it no longer.

The young lady had a brother, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who returned her sisterly affection with equal warmth and sincerity. To him she contrived, by means of a bribe, to communicate the true nature of her position, and the anguish and misery which she daily and hourly endured. The heart of her brother at once answered to her touching appeal. He determined, if possible, to effect her liberation. He apprised her of this determination, which instantly gave her new life and hope, and he fixed the night and hour when he would come to the garden wall of the convent, and wait her signal from the other side.

She gave a highly interesting account of the state of her mind during the intermediate period. When the night appointed came, and the hour drew near, her feelings were so intensely roused, that she began to fear it would be altogether impossible for her to perform her own part of the undertaking. The very thought of failure and detection, and its consequent punishment, filled her with an overwhelming dread. As the time approached nearer and nearer, she could hardly control her emotions, so as to go through all the minutiæ of her conventual duties. It was unfortunately her turn on that night to read, as was customary, some pious homily, while the other nuns were at their repast. The distraction of her thoughts was visible to the watchful eye of the superior; but she at length got through her task, with a reprimand for her bad performance, and a penance for the offence. This penance, however, as if Heaven had willed it so, was in favour of her design. She was to pray alone for a certain space in the chapel that night after the other sisters had retired to rest. From the chapel a door led into the garden, the walls of which were so lofty that no fear of intruders from that quarter ever entered the mind of the lady abbess. Gently unlocking the door, and taking her shoes in her hand, the trembling fugitive stole along to the spot agreed upon, where her brother was to wait for the appointed signal. No words were to be exchanged, but she was to throw a stone over the wall, that he might be assured in the first instance whether she was actually there, and then he was to respond by a similar token. She threw a stone, but there was no reply; she threw another, and another, and repeated the experiment for at least a dozen times, listening in the intervals breathless suspense, but all was still as death.

She now began to despair of effecting her escape, at least on the present occasion, and to think of endeavouring, as well as intense fear and agitation would permit her, to creep back to the chapel, lest her absence should, in the mean time, by any unfortunate chance, be discovered. She felt her limbs begin to fail, and that she should not long have the power of returning left. At this juncture the heavy bell of the convent clock sounded, and she discovered, to her inexpressible joy, that in her great eagerness and anxiety she had repaired

to the rendezvous several minutes before the time. Both her courage and her strength immediately revived. She threw another stone: the signal was instantly returned; and before many seconds had elapsed, a rope-ladder was at her feet. Making a last effort, she mounted it, and was soon safely landed on the outside of those hated walls, where a mule was in waiting. She got up behind her brother, and was soon far away from the scene of her misery and oppression. He shortly afterwards placed her on board a vessel, then sailing for England, where she found a secure asylum from all further persecution or pursuit.

At the request of some friends, the young Portuguese one evening put on the conventual habit in which she had effected her escape. It was certainly anything but becoming, and had the effect of transforming a rather good-looking person into a downright fright. The account she gave of a monastic life was quite sufficient to deter any young female from becoming an inmate of one of those living tombs, and we had ample opportunity of testing the accuracy of her narration. She said there was all the same display of temper and little-mindedness, modified only by the surrounding circumstances, that is to be found in the world at large. The nuns were jealous of each other, and of any favour shown by the abbess; and those devotions and duties which should have formed a free-will offering to the great Creator, were performed by them in one unceasing, unmeaning round, precisely as children go through an irksome task. Nothing was done from pleasure: the fear of punishment was the ruling impulse. Of course there were some exceptions. A few had from choice renounced the world, its pleasant ties and strong allurements; and a few of those few had in their more advanced age remained consistently true to their original bias, thus showing that in the untried morning of life they had neither been coerced nor deluded by others, nor practised any self-delusion upon themselves. It was this, "or something like to this," which I once saw delightfully exemplified in a young nun, beautiful and seraph-like, on whose pure and serene brow Heaven had set its visible impress beyond the possibility of mistake. But hers was not the mere devotional feeling of the creature, seeking by penance and mortification to propitiate the Creator, but that love of God, that spiritual union with the divine nature, which, filling the whole heart with ineffable happiness, made the countenance absolutely luminous with love. I was so struck with the contrast between her and all that I had ever seen, that I was induced at the time to express my feelings in the following stanzas:—

I never looked on face so bright,
  Of earthly mould or mortal feeling;
It seems a temple full of light,
  Salvation in that light revealing:
So beautiful, and oh, so pure!
  Those lifted eyes in saintly rapture;
Those clasped hands, that would secure
  Each wandering soul in holy capture.
That vestal veil of modest guise
  Was woven in the loom of heaven,
Not earthly wrought for sinful eyes,
  Whose worship is to mortals given.

Go, place the forms of *worldly* grace,
The beauties sung in bardic story,
Beside this *spirit-breathing* face,
This lovely blessed child of glory;
Now mark the *contrast:* here the world
Has set its seal, full broad and gaily;
Those scented locks so trimly curl'd,
Those lips so trained to smiling daily;
That rich attire, those jewelled arms,
That bosom without virgin shading,
Exposed in all its naked charms
For man: alas! the sight degrading!
I turn from them, as garish flowers,
In gay but *scentless* beauty springing,
To this sweet bud of cloistered bowers,
Around the cross of Jesus clinging;—
I turn; and as I turn, my soul
Doth seem as o'er some fountain bending,
Whose waters to Elysium roll;
While winged seraphs, round attending,
Fill from that sweet and silv'ry tide,
The golden cup to sinners given,—
That cup, for which the Saviour died,
That man might drink, and live—in heaven.

SONG.

Soft light o'er the hills is breaking,
A mild and a pensive light;
And the moon her tranquil course is taking
Amongst the stars of night.
Her snowy light is streaming
On meadow, cliff, and tree:
But a lovelier brow is beaming
A dearer light on me.

The moonlight woods around me
Are whispering fancies dear;
But a dearer charm has found me,
A softer voice I hear.
There's bliss from the heavens descending,
On the earth is boundless glee:
But a form by mine attending
Is earth, is heaven to me.

Richard Howitt.

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

" Chi va lontan' dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane."

No. IX.

A game of Touch-Tag—Route to Syracuse—The Modern City—A Syracusan Beefsteak—A Rencontre—The Nympth Arethusa—The Great Theatre—Ancient Wheel-tracks—The Ear of Dionysius.

We had some difficulty in dragging the doctor from Pallazuoli and the excavations of the Baron Judica. Domenico's patience was almost if not entirely worn out. The mules had been saddled, the baggage-horses had been laden, and were standing frying under the rays of a sun that felt to us anything but an April one—still the doctor came not. I, seated on the steps that led from the corridor to the story above, was deeply engaged, *faute de mieux*, in the guide-book of Madame Starke. Igins was studying the habits of a capuchin caterpillar, that, like his betters, was sleepily eating his way through existence on the leaf of a cabbage in the garden; and Dawson, with that gaiety of temperament which he had inherited from a long race of Hibernian progenitors, was busy teaching a group of children in the corridor to play at touch-tag, or, as he denominated it in his alien vernacular, Tig.

Now, my little fellows," said he to the earnest circle that was listening to him as to an oracle, " I touch one of you, and then we all run away until the one I touch can touch somebody else. Do you understand ?"

" Si, si, si," they exclaimed in chorus.

" Well, then, you know the game, except that whenever the one who runs after the rest touches another, he cries ' Tig !' "

" Tig ! tig ! tig !" they all shouted, delighted with the novelty of the sound, and the whole group, Dawson included, was soon engaged in all the bustle of the game, while their merry yells of delight made the old walls ring again. It was curious to see the staid old long-bearded sinners looking grimly on with a half smile at the frolics of the youngsters, as if they would gladly have shared in the romp, if their dignity would have permitted their so far compromising the sobriety of their demeanour in the presence of a stranger and a heretic.

The spirit of fun and mischief began to wax strong in Dawson, and at last snatching up a chubby little fellow, whose sunny hair, high cheek-bones, and blue eyes, (a regular Aberdeen physiognomy,) formed a striking contrast to the dark Saracenic faces around him, ran up to one of our hosts, rather a well-looking middle aged man of a

[1] Continued from vol. xxiii. p. 432.

similar complexion, and taking the child's arm close to the elbow, brought the little fist in contact with the rough cheek with an emphasis that made the tears start to the eyes of the recipient.

"Tig!" said Dawson, setting down the youngster.

"Tig!" said the child, running off half-laughing and half-frightened at the liberty he had taken, until he got within the shelter of a pillar, when, reassured by the laughter of the other youthful parties to this amusement, as well as by the incipient mirth of the fathers themselves, which the sudden attack on one of the order had created, he ventured to repeat his challenge. "Tig! tig! tig!" screamed all the merry group, dancing, and screaming, and clapping their hands with delight at the new turn the game had taken, as well as at the well-acted childhood of Dawson, who was dancing, and shouting, and clapping his hands with the best of them. The capuchin could not resist it; he moved on towards the troop of his tiny assailants, first slowly, as if hardly knowing whether he might so far condescend; but after one or two feints, which increased almost to an "*extase*," (as the French and Sir F. B. would say,) the delight of the youngsters, off he went, scuttling along in his brown robe down the corridor and round the pillars. It was rather a long chase, for a brown robe is not the most favourable garb for such active exertion, but he finally succeeded in reaching one little fellow who had fairly laughed himself out, and in the *abandon* of his merriment was holding on by the robe of one of the fathers.

"Tig," said the capuchin.

"Tig!" said the little fellow, drawing his breath for a good thump on the back of the individual beside whom he stood, and which he delivered with all the emphasis his laughter would allow.

"Tig! tig! tig!" went rapidly round, and, in a twinkling, capuchin after capuchin was involved in the uproar of the juveniles. Down the corridor and round the pillars swept the reverend fathers, their white teeth glistening from under their dark moustachios, as they laughed in grim silence at the more noisy frolics of their little companions. Old and young, black-bearded and grizzled, long and short, fat and lean, all were mingled in the hubbub, and seldom have broader grins and more noisy merriment enlivened the dulness of the convent than did on that morning under the immediate patronage of Dick Dawson.

Equal was the amazement of Dr. Danks and the "lettore," as they entered the cloister, the one by the gateway returning from his antiquarian researches, the other called from his study by the unwonted uproar. The lettore happened unfortunately to enter on the scene just as the bulkiest of his flock was making a desperate exertion to get out of the way of one of his youthful pursuers, and who came in contact with his tall gaunt figure with the full impetus of at least eighteen stone, giving him a squeeze against the doorpost that threatened annihilation. The offender stammered out an apology, the other capuchins assumed an intense look of innocence as they endeavoured to loiter along the cloister, the juniors decamped in a troop, laughing in spite of their fears, and almost carrying the doctor along with them as they swarmed out of the gateway.

Dick, who happened to be near the place of exit, stepped out with the rest, and took his place in the saddle, interrupting the sotto voce exclamations of Domenico, who in his impatience was *bestemmiando*, that is, blaspheming as a Sicilian alone can. The doctor advanced along the cloister, wondering what could be the cause of the uproar, until he met the lettore, who was equally at a loss to account for it. The doctor bowed, and the lettore bowed, and each waited for an explanation.

But no explanation was forthcoming, and after the doctor had bowed, and the lettore had bowed more than once, the pause became so embarrassing that the doctor in absolute despair actually plunged into "the weather," and, to the great amazement of the lettore, opened his mouth and said—

"A fine day, signor."

"It *is* a fine day," said the lettore, bowing distantly, and evidently with no little surprise.

There was another pause, which, the lettore having last spoken, it fell to the doctor's lot to break. He hemmed thrice, and twice pulled out his pocket-handkerchief; but, embarrassed by the idea of there being some droll mystery of which he was not fully aware, as well as by the stern look of the lettore, who evidently considered the doctor as somehow or other the cause of the disturbance, he, after repeated attempts, could not succeed in bringing out more than "I have come to bid you good-bye, signor."

"Good-bye, sir," said the lettore, looking more surprised than ever, while the doctor strode out of the gate, and made his way towards the spot where the mules were watering. The other looked after him with that compassionate gaze with which we are accustomed to contemplate the frolics of a *non compos*, and when he disappeared turned to some of the brotherhood to inquire into the cause of these unwonted noises in their usually silent cloisters.

Advancing to the worthy lettore, I expressed my gratification at having met him, and endeavoured briefly to explain that the noise which had attracted his notice had originated in the endeavours of one of my companions to amuse the children. He half smiled and looked round upon the brotherhood as he repeated my word—*bambini!*

I thought it best to avoid further explanation by closing my interview, and thanking him for the hospitality of his convent, and dropping a couple of dollars into the hand of our attendant, bade him *addio*.

"Why, what *is* the matter, Dawson?" said the doctor, as he hastily mounted his mule. "As usual, some devilry, and an Irishman at the bottom of it. I don't know any earthly purpose that you or your countryman serve but mischief-making."

"O yes, there is another," said Dawson.

"What?"

"Why, *hay*-making, doctor, in the season: what would you do without us?"

"Why, *do* without you. What on earth were you about at the convent? It was all at sixes and sevens when I went in, and a tall pale-faced gentleman, with a striking resemblance to the ghost in

Hamlet, met me in the cloister, staring me through and through until he put me in the fidgets, and I decamped with most indecorous abruptness."

"Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed Dawson. "Well, I hope you didn't tell him what was the matter."

"No, nor did he tell me. What, in the name of potatoes, have you been about?"

"Why, playing tig, or touch-tag, as I believe you English barbarians call it. Better than all the excavations of the Baron Judica. Got all the old capuchins in for it. Only think, my dear fellow, the whole convent playing about with the rest of the children like four-year-olds. True, upon my life."

"No, Dick!" said the doctor, half reining up his mule, and gazing with the intense admiration of an enthusiast in fun in the face of the author of this exploit. "Is it really possible?"

"Possible? ay, and the white-faced gentleman was the lettore, called out of his studio by the rumpus, and who, no doubt, took you for the author of the escapade."

"Dick!" said the doctor, after an admiring pause; "you're a genius."

"I know it," replied Dick, with a modest confidence in himself, at the same time giving emphasis to his words by a hearty whack on the croupe of Lo Zingaro that started him off like a skyrocket; the rest of our party, Domenico and the baggage-horses excepted, following on his track, whooping and hurraing in chase after the example of Dick Dawson, like a troop of Don Cossacks.

The increasing ruggedness of the path, however, soon caused the doctor to slacken his speed, and enabled us to overtake him.

"Dick," said he, "it is happy for manhood when it can be a child again, and you most assuredly are blest in being the biggest baby of your age extant."

"Always excepting Dr. Danks, M.A.—that is, Merry Andrew."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! your jokes to-day are, if possible, worse than usual; but, Sant' Antonio! as Domenico would say, there's Syracuse—there it is, my boys! Ortygia, the Portus Magnus, Plemmyrium, all below us. Beautiful! This is worth anything. Dick, I forgive you."

"Forgive what? doctor."

"Why even your miserable attempts at wit. There! give me your hand. At the present moment I cannot bear malice against any human being. Take my forgiveness—take my blessing—take (and here the doctor produced his pocket pistol) take a drop of brandy."

"The doctor filled out a good dram, drank it, and, in the absence of mind produced by his enthusiasm, put the bottle in his pocket again.

"There!" said the doctor, emphatically flinging out his short arm and fat fist as far as they would go in the direction of the sea—"there stood the Rome of Sicily—the spot where the Athenian, and Carthaginian, and Roman glory meet together—the city——"

"There, don't rhapsodise, doctor," said Dawson; "where's the dram you promised me?"

"Child of clay," replied the doctor, with burlesque indignation, "who talks of drams?"

"Why, the matter-of-fact people who havn't had any, doctor. Come, the aqua-vitæ."

"Here it is, my boy," said the doctor, again becoming colloquial; "but is not that really a sight worth looking at? Hillo! which way do we take now? where is Domenico?"

The path we had been following, not very clearly marked at the best of times, became at this point even less distinct than before, and divided apparently into two branches, one of which was lost in the dry bed of a torrent to our left. We were obliged to rein up our mules, and undergo a lecture from the doctor on Thapsus and Labdalus, interspersed with *notæ* from Igins respecting the domestic habits of certain scarabæi stercoracei, which he had observed during our yesterday's ride. At length Domenico made his appearance on the edge of the hill, and waving us to the left, we took to the bed of the torrent, now dry and white. A journey of a few minutes along this novel highway, most characteristic of Sicilian travelling, brought us into a narrow and romantic defile, in some parts widening out a little, in others closing, until the perpendicular walls of rock, and the bushes that fringed their summits, nearly excluded the light of day. Mile after mile we stumbled on over the large round stones, lingering in the cool nooks, which the warmth of the sky blazing above us rendered particularly grateful, or stopping to have a goblet of thin cool grog, where we found a thread of water trickling through the fresh green moss and climbers, that at such spots lined the wall of the ravine. At length it broke off abruptly, and we emerged in the plain of Syracuse.

When it fairly opened upon us, we instinctively reined in our mules to take a long and tranquil gaze. Even Dawson seemed inclined for the nonce to give up quizzing; and a brilliant butterly, that went flickering across our path, passed Igins unheeded. Olive-trees, magnificent in their bulk, some of which would have required three men to clasp their stems, filled up our foreground. The corn interspersed among them was already in full ear, and possessed of a brightness of green, that seemed almost to shine with a light of its own. Beyond was the Lysimelia palus—(a marsh still)—the bay of Syracuse—the heights of Plemmyrium guarding the entrance of the bay on one side, and the modern town, once the peninsula of Ortygia, advancing to meet it on the other. There is no ancient topography more distinctly marked in its great features than that of Syracuse. The eye that has ever perused its history takes it in at once. We gazed over the map before us long, lit up as it was by the sun now sinking behind us in the west, a position of the light which, in such a climate especially, graves out the form of every object with a minuteness that makes one feel, as it were, with the sight, without being sensible of that interval of misty atmosphere which hangs before the landscape under a colder and more capricious sky.

Domenico having overtaken us as we chatted over the scene before

us, we wound our way towards the modern city, passing the remains of several aqueducts—still pouring along a copious stream. Other remains—scattered but thinly, however—attracted our notice, and caused the doctor to linger beside them with a longing look, until the impatience of Lo Zingaro, at the increasing distance of his companions, compelled him to proceed. At length we reached the drawbridge that connects Ortygia with the mainland, so often divorced, and so often again united to it. A long series of fortifications, not however in the best order, introduced us to the city, and we reined up our wearied mules at last opposite "Il Sole," that looked, to the delight of all the party, considerably more like a place of rest and refreshment than anything we had seen since leaving Palermo. The windows were embellished with a little light drapery. The hall seemed clean, and a lady and gentleman looking out of the window at the new arrivals, showed us that other inmates had found the means of existence within its walls.

"There, doctor," said Dawson, as he flung himself into an easy chair in the handsomely-furnished salon into which we were ushered, and burying his head in the cushion, seemed determined to go to sleep extempore; "there's a modern prospect worth all the antiquities in the world. O dear! O dear! I never knew the value of a sound sleep till I came into this confounded country. Lanty, you can enjoy the novelty of ordering dinner. It is a long time since we had such a thing to do."

The waiter was summoned, and began his round of zuppa, and minestra, and guazzetto, but they were all to me an unknown mystery. It could only surmise that if the flavours were half as droll as their names, they would be rather too eccentric for our English palates. At last he hit upon a word I knew.

"Macaroni! yes, some macaroni—*con sugo*—of course."

"Pesce spada! Good—you can perhaps let us have a broiled fowl?"

"'Gnorsi; and perhaps you would like a *bistecco?*"

"A beefsteak!" burst simultaneously from the lips of all our party. Even the doctor looked up from his map of Syracuse.

"'Gnorsi," grinned the little black-visaged flibbertigibbet. "Un bistecco all' Inglese."

"Lamprey, Lamprey!" said the doctor, with a resigned sigh, as he resumed his studies, after gazing dubiously at the speaker for a few seconds, "this is cruel."

"Nay, let us see," said I, "can you really dress a beefsteak all' Inglese?"

"'Gnorsi," said the waiter, nodding his head quickly and repeatedly. "A Signor Inglese, who was very fond of bistecco, was here for a fortnight, and taught our cook the art."

"Well, then, let us have the bistecco, all' Inglese, and as quick as you can."

Olives, sardignes, and Bologna sausage, with bread and butter—then macaroni and pesce spada, made their appearance in due order. All were in earnest attention, waiting for the roast pullet and the bistecco.

"Shade of Dolly!" exclaimed the doctor, lifting up his hands and eyes, as the dish containing the precious morsel was placed before him. Lo! a sea of black sauce, that looked like the accumulated sediment of innumerable inkbottles, in the midst of which half lay, half floated, a square mass of some more solid substance, which might, by some remote possibility, have been intended for the bistecco itself.

"Well, it is a curiosity in its way," said the doctor, "and that, I am afraid, is our only consolation. Pity that it is so perishable. Come, let us see what this is in the middle. Boiled first, I declare, stewed afterwards, and then set a swimming in Hunt's matchless. There's a beefsteak all' Inglese, as they dress it in Syracuse. O that I could send it to Joe to be kept under a glass-case! How it would astonish all Sweeting's Alley! Take it away, you vagabond—take it away."

The waiter, in utter amazement at our rejection of the proffered delicacy, removed the bistecco all' Inglese; and we were endeavouring to laugh away our disappointment over a glass of Marsala, when a voice, that seemed familiar to us, was heard in the next room chanting Schiller's

"Freude schöner Götter-funken
Tochter aus Elysium,"

with all the zeal—and that is no little—which its warm feeling of philanthropy, its beautiful measure, and the deep lyric spirit that pervades it, infuses into the breast of a German *bursch* over his wine.

"Basler, beym himmel!" exclaimed the doctor, as he bolted from the room, followed by the rest of our party; and cautiously opening the door of the next apartment—lo! our four German friends of the Europa just bursting into the chorus—

"Seyd umschlungen-Millionenn!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt."

Which, however, was cut short in the middle by the fat fair-haired Basler seeing the doctor's glossy red face peeping in.

"Bist du wieder da
Du liebe Schwalbe du,"

he exclaimed in the words of a pretty little ode to the swallow, with which he had rendered us familiar during our voyage in the Europa; and seizing the doctor's proffered hand, shook it as if he would have shaken it off at the shoulder, finishing his greeting by an *accolade* and a kiss—a downright smacking kiss, after the continental fashion, in drawing back to avoid which, the doctor's cranium came pretty sharply against the edge of the door.

"Um verziehung," said Basler, resuming his labour at the doctor's right hand; and in the midst of a perfect storm of question and answer, thanks and congratulations, in German, French, Italian, and English, we joined our forces and our stock of wine-bottles to theirs. They, we found, had come from Palermo along the northern coast of Sicily, and were now returning by the route we had just travelled.

"But come, Baron von Tönnchen,"* said the doctor, addressing

* Littleton.

Basler by the title which had been conferred upon him during our voyage from Naples to Palermo, "don't let us stop the music. We enjoyed it very much in the next room, and I have no doubt it will improve on nearer acquaintance."

Basler went on with his chant — his compatriots joining in the chorus in a style by which the doctor's feelings were so much affected, that at its close he found himself under the necessity of ordering some brandy and water, and lighting a cigar. The meerschaums were set a-glowing, and the whole party were soon in the burschen's paradise — in the midst of song, and wine, and tobacco smoke. Round went the bottle — round went the song. The mirth waxed louder and louder; and if laughter be the test of wit, never were better things said than those that gave the cue to our cacchinations at Il Sole in Syracuse. Plodding as it is said the Germans as a nation are, they are certainly in general the most jovial bacchanalians under heaven; and Vaterland, Freiheit, Liebe, and Rheinwein, are words that work like a spell in converting a sober, plodding, matter-of-fact, sauerkraut-eating biped, into the hot-headed enthusiast, stringing Kant and Kotzebue — love and criticism — Hochheimer and human perfectibility — Der Kaisar — mein Mädchen — mein Vaterland — all on the same string. An ultra in them all.

As it was now waxing late, the doctor rose to propose a parting toast. He leant with both his hands upon the table, and filled up the pauses in his oration with sips of brandy and water. His speech was highly figurative; indeed to a captious taste it might have seemed too much so, inasmuch as the said figures trod so thickly upon the heels of one another, that it was occasionally somewhat difficult to say where one ended and the other began. "It was no little pleasure," he said, "while toiling along the thorny path of life, to meet in its wide ocean with strangers and sojourners like ourselves, but who proffered to our lips the wine of sociality and good feeling as they passed. His acquaintanceship with the illustrious strangers — yes, he would say, the illustrious strangers, whom he then had the honour, the heartfelt honour of addressing — was but short; but he trusted he might say that they were already old friends. He trusted he might say *that*. He was an old man now, much older than he once was; (No, no! nein, nein! from all present;) but he was still vain enough to believe that his heart throbbed as warmly for the good of the whole human race as before it was chilled by an intercourse with this cold world — cold, indeed, it would be but for moments such as the present; and he would say that he never in his life met with — why should he mince the word? — better fellows than those he had the honour of addressing. They might soon part — indeed he understood they were going off at six o'clock in the morning. A little longer, and they would be like ships that had met and parted on the wide sea — it might be, never to meet again. If they met again, or if they did not — and indeed whether they did or not — he should always have a grateful remembrance of the happy moments he had spent in their society. He had detained them perhaps too long. ('No, no; go on.') He had expressed himself strongly — not too strongly, perhaps, nor more strongly than he felt. He thanked them for the honour they

had done him—he meant to say he would take the liberty of proposing a toast—he meant to say a sentiment—one which he was sure would be drunk "on the premises" as it ought to be: 'May we soon meet again, and may our next meeting be as merry as the present.'"

The doctor sat down in his chair with a suddenness which, to those of the party who did not perceive that Dawson had been holding the skirts of his coat throughout the delivery of his address, might have seemed rather abrupt, and we drank his sentiment in full bumpers with "Hip, hip, hurrah!" nine times nine, three cheers more, and the Kentish fire; Dawson leading off each peal with an Irish "Whooh!" in a style which Il Sole had probably never heard before, and which brought up our host in alarm to ascertain the cause of this *fracasso del diavolo.*

On mustering next morning for breakfast, Dick Dawson did not make his appearance at roll-call, as the doctor expressed it, nor until the meal was nearly finished, when he entered our salon in company with Basler and his friends, to whom we had bidden an eternal farewell the evening before.

"I coaxed them to stay, doctor," said Dawson, as we welcomed them in, "to verify your toast and sentiment of last night. They go with us to visit some of the antiquities to-day, and we have been round modern Syracuse already this morning, while you were thinking of getting up. We have seen such a sight!—horrible, wasn't it, Basler?"

"Oh, schrecklich!" said Basler; "horrible! — terrible! — bad enough!"—and having thus capped his climax, he knocked the top off an egg, shook his head mysteriously, and began his breakfast.

"Why, what's the matter?" said we all.

"A poor young woman," said Dawson, "destroyed, ruined, and utterly undone—was she not, Basler?"

"Destroyed, ruined, utterly undone, and very much inconvenienced," replied Basler, helping himself to another egg.

"But how?—who is it?" said the doctor, impatiently.

"Why, a nymph, doctor, by name Arethusa; we've seen herself, her own nymphlike countenance covered with soapsuds. O Pindar, Pindar!—I'll trouble you for the bread, Lamprey."

"Why, have you been visiting her this morning, Dawson?" said the doctor.

"O yes, doctor; don't *you* go. It would kill you; I'm sure it would—you, with such a delicate appreciation of the antique. Only think, the nymph Arethusa, beloved of Alphæus, celebrated by Pindar and heaven knows how many poets and historians besides, in such a slatternly draggle-tailed predicament as I saw her in to-day! In place of a purling stream gushing from the rock and kissing the snowy pebbles as it murmured on to the sea, I beheld—(another cup of coffee) —a triangular tank under the battlements filled with washing-tables and blocks of stone, through which a soapy stream was flowing. And as for naiads, there were at least fifty of them—stout washerwomen, thumping, and scrubbing, and scolding, and swearing; with *such* legs! —nothing but Annibal Carracci's fauns could match them in shape, and size, and colour. No drooping willows, or bending palms, or olive-

trees, or almond shade, to deck the sacred stream; but the walls were hung instead with dripping stockings, and sheets, and shirts, and smocks,—a *ne plus ultra* of classical abomination. I had the curiosity actually to kiss her nymphship, and tasted the water as it came from the source. Bah! it was not so bad as Harrogate, but it was odiously brackish—very bad indeed—wasn't it, Basler?"

"Ver bad inteet," said Basler, speaking through his bread and butter; "wasser is always pad without a tröpfchen of branty."

"Even brandy wouldn't have cured it."

"Branty will cure anything," said Basler, emphatically.

"In the long-run, no doubt. But I say, my lad, what shall be our sport to-day? What is our plan for seeing the antiquities? You, of course, doctor, would like to see and study them all; but, for my part, to say the honest truth, I am sick of theatres and amphitheatres, and so I believe are nine-tenths of those who go to see them. It is well enough for genuine antiquarians, who are able to form some conclusions from what they see; but to me amphitheatre after amphitheatre is but ditto repeated."

"Ditto repeated," said Basler, taking another egg.

"Well then," said the doctor, "suppose we go *en masse* to take a bird's eye view of the general topography of Syracuse to-day, and let each forage for himself to-morrow."

"Agreed; order out the mules. We will be ready by the time they have made their appearance."

A few minutes saw us in the saddle, and winding our way through the apparently interminable fortifications at the entrance of the city. Leaving Ortygia, we crossed the quarter called Neapolis, the level Acradina lying on the shore to our right, and proceeded towards Tycha and Epipolæ, which formed the western extremity of the city, standing on an elevated *terrein*, that becomes higher and narrower as it recedes from the sea. On our way we passed a small amphitheatre cut in the solid rock, and proceeded to visit the principal Lautumiæ, in which, if tradition is to be believed, the Athenian prisoners were confined. These quarries, cut in the rocky escarpment that separates Neapolis from Tycha and Epipolæ, are of immense extent, and no doubt furnished materials for most of the buildings which, in the palmy days of Syracuse, covered the ground over which we travelled; the almost total disappearance of which, as if, like the Czar's ice-palace, they had melted away, is one of the marvels for which history and philosophy can hardly account. These Lautumiæ had a singular appearance. In the broken and irregular face of the rocks that formed their boundary, numerous caverns of great extent have been excavated, the roof being supported at intervals by rude and massive columns. Some of these have fallen, and the huge fragments that still hang from the roof seem to threaten imminent destruction to the passers by. Of these caverns a few poor ropemakers were the only tenants; and looking along their rugged and gloomy vistas, the figures, as they flitted silently from light to shadow, might almost have seemed the spirits of some departed captives revisiting their former prison.

In a part of the cliff that receded a little further than the rest, and was cut into rather a smoother perpendicular, a high, pointed, and

somewhat irregular Gothic arch led to a cave that, retaining the same shape as the entrance, receded into the rock, winding slightly in its progress, until its extremity was lost in the darkness. "This," said our cicerone, "is the Ear of Dionysius."

Advancing into its recesses, we found the ground-plan somewhat similar to that of the italic *S*, the roof at the extremity having still much the same shape as the external arch, becoming, however, somewhat lower with the decreasing breadth. Along the walls were niches, with traces yet remaining of the mode in which the prisoners were fastened. The singular echo was illustrated by our cicerone in the usual way. The sound of our own voices reverberated from wall to wall and from end to end of the cavern. The tearing of a piece of paper had an effect out of all apparent proportion to the cause, and the noise produced by the discharge of a pistol roared and bellowed through the cavern, going and returning upon the ear until it died away with the growl of distant thunder.

Above the entrance our cicerone pointed out a small square aperture, the entrance, as he alleged, to the chamber where the tyrant listened to the conversation of his captives. To a rope passed over a pulley was appended a perilous kind of chair, composed of a single piece of plank, and a number of the ropemakers were in attendance to hoist up such of the signori as might choose to peril their necks in the adventure.

"Come, will you go, Lamprey?" said the doctor.

"No, thank you," said I; "I will be content with your report."

"Or you, Dawson?"

"O dear no; I rather think you will have all the glory to yourself. It suits you much better than it does me. A tumble from the pigeon-hole yonder would perhaps make me a cripple for life, but a man of your weight would be put out of pain at once."

"Come then, here we go up, up, up," said the doctor, taking off his coat, while two of the ropemakers were successively hoisted up by their companions, that they might be ready to receive the doctor on his arrival.

Danks then took his seat, clutching fast hold of the rope, and was safely raised to the desired spot with no other mishap than an ominous crack of the plank, which had seldom indeed been tried by such a weight. A sudden cloud passed over the doctor's radiant countenance, as he threw a hurried glance downwards at the awful space that intervened between him and his mother earth; but the next instant he was above the level of the entrance, the word was given to lower away, and the doctor slid downwards into the chamber of Dionysius much after the fashion of a bale of cotton into a Liverpool bonding warehouse.

"Dawson, you dog, you're disappointed," exclaimed the doctor, thrusting his head from the aperture as soon as he had got himself disencumbered of his trappings."

"O, there's hope yet, doctor; remember you have got to come down again."

The doctor did, however, succeed in descending safely, and we wound our way towards the heights of Epipolæ, passing the remains

of a theatre of great extent, on the slope of whose desolate benches a cornmill is now standing, fed by the stream of an ancient aqueduct, whose waters, after having performed this service, are wasted amid the ruins of the scena.

"Well, doctor," said Igins, as we jogged along, "what do you think of Dionysius's Chamber?"

"There was nothing certainly to risk a tumble for; and Dionysius, it seems to me, would have heard better almost anywhere else. In point of fact, I doubt that the Ear of Dionysius——"

"Nay, don't begin doubting, doctor," said Dawson; "leave one in the comfort of a belief. The coincidences between the cave we have just seen and that we have read of are great enough to establish a very comfortable conviction in the mind of one who, like me, knows little about the matter, and I would not have it disturbed for the world. There, however," he added, as the cicerone pointed out to us an ancient wheel-track graven by the chariot-wheels in the living rock, "there, I confess, is a remnant of antiquity more perfectly to my taste, and one reason why is, that it bids you antiquarians defiance. You can make it no more than a wheel-track, but you can make it no less. We are not puzzled with a cross sea of theories as to whether it was dedicated to this, or that, or t'other Venus, or Vesta, or Diana. There it is, to my mind a more exciting record of the actual 'goings-on' of Syracusan life than all the remains you will find within the two-and-twenty miles of its ancient circumference."

"Very romantic," said Dr. Danks.

"Reasonable though," said Dick Dawson.

THE DEED OF SEPARATION.

A TALE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

EMMA WILMOT, a blooming sprightly girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London. "Uncle," she said, "I think there are very few sights that you have not seen; pray were you ever present at a tremendous fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once present at a fire tremendous enough even to gratify a young lady's taste for horrors; it was the most awful description of fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was not a London fire either, where the spring of a watchman's rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand in procuring engines and assistance from every quarter. It took place in a retired country situation ten miles from any town, and, to sum up the horrors, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friends."

"Will you tell me the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is, if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma, for that fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I, for the sake of my friends, that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma; "had insured their house much beyond its value, and were glad of the additional money?"

"No, Emma, you are wrong; the house of my friends was certainly insured, but the insurance was beneath its value, and they lost many little articles of use and ornament endeared to them by circumstances, and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than any they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered a concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong; they certainly gained a treasure, or rather they regained it, for they had possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now, uncle, you speak in riddles; do pray tell me the story."

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave a nod and smile of assent, and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere regard; they lived in a beautiful country-house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighbourhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland. They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual, and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy nature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separa-

tion, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple."

"I do not quite agree with you there, my dear," answered her uncle; "there may be circumstances which justify this painful measure; such, however, were not the circumstances of my friends; the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and love of dissipation; but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable that they should have differed: they were both haughty, exacting, irritable, impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights where no one else would have descried them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on each side. The lady complained of the want of the attentions of a lover in her husband, and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing, or smile, for his gratification alone, as she was wont to do in the days of courtship. They became contradictory, peevish, and sullen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important."

"How different from my dear father and mother," said Emma, "who can never keep anything a moment from each other!"

"The confidence which they withheld from each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters, and several of the friends thus injudiciously distinguished made use of the idle and common-place phrase, 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.' This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties, and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and to return to that of her parents. My friends, as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail on him to reconsider his determination, and to endeavour to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross-questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability, he said, would soon disappear, were it not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love," said Lady Wilmot, smiling; "it is almost as bad as praising yourself."

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all my persuasions were in vain, I was obliged tacitly to consent to the introduction of Mr. Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation; he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to me more fatal than the box of Pandora, since Hope could not be supposed to

repose at the bottom of it. When the deed, however, was read to me, I could not but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar; the fortune brought to him by his wife was small, and had been settled on herself for pin-money, but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his extensive income. He expressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the Hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although, knowing their kind, tender, and feeling natures, my very heart was wrung at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland, and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth, I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar, and deep was my sorrow to think that aught but death should dissolve that holy union. I could not, however, bend or soften her haughty spirit. "She was undervalued," she said,—"she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents, and thither she should return." I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar; this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that, in honour of my arrival, she would dine at the table that day. It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr. Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarrassed person among us."

"O that terrible lawyer!" said Emma, "how I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear girl," said Major Hervey; "he was a worthy and upright man; he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so, and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from lawyers and medical men: we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes of distress, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events subdue the outward expression of them. They grieve like other men for the misfortunes of their friends and relatives; but if they gave a tribute of ardent sympathy to the sufferings of every client or patient, they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement, highly unfavourable to the cool deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quitted us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing-room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact, the whole room presented a dreary appearance; her harp and piano-forte were in packing cases ready for removal; a table near the window, which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing-desk and work-box were not in their accustomed places, and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage, was removed.

" Mr. Chambers retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character, by endeavouring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting, and the insignificant station in society held by a separated wife; but Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious, she was only vain and exacting; she persevered in her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her good night. All that now remained in my power, was fervently to entreat the heavenly Disposer of events, in my prayers, to have pity on these poor deluded young people, to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirits, and to lead them at some future time again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread to the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

" I awoke again; it was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decided smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed; several fires had lately taken place in that neighbourhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many of the surrounding families; and this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the preceding day, had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and had been heard to vow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar: we gave the alarm to the servants, and finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighbouring farm-houses for assistance, and employed others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames.

" First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her lady gently and quietly, to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to assemble for the present. Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labours of the servants, who removed many articles from the house; at length the flames spread with such rapidity, that we were compelled to desist, and I walked down to the summer-house to console and reassure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise at discovering that she was not there; her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor were any of her clothes to be discovered; it was evident that she had been awake and sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her own safety by flight.

" I must say that I felt more angry with Lady Falkland than terrified about her, for I supposed that, unwilling to identify herself with the interests of her household, or to run the risk of any communication with the husband she was about to leave, she had sought a refuge in one of the farm-houses in the vicinity. I thought it right, however, to inform Sir Edgar of her absence, and was returning to the front of the house with that purpose, when I was startled by a piercing shriek from Lady Falkland's maid, who followed me. I looked up in the direction to which she pointed, and at the window of a little

apartment above the drawing-room, what was my horror to behold Lady Falkland making despairing signs for assistance! This little room had been a great favourite with Sir Edgar and herself during the early months of their marriage, on account of the extensive prospect it commanded; she had fitted it up with book-shelves, a guitar, and painting materials, and they passed much of their time there. It afterwards appeared that, unable to sleep, the idea had struck Lady Falkland that she would take a last farewell of this room, endeared by so many early and tender remembrances; she sat down on a low ottoman there, her own peculiar seat, rested her head on the chair usually occupied by Sir Edgar, and gave vent to her grief in repeated and passionate sobs, till at length she fell into that dull and heavy sleep so often the result of continued weeping.

"She awoke to a scene of awful danger: she attempted to open the door, but the flames and smoke that assailed her immediately drove her to the window; it was two stories from the ground; death would be the result of an endeavour to leap from it. One of the servants immediately ran to a neighbouring farm, where, he said, was a ladder of sufficient length to reach the window; but how poor appeared this prospect of relief, when the danger was so immediate and imminent! The staircase was in flames, who could venture to ascend it? I offered large pecuniary rewards to the person who should save her life. One of the under-gardeners, tempted by my munificence, advanced a few steps into the house, and then returned.

"'I shall be suffocated in the attempt,' he said, 'and what will become of my widow and fatherless children?'

"At that moment Sir Edgar, who had been giving directions in a different part of the premises, made his appearance, and, more by gestures than by words, we pointed out to him the situation of his wife. I shall never forget his agonised cry of distress; but he did not waste a moment in deliberation, he snatched from me my military cloak, and rushed into the house. The old steward, who had been in the family at the time of his birth, endeavoured to hold him back.

"'You are rushing to certain death,' dear Sir Edgar, he cried; 'pray return.'

"But Sir Edgar shook him off.

"'I will save her life,' he exclaimed, 'or lose my own in the attempt;' and in another moment he disappeared up the blazing staircase. I had scarcely time to hope, before Lady Falkland gave me fresh cause for alarm. The flames were approaching rapidly to the place where she stood; she evidently contemplated the desperate measure of a leap from the window; and I was shuddering at the idea of speedily beholding her mangled form, when I saw her drawn back by a strong hand. Sir Edgar wrapped the cloak round her, and carried her from the window. Once more I ventured to breathe; as Sir Edgar had ascended the staircase without material injury, I trusted that he might descend it in the same manner; but at that moment the event so long anticipated took place, the staircase fell in with a tremendous crash, and all hopes of retreat were cut off. A dreadful and inevitable death seemed now the portion of these young people; but there was a melancholy consolation in the idea that they would

die clasped in each other's arms, and exchanging mutual assurances of forgiveness. My head began to swim, and my eyes to feel dim, and I was on the point of sinking to the ground, when loud shouting voices near me aroused me to perception: a party of men were approaching, bearing the expected ladder, and headed by Dennis O'Flaherty, an Irish labourer at the farm. Even at this moment the thought passed through my mind of the strange manner in which we estimate the value of a person according to the existence of local circumstances. I had frequently during my visits at the hall conversed with Dennis O'Flaherty, and amused myself much with his brogue, his blunders, and his uncouth manners. I knew him to be an honest and good-natured fellow, but it had never entered into my head that he could possibly be of use to me in any other point of view than as a person to be laughed at; but, now, when I contemplated his athletic frame, his muscular limbs, and his bold bearing, I felt that the most gifted genius, or the most polished courtier of the age, would be an object of inferior consequence in my eyes to Dennis O'Flaherty, and the sweetest music would have been less delightful to my ears than the powerful brogue which made itself heard above all the uproar, in vehement commands to his companions to 'waste no time, but set up the ladder quick and steady.' It was speedily put up under Dennis's direction; he was at the top in a moment. Sir Edgar deposited the fainting Lady Falkland in his arms; he speedily bore her down, and Sir Edgar followed in safety. Three loud cheers broke from the assembled spectators as he reached the ground. I could not join in their acclamations, but I silently and fervently offered up a thanksgiving to Heaven for the preservation of my dear young friends, and a prayer that the circumstances attending it might have a beneficial effect on their future lives. Lady Falkland was not hurt by the flames, although weeping and hysterical through alarm; she was immediately borne to the farm, and medical assistance was procured for her. Sir Edgar had not escaped so well; he was severely scorched, and in great pain, but in the midst of his sufferings he could not refrain from telling me of his happiness; the few minutes that elapsed between his entrance into Lady Falkland's room, and the arrival of the ladder, had passed in mutual entreaties for pardon, in the most tender interchange of protestations of affection, and in lamentations over their too probable separation from each other by death, although they had both so recently desired to effect a separation in life. At length the medical man, having left Lady Falkland, took Sir Edgar under his care, and immediately silenced his transports by a composing draught; fire-engines arrived from the county-town, and in a few hours the house had ceased to blaze; presenting, however, a lamentable spectacle of blackened and smoking ruins.

"Morning came, the father and mother of Lady Falkland were expected, and I rode to meet them, anxious to acquaint them with the happy change in the prospects of their daughter: they were astonished that I should greet them with a smile, still more so when I described the tremendous scene of the preceding night, which seemed little calculated to excite such a token of pleasure; but most grateful were they when I had finished my story, and fervently did they return

thanks to the gracious Lord, who had thus wonderfully and mysteriously wrought good out of evil.

"I led them to the farm, where they fondly embraced their beloved daughter; she was sitting by the bedside of her husband, who, when no longer supported by temporary excitement, was suffering severely from the effects of his hurts, and a tender and affecting scene ensued. When I left the room, I encountered Mr. Chambers, the lawyer.

"I am exceeding sorry," he said to me with a look of doleful apology, "but I have reason to fear that the deed of separation has been destroyed in the flames."

"So much the better," I replied, cheerfully; "Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland are now happily reconciled, and the deed of separation, even if recovered, would be no better than waste paper."

"Pardon me, Major," said he with a provoking curve of his lip; "you can only conjecture that point—we lawyers are not to be satisfied except with proofs, and time alone can prove that the deed will not be again required."

"I was glad to escape from this doubting gentleman to the clamorous rejoicings and congratulations of Dennis O'Flaherty. I gave him a sum of money, which Sir Edgar afterwards trebled, and I resolved in my own mind never to laugh at his blunders again, since he had so happily refrained from blundering in a case of life and death. Lady Falkland attended her husband with the most unremitting tenderness and assiduity during an illness of several weeks; on his recovery they passed some months in travelling, and neither of them made any complaints of want of attention on the part of the other. The house was rebuilt exactly in the same form, but it was more attractive to my eyes than it had ever been, for it had now become a 'Mansion of Peace.'"

"And do you really think it possible, uncle," said Emma, "that a couple who were once on the verge of separation, could be thoroughly happy afterwards?"

"It is not only possible, but it is true," said Major Hervey; "they are as happy, Emma, as your own dear father and mother."

"Now, uncle, I cannot believe you; I shall be like your sceptical friend, Mr. Chambers, only satisfied with proofs."

"Then I will give you a proof, Emma, which will be quite satisfactory even to the sceptical Mr. Chambers; it is of your own dear father and mother I have been speaking."

Emma cast a wondering, incredulous glance towards her mother.

"Surely my uncle is jesting?" said she.

"No, my love," answered Lady Wilmot; "he has given you, under imaginary names, a narrative of facts. The awful scene took place twenty years ago on this very site, and the room where we are now sitting answers to the one in which I stood, momentarily expecting a painful and violent death, and shrinking from the idea of appearing before my Creator with a spirit irritated by angry pride, and a conscience burdened with the neglect and defiance of my duties as a wife and as a Christian. I trust that by the assistance of Providence I have been enabled to correct the faults of my temper, and most happy, my dear Emma, am I to say that I have never observed

any indications of the same imperious and exacting disposition in you; but in case any future alteration in your situation should bring to light defects in your temper hitherto unknown, I am glad that your uncle has told you these particulars of the early wedded life of myself and your dear father. Your choice, I trust, will be cautious and prudent; but that choice once made, consider that it is equally your duty and interest to bear patiently with the foibles of the object of it, and ever remember that the bonds you assume are not merely light and temporary ties, but are to be worn by yourself, and by the husband of your selection, in fidelity and constancy, "so long as ye both shall live."

SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

No. V.

Let us meet in Fashion's halls,
Not in scenes like these,
Where the voice of Nature calls
And wakes Love's sympathies!
There I may throw off the chain
Round my senses bound:
But, 'mid scenes like these, 'tis vain,
Deeper grows the wound!
Let us meet in Fashion's crowd,
Not in scenes like these,
Where the voice of Folly, loud,
May crush Love's sympathies!

'Neath the sylvan grove or tree
Passion loves to dwell;
Though I struggle to be free
Stronger grows the spell;
Murm'ring streams and twilight bowers
Touch the hidden spring
Where, 'mid feeling's cradling flowers,
Love lies slumbering!
Let us meet in Fashion's halls,
Not in scenes like these,
Where the voice of Nature calls,
And wakes Love's sympathies!

MEMOIRS OF A CADET.[1]

ALTHOUGH from a distance Rajmuhal appears to stand at the foot of a range of hills, it is in reality considerably apart from them. The country around is very beautiful. Bengal scenery begins to lose its exclusive character, and merges into that of Hindostan Proper. Cocoa-nut trees we have lost sight of, but the toddy* and date-palms are numerous.

Many of these trees are hung round with the nests of the *baya*. Neither the English nor Linnæan name of this bird do I know, though I believe it is a sparrow of the hang-nest tribe. The nests are in the shape of bottles, which swell in the centre, and taper above and below. They are suspended from the very extremities of the arched palm-leaves, by means of a long fibrous root, which is exceedingly strong, and they swing with safety during a tempest. Nature has thus wonderfully provided a place of security for these birds against the attacks of monkeys and snakes.

Considerably inland, on the opposite side of the river, and not many miles distant from Rajmuhal, stand the ruins of the ancient city of Goor or Gour. Its decline and abandonment were caused by the desertion of the Ganges, which formerly flowed beside its walls. About two hundred years ago the course of the river took a new direction, turning off to a considerable distance from the place to which it had brought wealth and sanctity. To no part of the city, occupying a space of twenty square miles, does the Ganges now approach nearer than four miles and a half, and places formerly navigable are now twelve miles from the stream, which so unaccountably and capriciously forsook its ancient bed, leaving behind it all the melancholy consequences of the alienation of a powerful ally.

A voyage on the Ganges, when the easterly winds prevail, is by no means devoid of danger. Squalls are very frequent, and in many cases places of refuge are not attainable. The high abrupt bank oftentimes extends for some miles, and from it large masses are constantly breaking away, falling into the water with a plunge sufficiently heavy to dash a boat to pieces. The lower side of the river, too, is perhaps at the same time flooded for miles. In short, there is proportionably much greater loss of life and property in the navigation of this river than there occurs in sea voyages between England and her eastern dominions.

The military detachment lost two more boats and several lives

[1] Continued from vol. xxiii. p. 224.

* Toddy—the sap of a species of palm. An incision is made overnight in the bark of the tree, where the leaves begin to branch from the stem, and an earthen vessel is slung underneath for the purpose of receiving the liquor as it drops from the cut. When taken down at an early hour in the morning, the toddy is a pleasant and refreshing beverage. As it begins to ferment, when the sun rises, it is used as yeast by Europeans for the making of bread, and is a very tolerable substitute. The fermentation is speedy, and in a remarkably short time the toddy becomes an intoxicating liquor. The natives climb the palm-trees with great agility. Their back is supported by a belt, which is passed also round the tree.

before they reached Dinapore. The following anecdote is worthy of record: a private soldier of the 87th regiment having with difficulty reached the shore from a wreck, on looking back perceived a sergeant's wife still clinging to it, and calling in vain for assistance from the natives. Taking no thought for his own life, he plunged again into the stream, and succeeded in bringing her near the shore, when he sank exhausted, to rise no more. The woman was saved. The second day after quitting Rajmuhal we passed Colgong. Two very bold and precipitous rocks, outposts belonging to the hills, which stand isolated in the river. The regular current being thus obstructed, the water flows between the rocks with amazing force, and causes many wrecks. On the summit of one of these rocks is a fakeer's dwelling, who is supplied by persons from the mainland with all that is needful for his sustenance.

A few miles below Moughir, which is the next station, there is a hot mineral spring called Seetacoond. The temperature of the water is too high to admit of the hand being held in it for a moment. It is so highly estimated, that large quantities of it are bottled and sent to Calcutta, where it is purchased as ship-store by many persons about to undertake a sea voyage. The most remarkable circumstance with respect to this hot spring is, that it is very closely surrounded by cold ones, which possess no mineral property whatever. I visited the place, as it was then at no great distance from the river, but I was told, when I last passed it, that the latter had removed itself some few miles farther out of the neighbourhood.

Moughir is the Birmingham of India. Hardware of every description is to be had there. They manufacture warranted Mantons and Knoxes, which they sell for a mere trifle. So well indeed do they imitate English workmanship, that most persons might readily be deceived by their articles, were they offered for sale elsewhere. They are in general unsafe, although a serviceable fowling-piece may occasionally be selected. The most approved method of trying their ware is to put about a triple charge of powder with shot into the barrel, then tie a string to the trigger, and fire it off at some distance from behind a tree or a wall. The dealer willingly permits this, on the understanding that if the gun will pass through the ordeal of two or three such discharges without bursting, it is then to be purchased. Moughir is also famous for the sale of birds of the most beautiful plumage, in cages. When gentlemen's boats pass the station, the shore is immediately crowded with persons who come to dispose of their various wares, and the scene is extremely animated.

One evening, as our party was strolling on shore after the day's journey, we observed a native, of most filthy appearance, engaged in what seemed to us a very extraordinary process. He repeatedly laid himself on the ground at full length, making at the same time a mark in the sand close to the crown of his head. Then rising, he placed his feet by the said mark, and lay down again as before. This process he might continue *ad infinitum* for aught we knew, as we saw no end to it, each successive prostration gaining one length of his body to the southward. We addressed him, and inquired his object. He returned us no answer, nor did he appear to notice us: we then made

the same inquiry of some natives, who were also watching him; not with curiosity like ourselves, but with the most profound respect and reverence.

He was a devout fakeer on his pilgrimage to Juggernaut, whither he was making his way in the manner described, namely, measuring the whole distance by the length of his body. He had already thus travelled more than three hundred miles, and as he had only about four hundred miles further to go, every hope was entertained of a prosperous conclusion to his journey.

This is not an uncommon mode of performing a pilgrimage to Juggernaut. Our having addressed him under the expectation of receiving an answer, was attributed either to egregious ignorance or presumption, on the part of the native spectators: though, had we met with him in any part of his journey under no observance but our own, the magic of a rupee would, I doubt not, have loosed his tongue and "plucked the heart out of his mystery."

Soon after, we were securely moored in the nulla * at Dinapore, near the bridge and mainguard, a very safe and snug berth in stormy weather, but hot almost to suffocation.

It was on the afternoon of an August day that we arrived at Dinapore. Our first movement was to announce the event to Captain Dobbs, at whose quarters, and by whom, both Milden and myself had been invited to hoist our flags whenever we might chance to come in his way. Our notice was speedily responded to in the form of a palkee, sent and designed to convey us to the residence of our host, one at a time. Milden proceeded first, and I followed shortly afterwards, on the return of the carriage and four—(blacks.)

We found poor Dobbs in a very weakly state, just recovering from a severe fever, which had well nigh relieved him for ever from the cares of the world. We were much grieved to find him thus, but he welcomed us, notwithstanding, both cheerfully and heartily. He insisted upon sending for our cots to his house, as he said the confined place wherein our boat was moored was sufficient of itself to engender disease. We conceded the point very graciously.

As Larkins had now arrived at his destination, he very judiciously intimated his presence to the adjutant of his regiment, and was in consequence shortly afterwards considerately visited by that functionary, accompanied by another brother officer. Business is briefly settled in military life, that is to say, such business as refers to choice of quarters and the like. On the recommendation, therefore, of his new friends and future comrades, Larkins became, ere the expiration of two hours from his arrival, the sole tenant of "The Barber's Shop," well known to many of my military friends. Speering and O'Farrell became his guests for the period of their sojourn at the place. The Morlands, with the poet, were at no loss for board and lodging, as their acquaintances at Dinapore were numerous.

We spent the first evening quietly with our friend Dobbs in his own quarters, as he was still too feeble to attend the mess of his regi-

* Nulla, a tributary rivulet. I forget whether the one in question be a river in *its own right*, or merely a stream from the Ganges higher up, to rejoin it at this place. In the latter case, it would be called by the natives a sota.

ment. A file of the latest Calcutta newspapers afforded us a high treat, and would of itself have been an ample amusement for the evening, independently of the conversation of our friend. I confidently call upon all persons of the Honourable Company's service,—yes, and of her Majesty's too, who are, or have been, travellers on the Ganges, to corroborate my assertion that a file of late newspapers is the first desideratum on arrival at each successive post on that river *upwards*, after existing for several days in total ignorance of mundane affairs, and more especially of the latest government civil and military appointments and promotions, and of the births, marriages, and deaths, which are to be found recorded under the head of "Domestic Occurrences."

The following morning we took a survey of the cantonment of Dinapore, which runs from west to east along the banks of the river. The European barracks form two handsome squares, or rather one immense oblong square, divided unequally into two by a transverse range of officers' quarters. The smaller square to the westward is principally appropriated to the accommodation of officers. The larger one is diversely applied, viz. as officers' quarters, barracks for the men, and also as shops for English merchants, auction-room, theatre, &c. &c., when not required for government purposes.

The barracks have only a ground-floor, and the roofs are flat, as in Fort William. The rooms are high and airy. The great square is divided into four large plots of grass by broad gravel roads, and this is the exercise ground for the European troops. The north face of the small square consists of bungalows, or thatched houses, which are generally occupied by staff or field officers. The sepoy lines and the European burial-ground lie to the westward of the squares, and require particular notice. To the east, and on the Nulla, wherein our boat was moored, is the *main*guard, which commands the principal road leading to the city of Patna, distant seven miles.

Bankipore is the civil station, and stands near to the city on the cantonment side. Between Dinapore and Bankipore are various bungalows and pucka* houses, with gardens along the river, and there is also a farm called Deegah Farm, on this road, about two miles from Dinapore, conducted most admirably in the English fashion by an English merchant, where almost everything may be procured, and which furnishes stores to many stations some hundreds of miles distant. The proprietor also keeps, or did keep, an extensive shop on the premises of miscellaneous articles, from millinery and saddlery down to jacks-in-the-box and bottled comfits; so that it is (or was) a place of much resort to men, women, and children.

I shall now proceed with the narrative. During Dobbs's indisposition he had been very kindly attended to—in so far as the transmission of such little delicacies as the sick take enjoyment in may be said to go—by Mrs. Craig, a Scotch lady, the widow of Colonel Craig, a late intimate friend of the captain's. As Dobbs was sufficiently convalescent to be able to take a gentle evening airing, he invited me to drive him in his buggy to the widow's, in order that he might return

* Pucka here means, built of burnt brick or stone, in contradistinction to kucha, built of sun-dried brick or mud. The strict meanings of these words are, "ripe" and "raw."

thanks for the numerous kindnesses he had received from her during his severe illness. We accordingly went, and I was introduced to the lady in due form. From the imperfect survey I was able to take in a short visit, I think Mrs. Craig's age might have been about five years on the spring side of fifty. She had lived twenty-five years with her husband. They had no family. "He ought to marry her," I said to myself; "he is not cut out for a solitary life, and here would be a companion suitable to him in every respect."

At an early hour the following morning, I rode out with a small party to the civil station of Bankipore before named to see the Gola. This is a large brick building, constructed in the form of a bee-hive, called by the natives "Gola," from its round form. It was built many years ago by the British government as a storehouse for grain, when symptoms of failing crops might render it advisable to procure that article from the more distant provinces. But although it is capable of holding a prodigious quantity, yet it would not contain, it is said, more than one day's provision for the dense population of the province. As the height and form of this building would have precluded the possibility of stowing away the grain from below, two spiral staircases were built round the exterior, in order that its destined contents might be poured in from above. A door was fixed at the bottom of this magazine, through which the store was intended to be conveyed away as required. This door was sagaciously made to open *inwards*, so that by no possible means, except such as are practised by burglars, could it be opened when the grain was therein deposited, in consequence of the "*pressure from within.*" In consideration of these circumstances, the building has obtained the familiar nickname of "The Company's Folly," though that our home authorities had anything to do with it, save in paying for it, deponent knoweth not.

Soon after breakfast a tremendous *bapree*, or clamour, arose in the veranda adjoining the room where we sat. The voice of my durzee was predominant. He was calling some unfortunate fellow-descendant of Shem a "black rascal," intentionally loud enough for my hearing. I therefore rose and went out to ascertain the cause. The natives have a strange fancy for making their mutually sable phizzes a subject of reproach against each other, in the presence of Europeans, without for a moment considering that the charge—"if *charge* it may be called which *charge* is none"—equally applies at home. Perchance they think it pleases or amuses their lords and masters, and thereby procures favour to themselves. Be that as it may, I found my sirdar bearer and durzee at high words with a table-cloth manufacturer from the village of Futwa, who was, in reality, a few shades fairer in hue than either of his maligners.

Futwa is a village situated on the Ganges, a short distance below Patna. It is celebrated for the manufacture of table-cloths, napkins, towels, &c., all which commodities may be purchased in the neighbourhood at a remarkably cheap rate; and on this account my servants were bargaining with the buniya, in order to lay in a sufficient stock of them for my up-country use. Table-napkins of the bird's-eye pattern were obtained at the close of the contention for two sicca rupees (about five shillings at the then rate of exchange) per dozen, and the other articles in like ratio.

Here I may mention an occurrence of rather a ludicrous nature, as it turned out, which had occurred at Dinapore about three weeks before our arrival there, and only became whispered into publicity at that time. It appears that a card-party had been formed by some of the non-commissioned officers, (against rule,) to which an English shopkeeper was invited. A quarrel arose between the latter and a corporal of the company, which was ultimately to be decided by appeal to the *duello*, in imitation of their superiors. A brother corporal befriended the *militaire*, and a sergeant very handsomely volunteered his services to their guest the civilian. This arrangement being duly effected, the party smuggled themselves out into the country. The civil champion was furnished with a fowling-piece, the corporal with his own musket; and the order of battle was, that they should fire at the distance of sixty paces from each other. The first round was fired without producing the effect of either bloodshed or reconciliation, and a second was about to take place, when an object more terrible in their eyes than even the deadly weapons they employed, put the whole assembly, or I should rather say, the army portion of it, to a most hasty and ignominious flight. This object of terror was neither more nor less than the appearance of an officer on horseback just looming on the visible horizon—a sufficient matter of dread, there is no denying. Fortunately for the actors in the scene, the officer was merely taking an airing, and observed nothing of the proceedings; and it was not till some time after the occurrence, as I said before, that the affair became generally known.

There was one dark feature in this transaction, that had well nigh precluded all hope of pardon and accommodation, when it came to light. This was, that the corporal, one of the principals, had wilfully made away with a ball-cartridge, the property of the Honourable East India Company. However, as some time had elapsed since the transaction, and as the parties had subsequently conducted themselves with great propriety, and also held a general good character, the business was passed over with a severe reprimand, and caution for the future; the chief delinquent being also mulcted to the amount of the misappropriated article's value from his pay, the same to be placed *to the credit of the general treasury*.

To the uninitiated reader the above finale may appear a caricature or a satire; but be it known, that in the case of a superior officer being shot on parade by a private, (and I regret to state that this has occurred more than once in India,) the law is, that the latter should be tried on two counts—viz. in the first place, for the mutiny and murder; and, secondly, for making away with a ball-cartridge, the property of government. If found guilty of both, he receives two sentences—for the first crime "death," for the second "stoppage from his pay to the amount of the value of the article misapplied." Such is the custom of war in these cases.

The Deluge. A Drama, &c. By J. E. Reade, Esq.[1]

SCENE I.

The Deserts of Mount Hermon.

Irad (*alone.*) Ay, this is Solitude! no life is here:
The black woods frown on me, as if I were
The first who dared disturb their solemn stillness,
Talking of human sorrows. Here, I can
Pour forth my thoughts, unheard, and unrestrained.
Why does not the Intelligence of Earth
Respond to me? I know she hath a life,
And vital sympathies. O that she had
Eyes, ears, and voice to answer back to mine!
Voices, articulated words she hath,
Of stormy wrath, of gentlest whipers; I
Feel that her Inspirations enter me,
Eve'n as the presence of God; that gazing on
Her awful forms my griefs are soothed—not healed;
Awhile forgotten. What hath my love taught me?
The lightness of the human heart, and most
Of hers, I once thought so unchangeable.
And broken hopes, and failing strength, are all
The fruits which I have gathered from its tree:
My fortitude and strength of will, which were
The pillars of my mind, are broken down:
And though I see my Idol's hollowness,
In my mind prostrated, I only feel
The consciousness of worshipping it still!

SCENE II.

Astarte *enters—seeing* Irad, *she is about to retreat—he stays her.*

Irad. Would'st thou avoid me, my Astarte! I
Deemed not to meet thee in this solitude;
Nay—turn not from me: not one look—one word,
Before I join my father on the mountain?
The Moon will change ere we shall meet again:
As changed and cold art thou become to me.
Astarte. Nay, Irad! speak not harshly: I am still
The same, my thoughts were dwelling——
Irad. Not on me.
Thou canst not look upon me and avow it.
Astarte! love like mine may be repulsed,
But it returneth still: my joys and hopes,
Once the fond inmates of thy heart from mine,
Will not be thrown back on my own, to wither
Like broken flowers, but return to die
On the pure shrine where first they sprung to life.
Astarte. Is this well spoken, Irad? can'st thou——
Irad. Nay,
I ask not for profession, 'tis too late:
I would not have thee now confess to me.
Love may be crushed, its blossom trampled down,

[1] We have great pleasure in introducing the following extracts from Mr. Reade's new work, which has just been committed to the press.

But never did it grow again from hearts,
That coldly left it to decay. Astarte!
That name was a familiar sound, and now
The very word that once was music, sounds
So strange that it doth startle!—look on me.
Astarte! we were reared together! we
Were pledged to each upon the gates of life:
We grew together, I, the stronger plant,
And thou, the hidden violet: *how* I loved thee!
Turning away from Enoch's haughtier maids,
To dwell on thy retiring beauty. Thou—
Yes—thou didst love me then: oh! blessed be
The memory of those hours when we sat,
And heard the bird of evening's song, and watched
The sunset hueing the rich clouds, and felt
The beauty and the feeling of the hour,
Draw us together to the inner world
Of our own bosoms, as the outward failed!
Those tresses then lay on thy neck; those eyes
Looked into mine—our very breath was mingled,
Drawn from one heart, inspired from one vast soul.
Astarte. Think not I have forgot those hours which were
The sunniest of my life: those days of peace,
And hope, and innocence, when my young heart
Sought nothing farther than its earthly joys.
When no vague hopes, no restless wishes were
Awakened, leaving in my breast a void
Unfilled, and wasting it with vain desires;
I was then worthier thee, for I was like thee.
Irad. Then what hath changed, and made thee as thou art?
The same indeed in outward form; and oh!
More beautiful than——
Astarte. Irad! not to love
Such as thou art, would prove my bosom dead
To memory and gratitude. My heart
Is all unchanged, unbroken are those ties——
Irad. Then wherefore wilt thou not unite our loves?
Making my earthly life a paradise,
From which I cannot be expelled. Thou knowest
Thy sire will barter with my kinsmen——
Astarte. Nay,
Give me but time, and I will tell thee all.
I am as yet no mate for thee; my heart
Is wayward and unsettled as the tree
Tossing to every wind: vague thoughts, and hopes,
Are shook from it like leaves, but soon to pass
Away, and be forgotten. Urge no more—
Look not thus on me—leave me for a while.
Irad. And what are these disturbing thoughts? what is
The mystery untold in these dark words?
Why doth thy cheek flush, and thy bosom heave—
It is as I believed—'tis Azoara
Hath changed thee thus, for she is ever with thee.
'Tis she who hath infected thy meek nature
With her self will, and restlessness; how well
Doth her brow prove her Cainite origin!
Though beautiful, the stamp of pride is fixed
Upon it still; and she doth glory in

That which should be her shame. What fantasy
Hath she infused in thee? Are not our race
Superior to hers, the elect of God?
Astarte. Yet blame her not, remember, Irad! we
Have all our varying natures, that are given
Not by ourselves: oh, let us gently then
Touch on each other's failings! She is guiltless:
Her thoughts have higher objects than thy joys,
Or mine ——
Irad. But not approved by God: I know
And care not what her aspirations are,
So they pervert not thee. Lo, she comes forth,
As is her wont at evening, from her tent:
I will not meet her now, and see her pride,
And haughty gesture, for I feel unequal:
'Tis thou hast humbled me to this. I go
To solitude and sorrow. Fare thee well!
Yet wherefore do I say those idle words,
Knowing thou never can'st be parted from me?
When thy light footsteps are no longer heard,
The falling leaf will startle me, and make
My heart beat quickly to that well-known sound!
When I depart, I shall behold thee still:
Thy presence dwells like light around me; when
I cease to hear thy voice I shall create
Its sounds, while memory lives upon its echoes;
Oh, when I turn from thee I do not leave thee!
Thine image fills my being, and becomes
My body's soul, that else were tenantless.
Farewell! I feel there is a music in
The very words that draws me back to thee,
Even while it tells me that I should depart:
May the pure Eye of God watch over thee,
And bless thee, even as I have done in vain. [*Irad withdraws.*

SCENE III.

AZOARA—ASTARTE.

How? Does Astarte still hold interviews
To hear the sighings of the Adamite?
In tears? nay, then his tongue was eloquent,
If unsuccessful.
Astarte. Thy light laugh is vain.
I feel the unquiet heart returns at last
To its first tie; yea, with a natural pang,
Drawn from the memories of old affections.
And though I cannot offer Irad all
My heart, I feel I cannot take it from him,
And give it to another.
Azoara. Wed him, then:
And live as Lillah lives with Hammon; toil,
And spin, and tend thy children, flocks, and herds.
Shut up thine eyes and soul from all high feelings,
All commune with a life beyond thee; make
Each day a measured portion of giv'n time,
To see, and to provide the appetite
Wherewith to eat and drink; till, in this round
Of abject, dull, and daily slavery,

Thou diest—never having life enjoyed.
Astarte. And wherefore not? Do *they* not life enjoy?
And is not happiness Life's end and aim?
Look at them—day beholds them occupied;
And Evening comes to sanctify their rest,
Felt doubly sweet from all their labours done.
They go forth hand in hand, and they are honoured
Among the people; and when age steals on them,
Their children will grow round them, propping up,
And hiding decently their slow decline!
And when they sink at last, their memories
Will be recorded by the hearts that loved them.
We love, are loved more deeply, but by whom?
Immortal beings, ties forbade alike
By earth and heaven, yea, our own hearts condemn us.
We feel the truth, or why conceal that love
Which we should glory in? why meet in gloom
And covert, hiding it from human eyes,
Like some ill-gotten treasure, which must be
Concealed from all save us; and why, oh! why,
Do my Oraziel's words, when tenderest breathed,
Seem like the sounds of sorrow?
Azoara. 'Tis the fear
Of thy weak nature which doth make them so.
Do I not glory in my Seraph lord?
Or would *I* change my heavenly destiny
For aught that earth could give? What, if we hide
From human eyes our meetings?—'tis because
They are too lowly to prize happiness
They cannot judge of, to be proved ere owned.
How can it be an evil to aspire
Towards immortal beings? Is it not
To raise ourselves from human to divine?
Above the jealousies and petty cares,
The apathy, and weariness of life?
If they led us astray from God, their presence
Would be forbidden; but they rather give us
Glimpses of heaven, until our spirits feel
Ethereal as their own.
Astarte. Thou speakest well:
How willingly I listen to thy words!
Even though I feel that something of the truth
Is wanting in them still.
Azoara. And sayest thou
That rest from toil or want is happiness?
That feeling which the soul embodies forth
From its own heavenly nature, giving first,
Then taking back again the beautiful
On which it doth exist—on which its life
Depends; in following and adoring all
It cannot comprehend; in feeding on
Undying things, till it becomes immortal,
Even in its own unlimited desires!
Is this a fancy, sayest thou? Take the real,
But leave, oh, leave me these immortal longings,
Until with them I sink into nothingness.
But they deceive us not; the very love
Our Angels bear us is a proof our natures
Are kindred with their own, else whence their power?

Astarte. Yes: powerful hath been Oraziel's spell
To have estranged me thus from Irad's love;
And yet, though each fond look doth haunt me still;
And though I dwell upon each passing word;
As though they were the pulses of my heart,
Which ceasing, life must cease; and though I watch
While time becomes a void filled up with wishes,
Aimless and vague—waiting his coming—till
Hope darkens to suspense which then is pain,
I feel the ties between us are unhallowed.
Our meetings are endearing, yet unlike
Those earlier ones with Irad—calm and quiet;
But with a consciousness, by either felt,
Of mutual sin—hidden, yet unconcealed.
My heart is soothed, not saddened; for there is
A tone of tenderness in his deep voice
That steals my fears reluctantly away;
Until I feel more happy listening to
Oraziel's sighs, than sharing Irad's joys.

Azoara. And wouldst thou weigh the mortal with the god?
The pale, cold flame that, lighted up in clay,
Lives feebly on in dim and wavering gleams,
With that which glows in an immortal bosom?
Now, by my life, thou art become insensate,
As once so ardent———

Astarte. No, it is the fulness
Of my heart speaks: the consciousness of all
Its hidden treasures that doth make it fear
The end of life is love: and oh, how brief
Its hour, how soon to pass away! I felt
The truth with my first breath: for all things round me
Mingled their life with mine; the flowers and clouds,
And Stars—those flowers of heaven! And then I leaned
On human hearts, on those who loved me, feeling
Happy while resting on them, and that joy
Was in participation. Now I stand
Like one who gathers up her all, to place it
On an uncertain venture.

Azoara. Dost thou doubt
Thy Seraph?

Astarte. We are matched unequally:
I feel such ties as ours could not endure.
The hope—the doubt—the fear—these slowly waste
The feelings and the vital strength away;
And, like a flame consuming, make, at last,
The heart that feeds on them their sacrifice.
Yet ev'n when meeting his immortal eyes,
Looking on me as if I were his equal,
I sigh, remembering my mortality;
And then the tears start from me when I think
That he shall one day mourn the child of dust,
Then—turn to heaven—forgetting her for ever!

Azoara. And *I* see in my Israphil a star
Whose immortality I glory in,
And feel that I shall share. My hopes, and joys,
And aspirations, all are wrapt in him;
And, though I dwell on earth, I cease to hold
A thought in common; I would rather live
One fleeting hour within my Angel's love,

And die—than share an immortality
Of life without him. Had'st thou but one spark
Of that proud fire that glows through all our race!
We *are* immortal, and we feel it; we
May die, but cannot be extinct—*forget!*
An earthly word unknown to heavenly natures,
Whose lives are present, unlike ours, dependant
Upon the future, and, each moment, leaving
The past behind with all its memories!
'Tis we forget, not they, for they are gods:
And we, aspiring to be like them, prove
We are allied, though fallen, and shall join them
In those bright stars, our destined heritage.
Astarte. How fondly to that sweet belief I cling!
For then I shall meet Irad there, and tell him
I would have loved him here, but that our hearts
Are not in our own power: and he will, then,
Look back with me, and smile at earthly sorrows.
But—I know not—when gazing in the night
Upon those Stars rolling in their blue depths,
So soft, so dim! and feeling in my soul
How all unchangeably they shine, so far
From making *me* aspire, I turn from them;
My heart oppressed—my eyes suffused with tears,
And a weight sinking on my heart, from feeling
The deepest sense of my own nothingness!
Azoara. Thou humblest thyself in thine own eyes,
And thus thy feelings take their tone———
Astarte. Alas!
What have we to be proud of? Our lives are
Not in our keeping, nor our loves; our feelings
Depend not on ourselves; for ever changing
With time and circumstance: our very joys
Expire in sighs, and take the tones of sorrow,
Proving the common source from whence they sprung.
Azoara. Behold!—they come who shall confirm them; see,
The Watcher's light is trembling o'er the peak
Of Hermon; and the Angels, even now,
Unfold their heavenly wings. Lo, how a trail
Of light parts from yon orb, like floating mist,
The glory left behind them in their flight!
Wilt thou advance with me and welcome them
As they alight; or would'st thou rather here
Remain behind alone, to muse upon
The waywardness of woman's heart?
Astarte. My sister! [*Exeunt.*

A SCENE IN RUSSIA.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN ARABIA PETRÆA AND THE HOLY LAND."

Great Fête at Peterhoff.

THE whole population of Petersburgh was in motion on the day appointed for the great fête at Peterhoff. It was expected that the entertainment would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the Queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskeys, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburgh. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me, that the first time I passed them, she remarked to her husband that I was an American. A lady made the same remark to me at Smyrna. Without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburgh, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburgh, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every colour streaming from their spars, in honour of the day. On landing, we accompanied our new friends, and found "the boys," three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold collation, in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned surloin of roast beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels, and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling

* Having established an interchange with that clever periodical "The Knickerbocker," we shall occasionally transfer to our pages some of its spirited articles as specimens of American talent. The two following papers are from a number lately received.

young man, inquired about my parents, brothers, and sisters, &c.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted "boys," by talking "boat." Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with "the boys" set off to view the fête.

From the time when we entered the grounds, until we left, at one o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal, five hundred yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames, about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for illumination; and at the foot of each was another high frame-work, with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star, thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a *jet d'eau*, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about three hundred feet, was a smaller basin, with a *jet d'eau* in each, about half its height, and all around were *jets d'eaux*, of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clinched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs, to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks, and in retired alcoves, were frames hung with lamps; and everywhere, under the trees and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but there were no vehicles, until, in turning a point, we espied, at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly toward us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but, without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my beau ideal of a queen, in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and, as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the

emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for, waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, "To the right." After this *interview* with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying himself like a prince; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace is a large plain, cut up into gravel walks, having, in one place, a basin of water, with water-works of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty, falling in the form of a semi-globe.

A little before dark we retired to a refectory under a tent, until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one *coup d'œil;* and when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semicircular illumination around the water-works was beyond description. This semicircular framework enclosed, in a large sweep, the three basins, and terminated at the embankment in which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices; and for its background a broad sheet of water falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures, of a reddened and unearthly hue, were spouting columns of water into the air. More than two hundred thousand people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St. Petersburgh was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighbouring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading toward the palace. Among all this immense crowd there was no rabble; not a dress that could offend the eye; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans were the Russian shopkeeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, and solemn beard; Cossacks, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies; while near me, and, like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland, fiddling and dancing; the women with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets enwrapping their square forms, and the men with long great-coats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stooping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission to the Bal Masqué, so called from there being only masks there. I had not been presented at court, and consequently had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I

had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, candelabras, couches, ottomans, superb mirrors, and inlaid floors; and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia about eighty years ago. I was about being tired of gazing at those pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through, on their way to the banqueting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St. Petersburgh is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the diplomatic corps, and the uniforms of the general and staff officers, being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Beside the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly-dressed people, were Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw them enter the banqueting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress and all that brilliant collection eat; but, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz. the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquised, "Fine feathers make fine birds;" but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies! In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a French traveller in Russia wrote, that "most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after."* Dr. Collins, physician to the Czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilisation in Russia, says, that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head, and flogging them, begins to be left off; accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract, that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, kicked, &c. But even in this improved state of society, one man "put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burnt her to death," and was not punished, there being, according to the doctor, "no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave." When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says, they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage the bridegroom had a whip in one boot, and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. "If she happens upon the jewel," says another traveller, "she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets it." The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, "if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, maybe the first time he sees her." Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess; and a traveller in 1636 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on

* The agreeable author of "Sketches in Paris" informs us, that a Russian wife, when the husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, becomes alarmed at his indifference!—Eds. Knickerbocker.

horseback, astride, "most wickedly bepainted." The day after a lady had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, "Your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy, that I don't know how I got home." And for the climax of their barbarity—it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact—the women did not begin to wear stays till the beginning of the present century!

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene, and the thronging thousands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the garden, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, being the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhoff. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country-houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the surrounding splendour. The door opened into a little hall, in which were two old-fashioned Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simpler style of our own country some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old Czar's bed, a low, broad, wooden bedstead, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illumining it with a glare that was almost distressing, contrasted with the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll by me, in splendid equipages, the emperor and empress, with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banqueting-hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses, except that, instead of seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle, not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light, that I could distinguish the faces of every gentleman and lady as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendour of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his care-worn head, and at about one o'clock in the morning left the garden. A frigate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the dark surface of the water, as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock, the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock I was at my hotel, and probably at ten minutes past, asleep.

THE FOX-HUNT.

. . . . "Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
At fault none, losing heart, but all at work!
None leaving his task to another!—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!"

LOVE CHASE.

FOX-HUNTING is, through the winter season, the topic of conversation both in the field and drawing-room. The ladies enjoy it; they admire a "bold rider," and consider such as call themselves sportsmen, and yet cannot give an accurate description of every check, turn, and desperate leap they take, and distinguish the notes of their favourite hounds, as cowards and "milksops," and unworthy to protect a "spirited lady." Such opinions spur young men on to purchase high-priced horses, to keep an extra number, and by these means to gallop out of their fortunes.

A true sportsman is literally *enamoured* with a favourite hound. He delights to see him take his meals, and caresses him as he would his dearest friend. He cheers him with a "view-halloo," a sound which will at all times charm the ear of a tired hound, and enliven the spirits of a weary hunter; and when he dies, instead of throwing him to the muck-hill, to decay ingloriously, he bestows a tomb, a monument, and an epitaph, to his memory, erected in the most conspicuous part of his pleasure-ground. No sportsman passes by without giving a "death-halloo" over the remains of the old and valued friend who had afforded him so much pleasure. He turns away with many a lingering look behind, saying, perhaps, "A better hound than lies buried there, never entered a cover!"

A great brag is your professional fox-hunter. His descriptions of the chase are generally exaggerated. As a farmer, however, cannot be deemed a true sportsman, he is more likely to confine himself to facts. Having trained a number of young horses, to attract attention, I was induced to ride rather boldly. Should a farmer's horse be seen to flag in the chase, every sportsman is soon aware of it, and will not purchase. Give me a fair start, and I could keep as near the hounds as the best of them; and my repeated success in obtaining the brush, when but a beardless boy, elicited many a curse from certain jealous sportsmen. Having, as I modestly conceive, a thorough knowledge of the chase, the reader may rely upon the faithfulness of my sketch.

A pack of fox-hounds contains from sixteen to twenty couples, to which are attached a huntsman and two whippers-in. Each pack generally hunts four days in a week, when the frost will permit. They make their appointments near woods, where foxes frequent, at ten o'clock in the morning. Each duke, lord, baronet, and esquire, who may attend the meeting, send their servants forward with the horses they intend to ride through the day, who take care to ride them steadily to the cover, and have everything as clean and neat as

if just out of the stable. Many gentlemen who have long distances to come, send their servants and horses to a tavern near the meeting-place, the previous evening, and come in parties, or alone, as their inclinations lead them; some in a carriage and four, some driving tandem, some in a chaise, and some on horseback. There are generally a great many students from the Universities, who go to cover as fast as their horses can carry them. When these various parties enter the meeting-field, each looks out for his own servant and horse, and the gentlemen all turn out of their carriages, each one with scarlet coat, black waistcoat, buckskin or white cord breeches, top-boots, spurs, and long hunting-whip in his hand; unless it be a parson, who is obliged to content himself with a black coat, his calling rendering the scarlet one a forbidden privilege, though his dress in every other respect corresponds with the others. Gentlemen who come to cover on horseback, generally wear "overalls" to keep their dress clean; and when they arrive, their servants take them off, and turn them out as neat as those who came in their carriage. A sportsman's dress, it may be observed, is strikingly genteel. Not a pin, a brooch, or any show of jewelry, is seen about his person.

The nobility and gentry pass their morning compliments, talk over the "last run," relate the amusement, perhaps, of the previous evening—the fortunate boasting of his winnings at play, and the loser swearing at his losses, &c. The young farmers assemble around them, riding fine young horses, trained for the purpose of sale. The nobility will give any amount for them, if spirited and successful. Among some of the high bloods at college, whom their fathers supply well with money, the price of a good horse is no object. The credit of gaining the "brush," "scalp," or "pad," is worth the price of the animal. In addition to the classes mentioned, the meeting is often attended by merchants, tailors, and grocers, and others who have horses of their own. Even gipsies, who have commonly a good supply of old worn-out hunters and broken-down stagers, often sally out to see the start. The hedger lays aside his hatchet, the ditcher throws down his spade, the mechanic leaves his handicraft, and the husbandman his tillage, each running as far as his legs will take him. The poacher takes advantage of the opportunity given him by the hounds to disturb the game.

"It is his delight, of a shiny night,"

he sings, to pursue his vocation; but many a pheasant and hare disappears in open day, when the nobility and their keepers are too much excited with the chase to think of foul play in their preserves.

Away they go to the wood, in pursuit of the fox! The whippers-in are placed on the weather side, to give the "view-halloo" when Reynard escapes from it, as he is almost certain to "break cover" on that side. The huntsman with the pack of hounds stands near to the wood, until he thinks they are at their post, and not a hound dares enter it until he receives his order from him; but as soon as it is given, they all rush in, with their heads and tails up, determined to find their prey, if the wood contains him. Each hound "hunts his ground true," and as soon as the fox starts from his den, (which he

perhaps made the same morning, being stopped out from his hole the night previous, by the earth-stopper,) one or other of the pack soon takes scent, and gives the first challenge, for which every ear, of man and horse, is open. The instant it is heard, it thrills through every vein, braces every nerve, and makes all "eager for the chase." No one can imagine the intense excitement of the moment, unless he has himself been engaged in the sport. Every hound, when he hears the challenge of the first, makes his way toward him, and all join in the cry. The music of a well-trained pack of fox-hounds is more grateful to a sportsman's ear than even the finest notes of the immortal Catalani, particularly when they are coming toward him, and pressing the fox to break cover near him. Observe how his horse paws the ground, champs his bit, and stretches every limb with firmness, looking as stately and noble as his fearless rider! Suddenly you perceive he becomes perfectly still, as if a bullet had pierced him. He is listening attentively for the "view-halloo," while the rider's eyes look anxiously for the fox to break cover. He no sooner reaches the open fields, than the whippers-in discover him, and give the expected sound, the shrillness of which echoes through the air, and is heard at a great distance. Each horseman makes his way toward the direction whence it proceeds, and, by the time they have nearly all arrived, the hounds break cover. Away they go across the fields, and those who keep nearest the hounds are the best fellows.

Many young students are random, bold riders, but with little judgment. They often tire their horses before the run is over, by taking some unnecessary straining leaps, on purpose to boast of them; but the judicious rider evades such, unless he sees they are absolutely necessary to shorten his cut. There are very few horses that will leap a brook well. I have often been much amused to see them reach one, and have had many a soaking from their short-comings. Some few horses will leap over well; others will come up at full speed, and halt suddenly at the hedge; the bank will give way, and in plunge both horse and rider, head foremost. Another will come up, save not so near, in the same way, and throw his rider over his neck into the river. Another still will leap over, yet not go far enough to clear the bank that hangs upon the opposite side. That giving way, the horse and rider fall backward. Sometimes the latter can save himself by rolling on the bank, as the horse is falling. Some of the horses start off one way, and some another, but generally follow the hounds, as they like the sport as well as their riders. There are seldom any serious accidents happen, although a sportsman scarcely ever turns his head to see whether there is any danger in the leap he is about to take. There is as much jealousy existing among them as between two or three ardent lovers courting a beautiful damsel.

The rear is brought up by the merchants, tailors, grocers, and other plebeians. When these worthies come to a fence, one or two will get off their horses, pull up the dead wood, and make a gap in the hedge. Some will say—"Pray, sir, take that other stake out, or my horse will lame himself." They will all stand round the gap, and get everything clear, when an old sportsman, who has been thrown out in some way, which will cause ill humour, seeing no other way of

getting ever the fence but at the spot where these knights of the counter are industriously engaged, rides up among them, presses his horse through the crowd, and says, "Get out of the way, you yard, apron-string, and thimble fellows!" "Oh, yes!" they all respond, "let him go first!" Then follow the counter-men, one after the other, as they came into the world; and as soon as each leaps the ditch, he looks back to see if the other horses leaped as far as his did; ride to the gates, open them, and never see the hounds again, until they come to a check; and it is seldom they do then, unless the huntsman should make his cast in the direction they are coming. When that is the case, they will be almost sure to ride across the scent, if the fox has taken the double. In such event, the duke or master of the hounds gives them a sportsman's lecture, as thus: "D—n your tailoring crew! Go home and sit cross-legged on your shop-board; you yard-men, go and measure your tape; and you grocery men, put on your aprons, and chew sugar, and not come here to spoil the sport of three hundred sportsmen!" While this lecture is being given, an old favourite hound, on a cold scent, will give his challenge! All eyes are on him. "Hark to Trueman!—hark!—hark!" is the cry. The hounds are cheered, and away they all go again. It is, however, generally slow cold hunting, until they come to a small cover, where the fox will wait for them. Off they start again, at top speed, for four or five miles. Toward the latter end of the run, you will see the injudicious riders tumbling over the fences, their horses being too tired to clear them; while the thorough sportsmen, who have saved their animals whenever they could, are forward, striving to be in first at the death, and to obtain the brush. The first in, takes the fox from the hounds, holds him up by the neck, and gives the "view-halloo," "*whoo-whoop!*" and cuts off the brush, thus winning the honour of the day. The huntsman then comes, takes off the scalp, cuts off his four "pads," and presents them to those who come in, in succession. The music the hounds make, and the anxiety they show to devour the fox, would well nigh cheer a dying man who loved the sport. When the fox is thrown among the hounds, they all rush for a share of him. He is literally torn to pieces. Not a piece of flesh, hide, or bone, is left. As soon as the run is over, if too late to try for a fresh fox, they return to their dwellings, or places of invitation, to meet the ladies of their families at dinner, discuss the affair over their wine, and spend their evenings cheerfully with the fair.

On one occasion I attended rather a remarkable fox-chase. Two packs of hounds met at their appointed places, about fifteen miles apart. One fox crossed the other's track, and both packs arrived together, and pursued the same game. Each party was excited to the utmost, and bold riders were desperate. The scent was good, and the hounds ran breast high, and at a rapid pace. I was fortunate enough to be riding, and not over cautiously, one of the best horses my father ever owned. He has often told me he expected to see me brought home on a hurdle, with two or three broken limbs, as I knew not what fear was. On this occasion, certain death would scarcely have deterred the boldest of our party. The cheerful cry of both packs, the anxiety of each division, and the presence of a lady who rode fear-

lessly, forced the nerve of every man to its utmost. But as the young lady had ridden away from her attendant, one of our best riders had to take charge of her in his absence. Her beau had "stuck in a bog," though she, observing his course, had cautioned him against the danger. The damsel herself barely escaped. Being light, however, and her horse powerful, they pushed through it. In vain she exclaimed, with all her might, "Warn bog! my lord! warn bog!" The caution came too late. "My lord" jumped in, and was obliged to remain in for some time. After giving a labourer a sovereign to extricate his horse, however, away he went, as fast as his beast could carry him. One spur was for the lady, and the other for the chase. Which was used the most, I cannot tell; but the follower and the followed pressed onward.

Toward the end of the run, there were but four of us who kept at the tail of the hounds. The remainder, about four hundred in number, were left "on their winding way," pressing their tired horses: some rolling in the ditches, others making their way to the roads, their horses being too fatigued to leap a fence. When we were in view of the fox, in his dying field, there was not one more man within half a mile! Never did I feel so fearless, nor more joyful. I was the first man over the last fence, with the fox and hounds all immediately before me, and but one man close at my heels! We both leaped from our horses, with an eagerness utterly inconceivable, save to a true sportsman. Both of us reached the fox together, but I fortunately caught the brush, while Sir —— seized the head. We tugged with might and main, the hounds baying uproariously all around us. I proved to be the stronger of the two; and when my antagonist found this to be the case, he relinquished his hold, fell backward among the hounds, with the fox upon me, his brush in my grasp. It seemed to me that the strength of Hercules could scarcely have forced it from me. One of the young hounds seized my prize, but I relaxed no whit of my hold. Sir —— whipped him off, rubbed the fox over my face, as I lay on my back, smearing it with blood, and laughing heartily, as he exclaimed, "Though a farmer, a true sportsman by G—d!" I gave the "death-halloo," as soon as I gained sufficient breath, and cut off the brush. Our other two companions enjoyed our struggle, and would gladly have partaken it. The remainder came in as soon as their horses could bring them, the lady among the number. I delivered the fox to the huntsman, who scalped him, and gave it, with two pads, to Sir ——, and to the two others a pad each. My lord from the bog soon made his appearance. The lady no sooner saw him than she cried out, "Warn bog! my lord! warn bog!"—and a hearty laugh ensued, in which "my lord" joined as heartily as the rest. I presented the brush to the lady, apologised for my appearance, which, I must admit, was none of the nicest. She replied, graciously, that such an appearance, at the end of a run, was a sportman's glory. I wound the brush round her bridle's front, sold my horse (at a respectable bargain) to her lover, and returned home, quite satisfied with my day's work.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS.*

We regard it as one of the fortunate circumstances of our lives that we have lived in the days of Charles Mathews—we regard it as another, and still more happy circumstance, that we enjoyed, though but for a brief space, his acquaintance and society. "We knew him well, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Those who only knew him on the stage knew but a tithe of the man, of his humour, his accomplishments, his virtues, and his acquaintance with the inward workings of human nature. The late Charles Mathews!—alas! that we should write the word late!—was not merely the most exquisite of actors, but one of the most glorious of companions,—one of the most honourable-minded and kindest-hearted of men. But we are announcing facts that are generally known, and we can devise no panegyric that would not be a repetition and a truism. We therefore pass at once to the consideration of the interesting volumes before us.

Mathews was often urged by his friends to write his own life. From some words he let drop a few years ago in a certain hospitable house at Brighton, where he loved to take his ease, and where everybody loved him—as who did not that knew him?—we fancied that he really had gone, or was going, vigorously to work to give us his reminiscences in his own words. But it appears that, *unfortunately*, he never did more than make a beginniug. Our regret is the greater, as this beginning, which occupies about sixty pages of the first volume, is a most admirable specimen of autobiography. A whole volume so written would have been an invaluable legacy. He says,

"I was born on the 28th of June, 1776, at half-past two o'clock 'and a cloudy morning,' at No. 18, Strand, London. The house, I regret to say, no longer exists; for in the summer of 1833, I had the mortification to see the venerable residence of my forefathers, the interesting birthplace of the hero of these pages, destroyed piecemeal by unhallowed hands, who, regardless of all its classical, poetical, and histrionic associations, demolished, brick by brick, every vestige of its former appearance, and 'left not a rack behind,'—for what! oh bathos! to open to the public—a view of Hungerford Market!

"My grandfather was a native of Glamorganshire, and the real family name was Matthew, which he changed, for an estate, to Mathews with one T. He died, leaving this property in litigation, and my father thereby lost a T and a Chancery suit. The estate was worth 200*l.* a year, and cost him about 210*l.* annually in law and repairs; so that its loss became a gain,—a fact, I take it, of no small importance to the world.

"My father was a respectable, and what was called a 'serious' bookseller. Indeed he was himself so rigid a sectarian as to have been selected to be prime minister at one of her chapels by no less a personage than Lady Huntingdon herself; so that it will be easily imagined I was not indebted to him for any of my theatrical propensities. He, good man, assured me that he had never seen a play in his life. His father, also a bookseller, was one of those persons who thought it sinful to enjoy innocent amusement, and his son was forbidden to be gay or mirthful. *My* father was obedient, (my son cannot say as much of his father,) and I have not yet sufficiently repented of my disobedience to add, 'Alas!

* Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. In 2 vols.

would that I had been obedient too!' 'Just as the twig is bent,' they say, 'the tree's inclined:' but had I been so inclined, I might have been at this moment a 'serious bookseller' also, for my father had designed me for his successor. But, as it happens in the best-regulated families, the husband and wife did not chance to agree—that is, upon religious points.

"My excellent mother was strict in her adherence to the tenets of the Church of England; my father was a rigid Calvinist. Yet these differences of opinion, I must do them the justice to say, were conducted with such good breeding, that I do not recollect ever witnessing any unpleasant controversies. My father was satisfied with sincerity in any one; he allowed my mother to think for herself, without opposing, still less persecuting her for her opinions; and she, with most dignified church-pride, as some of the sectarians designated it, satisfied her mind by thoroughly, in her heart, despising the ignorant fanatics by whom he was surrounded—for surrounded I may call it—to the destruction of the well-being of his family. Had he been a professed gambler, we could not have felt more alarm at the entrance of a black-leg into the family circle than the arrival of a newly acquired *brother*. Yet he, the sincerest of the sincere—the most guileless, the most intrinsically honest and moral man, I believe now in my heart, that ever passed sixty-four summers in this sublunary globe, remained a liberal Christian amongst wretched fanatics—moderate in a crowd of raving enthusiasts,—the mildest of preachers—the kindest of advisers; himself an example to the wholesale dealers in brimstone,—the pawnbrokers, hosiers, butchers, shoemakers, travelling tinkers—no matter how low, how ignorant—(blasphemers, I then and now consider many of them)—to whose tender mercies I was constantly subject. A regular set of technical cant phrases pervaded the discourse of them all. I and you, my gentle readers, were damned, and they were saved; they had 'had a call,' or were 'of the elect,' and little other qualification was necessary to start as expounders of the word, and to spout nonsense by the hour."

As for Charles's own particular person, he says,

"For a more exact description of this, I have referred to my nurse, who was alive to tell the tale within ten years of the date hereof. She assured me that I was a long, thin, skewer of a child, of a restless, fidgety temperament, and by no means regular features—quite the contrary; and, as if Nature herself suspected she had not formed me in one of her happiest moments, the Fates combined with her to render me more remarkable, and, finding there was not the least chance of my being a beauty, conspired to make me comical.

"The agreable twist of my would-be features was occasioned, as the above-named lady assured me—indeed, I have heard my mother with great tenderness and delicacy confirm it,—by a species of hysteric fits to which I was subject in infancy, one of which distorted my mouth and eyebrows to such a degree as to render me almost hideous for a time: though my partial nurse declared my 'eyes made up for all, they were so bright and lively.' Be this as it may, certain it is that after the recovery from this attack, folks laughed the moment they saw me, and said, 'Bless the dear little dear! it is not a beauty, to be sure; but what a funny face it has!' The 'off-side' of my mouth, as a coachman would say, took such an affection for my ear, that it seemed to make a perpetual struggle to form a closer communication with it; and one eyebrow became fixed as a rusty weathercock, while the other popped up an inch apparently beyond its proper position. The effects remain to this day, though moderated. 'Wrymouth' was a nickname applied to me when at school; and for the first seven years of my life, I was in the habit of holding my hand to my cheek to hide the blemish. What good or evil 'was here wrapt up in countenance,' or how far this may have interfered to direct my future pursuits, I do not attempt to say."

While yet a child, Garrick one day visited his father's shop, and took him up in his arms. His father used afterwards to say that the great actor had bitten the boy; but the truth appears to be that David did nothing but say—"Why, his face laughs all over." In due course of time Master Charles was sent to school—to St. Martin's Free School, where he was not exempt, any more than his superiors in rank and fortune at other schools, from the barbarity of the times. His recollections of these things were as sore as poor Coleridge's, and his descriptions of them quite as striking.

"Had I twenty sons, I would never send one to the school of a man fond of punishment. I say fond, for I am convinced that my first pompous pedagogue had no gratification equal to the superintending a flagellation. 'Let this little gentleman feel the rod!' I have the sound in my ears at this moment. Had flogging given knowledge, I might have been a dangerous rival to the seven Greek sages. But, alas! I did not flourish, though my master did! *Often have I cast an eye to the little cherubs that clung on the corner of the organ at the end of the school-room, and wished I had been shaped like them—only head and wings.*

"Our master, Pownall, was a remarkably handsome man, but pomposity itself. His usher, Shaw, a lank, bony Scotchman,—how can I describe him?—squinted 'more than a gentleman ought.' He had a barbarous accent, and therefore, I suppose, was selected to teach the 'Breetish languitch in its oreeginal peurity' to us cockneys. He was a quaint man—thin as a pitchfork. He used to shamble up and down the school by slow fits, rubbing his gamboge chin with his burnt-umber fingers, and directing little bits of broken unintelligible advice to the leering, sheepish, idle little animals who sat in rows up the room, walking before them like Aaron with his rod.

"I was at that time particularly fond of carrying a bit of broken looking-glass, to dazzle 'Shaw's queer optics' with. Many were the convulsive, painfully-smothered laughs I and my wicked coadjutors writhed under, (while I remained undiscovered,) at his simplicity and patience, enduring this infliction day after day, squinting up to discover through what cranny in the blind it was that the sun came in to occasion this annoyance: but at length I was caught in the fact; for while I thought he was looking in an entirely opposite direction, I found he was looking me and my bit of glass full in the face. I was horsed, and now *really* flogged—barbarously birched; while Pompey Pownall roared out, with a voice of thunder, this facetious moral,—'That, sir, will teach you, I hope, not to cast reflections on the heads of the school!'

"Here may be traced my first attempts at mimicry. I remember the flogging fellows to this hour,—their voice, tone, and manner; and my ruling propensity was thus early called into action at their expense."

From imitating pedagogues and birchers he passed to an ambulatory fishmonger.

"Another precocious attempt at individual imitation about the same time had nearly proved fatal, and, it might be supposed, would have tended to check that irresistible impulse I had to echo, like the mocking-bird, every sound I heard. I used to amuse my schoolfellows with what I then thought my best specimen in that way. It was of a man who cried eels about the streets, and passed through the Strand by my father's door daily. He was rather short, but remarkably muscular; he had a peculiar, guttural voice, which I remember correctly to this hour, and which I can of course now delineate with more accuracy and truth than my then penny-trumpet voice could enable me to do; still it is quite out of the question

that I can give any idea of such an original with my pen, when the whole humour of my delineation depends upon intonation: nor should I relate the anecdote, but to enforce my position of the wonder that I had not given up business in that line in the outset. This fellow's regular cry was, 'Live eels! Conger eels! Thames eels!—try my eels—silver eels—Dutch eels—threepence a pound e-e-e-e-e-e-els!' which, taking a fresh supply of breath from his leathern lungs, he *eel*-longated to such an extent, that the last monosyllable frequently held out in undiminished force and energy while he strided from Craven to Hungerford Street.

"An imitation of this odd perambulating fishmonger, I considered as most desirable. He was a notorious character, and excited various laughs, from the infant snigger to the adult roar; and 'What a long eel!' was the constant remark his drollery excited. Even my father's serious friends relaxed so far from their rigidity of muscle as to 'Ha, ha, ha,' nearly three times at my successful hitting off of his peculiarities. Encouraged by this approbation into boldness, having brought my parody to perfection, I was emulous of the approval of the great original himself; and having due notice of his approach from the long eel on which he was trilling perhaps as far off as Charing Cross, I anxiously awaited his arrival. When he was near enough to observe my action, I placed my hand on the dexter side of my mouth, and commenced my sinister operations, taking him off 'to the very life,' as my panegyrists had led me to believe I could. Had I been as slippery as one of his own articles of traffic, I might have twisted and wriggled my way behind the counter and escaped; but he was too much for me—indeed I did not apprehend so savage an attack. Deliberately placing his basket at the door, he pursued me into the shop; and as I flinched from the huge and ponderous fist that was poised high in air to annihilate me, I conveniently placed my back to receive his blow. 'Next time,' said the huge monster, as he felled me to the earth, 'as you twists your little wry mouth about and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I'll skin you like an e-e-' and seizing his whole shop up in his Brobdignagian arms, he finished the monosyllable somewhere about No. 27. For weeks—nay, months, did I suffer from the effects of this punishment."

After the fishmonger he tried his hand on some of the mechanical preachers that beset his father's house, his best subject in this way being one Daddy Berridge, a huge, wigged, old expounder, who used to expound at the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, and send his audience to a certain place by wholesale.

The *serious* bookseller had a little cottage near Whetstone, between Finchley and Barnet, a neighbourhood for which the great comedian, who was full of tender feeling and always enamoured of quiet and the country, entertained a lively affection all through life. It was in the village of Whetstone that Charles made his first appearance in public, playing psalm tunes on the flute with Woodward the butcher's fiddle, and Wilson the cobbler's bassoon, at his father's own chapel, where the bibliopole preached every Sunday.

"This was a great musical epoch in Whetstone, the march of music at the first stage on the high North Road. It made a stirring sensation in our community, and I hoped, if not believed, that the Steepleites would be jealous: I felt persuaded that seceders from the church must be the consequence. I was complimented by my saintly friends, and old Woodward was so pleased with my enthusiasm in the good cause, that he respectfully invited me to see a bullock killed on Monday at eleven precisely, 'God willing.'"

* * * * *

"Little did any of these parties think to what all this might lead! Trifles are the pivots on which turn all the vast wheels of that complicated machine called society. Had I never played the flute in chapel, I might have remained in ignorance of the word fame, or its soul-inspiring power. Had I not received the plaudits of Whetstone bumpkins, I might at this moment have been addressing their descendants from the self-same tub. But I had a soul above tubs. These meeds of approbation so flatteringly bestowed upon my musical exertions were the first dawning indications I had of the value of applause. The seeds of ambition were here sown in my young heart. Emulation fired me; I had an immediate desire to rival the violinist. I occasionally had a ride in his cart, as he went his rounds of Frien-Barnet and Totteridge Green. I was envious of his accomplishments. He sometimes took his fiddle with him. I drove while he treated me with a 'song-tune.' Then, when he stayed long from his vehicle,—sometimes '*a killing time*,' while he poked a family pig out of the world—I would seize up the instrument, and wish that 'Heaven had made me such a fiddler!' I was too proud to be taught by him, and dreaded a refusal from my father if I petitioned for a fiddle."

Some of the shopkeepers and shopkeepers' sons of Whetston thought it would be fine sport to decoy the "Methodist parson's son" to Enfield races, and make him drunk. Poor Mathews, who never was a toper, regretted the latter part of the process, but not the former. How finely he lets nature speak out in the following passage!

"Behold me, then, at my first race! It would be absurd to attempt to describe now what I felt then. I do not affect to recollect the name of a horse or the colour of a rider; but I do remember that these 'terrible, terrible high-bred cattle,' being the first racing-blood I had ever seen, had such an inspiring effect, that I was then and there inoculated with a mania that has prevailed until this hour. Yes! lame and worn as I am, I admit no difficulty—I allow of no impediment—I am indifferent as to distance—but to the races I must go, whether Doncaster or Epsom, Leger or Derby. I have left Glasgow with the penalty of two nights' travelling, in order to be at Newmarket on Easter Monday, and have witnessed twenty-five contests for Derby and Oaks since 1803. I have frequently ridden on horseback from London to the neighbourhood of Epsom at night after my performance to sup with friends, rather than encounter the dust of the roads on the 'great day,' as it is called. This will show that my enthusiasm is not abated."

About the year 1786 Charles was transplanted from Dominie, the flagellator's garden of knowledge in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, to Merchant Tailor's school in the city.

"Bishop, the head master, wore a huge powdered wig—larger than any other bishop's wig. It invited invasion; and we shot paper-darts with such singular dexterity into the protruding bush behind, that it looked like 'a fretful porcupine.' He had chalkstone knuckles too, which he used to rap on my head like a bag of marbles; and, eccentric as it may appear, pinching was his favourite amusement, which he brought to great perfection. There were six forms; I entered the school at the lowest, and got no higher than the fifth, but was of course alternately under the care and tuition of the four masters. Gardner, the lowest in grade, was the only mild person amongst them; the others had a little too much, and perhaps he had much too little, of the severe in him for his station. Two more cruel tyrants than Bishop and Rose never existed. They were great 'deck-walkers,' as I have always designated those public nuisances who, regardless of the

fidgets of poor nervous wretches like myself, mercilessly pace up and down apartments, inflicting pangs unutterable on those who dare not roar out, 'Sit down, sir!' as old Sam Johnson did. Lord, the fourth master, was rather an invalid, and, I believe, had been prescribed gentle exercise; he therefore put up for, and was the successful candidate for, the flogging department. Rose was so great an adept at the cane, that I once saw a boy strip after a thrashing from him that he might expose his barbarous cruelty, when the back was actually striped with dark streaks like a zebra.

"Before I left the school, the pupils had the satisfaction of witnessing the administration of the *lex talionis* in a most summary and somewhat awful manner. The boy I spoke of, like Zanga, remembered 'the blow,' and on proceeding to college, kept up the recollection of this most gratuitous barbarity; for, shortly afterwards, he came into the cloisters during a play-hour, went to Rose's apartment, lured him to the door of it, and horse-whipped him there before the admiring and approving scholars until he roared for mercy.

"This gave occasion to the abolition of flogging in this school; for, the next time Lord made the attempt, at a concerted signal, (the rebellion had been long in preparation,) all the boys, to the number of two hundred, rushed from the school-room into the lobby, where punishment was usually inflicted, hustled the pedagogue, rescued the victim, and scattered the birch into fragments, each one carrying off a twig in token of victory. We then returned into school with perfect coolness, having announced our determination *unâ voce* never again to submit to such a degradation. To this arrangement the heads were compelled to submit; for so well was the spirited measure organised, and so completely carried into effect, that no ringleader could be pointed out as an example, and nothing short of the expulsion of the whole number could have been resorted to."

The autobiographer says, that if constant trials—if application—if marching and counter-marching, could have made a scholar of him, he ought to have been a very wonderful one. At seven o'clock in the morning he started from the Strand for Merchant Tailors', at eleven he came out of school and went to another in the neighbourhood for writing and accounts, and in the evening he went to Bedford Street to learn French, from an old native of the feminine gender. But these street walks gave place on Saturday and Sunday to strolls into the country, and perambulations about Whetston, and Colney Hatch, and Tottenage, and all that pleasant neighbourhood—as pretty a district as may be found.

"On Saturday, during nine months of the year, I went to Whetstone, and stayed till Monday morning. This escape from all descriptions of fagging and from confinement—this freedom of body and soul from the fetters of scholastic discipline—the contrast between the narrow dirty lane where the school was situated, and the pure air I breathed in my beloved little village, was such a joyous emancipation, that the impression has dwelt in my memory to the present hour; and I feel the same impulse to escape from London with all its attractions, and revel in country pleasures, that I did when I was a schoolboy. Indeed, every feeling, every propensity or peculiarity, I can trace to impressions formed in my school-days. During my first engagement in Drury-lane Theatre I lived in Colney Hatch, and in all weathers returned home after the play about eight miles, and over Finchley Common, in an open carriage: this was from pure love of the country. Four years I lived at Fulham, and paid the same midnight visits, frequently on horseback, to my house;

and fourteen years at Kentish Town (commonly called Highgate by my visiters, and not unfrequently Hampstead;) and I can truly say, that the same feelings pervade me at this moment. Without enumerating my list of objections to all large cities, and more particularly to London, I can only assert that I always turn my back upon it with pleasure when I have anything like rural enjoyment in prospect.

"What an almost universal feeling is the regard for our native place! I have no such sentiment, unfortunately; and yet I could never have been callous on such a subject, or have revisited the scenes of my childhood without emotion, associated as they are with the pleasing dreams of youth—of beloved relatives now no more, or partners in school-tasks now toiling in far-distant climes, or 'seeking the bubble reputation.' I feel nothing of all this on entering *my* 'native village.' Its huge masses of unfeeling brick and stone inspire me with frigid indifference as to the street in which I first saw light. 'Tis death to the sentimental. Ah! how different when the associations can be concentrated within the compass of a quiet secluded hamlet! I never whisk through dear Whetstone in his Majesty's mail, that I do not gaze right and left on some object that brings to me pleasing as well as melancholy recollections of the past: I feel that this is in reality my native place."

The period during which Mathews made the quiet little village of Colney Hatch his home, appears to have been the happiest of his life. His widow alludes to it with tender regret, giving at the same time some delightful anecdotes about "Twig Hall."

"A short time previously to the date of the above letter, my husband had taken a pretty rustic cottage, in one of the most retired lanes of Colney Hatch, where he nightly drove me, even after the latest performances at Drury-lane, for the pleasure of enjoying an hour or two the next morning, and the whole of every Sunday, in the air and neighbourhood so interesting to him. From this spot we often visited his late father's cottage in the rural lane, where also his chapel stood. Mr. Mathews had even a boyish delight, tempered with much tender feeling, in sauntering near this spot, sitting upon the style opposite to the cottage-gate, and loitering about the scene endeared to him by early recollections. The above intimation from Mr. Colman referred to his first visit to 'Twig Hall,' so named after its nominal owner, little Charles, who had soon after his birth been named 'Twig,' by the same sponsor (Mr. Litchfield) who had given his father the early appellation of 'Stick.' The *Twig* was slight, and drooped in London air, so that a more healthy climate was absolutely necessary for its support. This little box was in fact considered his, and all who came there were but children for the time being, and confessedly and necessarily Twig's playfellows.

"Recollection revives many a joyous scene enacted in the narrow compass of this tiny place, in which as many delightful associations were formed. There, in rooms hardly bigger than cells, would friends of the rarest talent unbend and revel in rural freedom once a week; and little Twig welcomed his guests, under the conviction that they came to '*pay* wis him.' Amongst these Mr. Liston, (or, as Twig called him, for want of better pronunciation, 'Misser *Lick*ton,') was an especial favourite. One morning after breakfast I missed these two children, and from an upper window discovered the little *dot* with him of larger growth, earnestly engaged in the game of 'hide and seek,' the latter running with serious aspect from gooseberry-bush to gooseberry-bush, calling out the misleading *whoop!* to the urchin, who on each intimation trundled its tiny round figure after the sound. I could not suppress a laugh when I saw the *bigger boy* as he crouched down, quite unconscious of a witness of his grave amusement, draw out his snuff-box and take a pinch of snuff to

heighten his enjoyment. This indulgence gave time and opportunity to his little dupe to reach the spot, with a scream of delighted triumph at the long-sought detection of the hider, who vainly tried to escape from the grasp of the small hand which seized his coat, while his turn was insisted on, and *Misser Lickton* was commanded to turn away his head from the whereabout of his co-mate in the game until the appointed signal was given.

"On the night when Mr. Liston led forward as father the young man with whom he had played as a child, the 'Old and Young Stager' again *played* together before me; but my smiles on that occasion, unlike those of old, were mingled with tears, for I sat *alone*, and thought of him who would have witnessed with pride and gratification the triumph of that night, and the general kindness which greeted his son, so much beloved by him. What a multitude of recollections of by-gone scenes, and sweet associations, did that scene bring before my mind's eye, as I beheld the object best and dearest to me on earth, relinquishing the profession of his choice, and standing forward, untutored, in one of the most arduous nature, even to those who have studied it with care, and practised it from their earliest days; and all this for the sake of his mother.*

"But, to return to the cottage. There often might be seen Harriet Mellon—then a youthful, slim, and beautiful creature: she would come all joy and simplicity for a day's recreation. How merry and happy she was! perhaps happier than when splendour hedged her in from the enjoyment of simple pleasures, the love of which I believe to have been inherent in her nature. I see her now, returning from a tumble into a neighbouring pond, in the middle of which her horse had unexpectedly chosen to drink. How unaffectedly she protested, when dragged out, that she did not care for the accident, and walked home, though with difficulty, across the common, with her muslin garments saturated with muddy water, and her beautiful hair dripping down her back! How we laughed while we afterwards dragged off the wet clothes from her fine form, half apprehensive for the consequences! Then again, what peals of merriment attended her reappearance in the borrowed ill-fitting dress, that had been cast upon her, and the uncouth turban that bound her straightened hair, and which she was compelled to wear for the rest of the day! What amusement her figure created! how well she converted by her good humour an almost serious accident into one of general entertainment! How many other drolleries have I seen her enact at various periods, in the same place, my husband the leader of such revels! This little spot was in reality the *sans souci* of our friends, and little Twig the presiding deity of the place, and the epitome of fun and merriment; as such he was allowed perfect liberty for the time. One day he entered the room with his hands full of the sibyline leaves of the nursery—in other words, half a pack of very dirty cards, which he had abstracted

* "I may here notice, in order to contradict it, a report that has made its way into the several accounts which have appeared respecting my son's entrance upon the stage,—namely, that in becoming an actor, he opposed the expressed wish of his father. So far from this being true, he was encouraged to adopt it within the last few years, for his father believed that he possessed the talent to excel in his own particular line; and fearing that the pursuit of architecture was not likely to enrich him for many years, expressed his opinion that Charles might with greater advantage appear in public as an actor. It was the *son* who objected, nay, silenced the arguments of his father, from the devotion he felt to that profession for which he had been educated; and I believe I may assert that this was the *only* occasion upon which his father's wishes were not considered commands by him. Their mutual love, and I may add, esteem, admitted of no differences; their affection never knew an hour's interruption; and he would have found it as impossible to his nature to fly in the face of his father's commands after his death, as he proved himself incapable of thwarting them while living. This every person who knew them can testify."

from his maid's drawer, and with which he offered to tell Miss Mellon her fortune. Borrowing the cant and phraseology of the owner of them, he foretold that his favourite would some day be 'married'—not to Mr. Coutts, the banker—not to the Duke of St. Albans—but to a '*handsome carpenter.*'

"We ceased our intimacy with Miss Mellon just as she became a rich woman; but in after years we never glanced at ecah other in public for a moment, that I did not fancy that the Duchess of St. Alban's looked as if she remembered these scenes, and felt that they were very happy. 'Twig Hall,' in short, was a place not to be forgotten by its visiters. Alas! how few now remain to dwell upon the recollections this mention of it is calculated to renew!"

But poor Mathews had many a hard struggle with the world, many a throw from fortune enough to break the strength and spirit of a less buoyant mortal, ere he attained to the rural enjoyment of Colney Hatch. His story, like that of Mrs. Siddons, is an admirable lesson and example to the young, who have to make their own way in life without money, friends, and patronage, no matter what their particular calling. And here we must remark, that in the midst of his greatest miseries Mathews always retained his generous feelings, honourable, high-minded notions, an ardent love of his profession, and an utter aversion to idleness, drinking, and low company. To return to his early life, we find that he did not stay very long at Merchant Tailors'.

"How many there are who assert that our school-days are the happiest of our lives! The happiest of mine were in flying *from* school; when, feeling the value of my wings, I soared for two days weekly in the picturesque beauty of Totteridge and its neighbourhood, with the penalty, as I at last thought it, of a sermon of one hour and forty minutes from my father on Sunday."

At the French dame's, whither he continued to go, he had for his schoolfellows Miss Flaxman, sister to the great sculptor, *Master Elliston*, and two or three others, passionately fond of acting or spouting.

"In this evening academy the foundation-stone of that fabric was laid which, whether or not raised for the advantage of myself and the public, I must leave to posterity to determine. Here, most unquestionably, ambition for histrionic honours first fired my soul. I had never seen a play, and probably should not have rebelled against my father's authority, and strict commands that I should not visit a theatre, but for this accidental association. I believe all the pupils of this lady had been indulged in this amusement but myself. Some three or four were panting for private theatricals, and amongst them, unluckily for my father's peace, hear it, theatrical readers, with some interest—Master Elliston!. He was already a spouter, and I must own, much more time was spent in English recitations from dramatic authors than in French exercises. I was fascinated by the specimens I heard, by imitation, of some of the great actors, and, scarcely knowing why, was insensibly led on to emulate these would-be heroes at the French school. This gradually ripened into an overpowering, all-absorbing passion. Elliston, afterwards so justly celebrated, was our prime leader; he was only four years older than myself, yet the distinction between man and boy almost existed between us, I being fourteen and he eighteen.

"Having with some difficulty obtained our mistress's permission, the

play of 'The Distressed Mother' was at length arranged and got up; and I made my 'first appearance on any stage' at the theatre over the pastry-cook's shop, first-floor front, in the character of Phœnix. Master Elliston enacted Pyrrhus, and Orestes was really well performed by a very interesting youth of the name of Leftley; a poetical genius who distinguished himself in many of the periodical publications of the day. Miss Osborne and Miss Flaxman were among the performers. But Elliston was our evening star, and distanced us all. It was a fine animated performance, and created as much wonder and elicited as much applause as the acting of Master Betty in later days. He was pronounced at once a theatrical genius of the first order, and his future pursuits in life fixed in the minds of all his auditors, if not in his own.

"All I can recollect of my tragic attempt is, that it had an effect—a powerful effect. The audience laughed as much *at* me, as, I am proud to say, they have since laughed *with* me. But I had not the advantage of my competitors. They had all seen many plays, I not one. Each had probably selected some favourite actor as a model, while the only specimens of elocution I had to form my notions upon were, with a few exceptions, the drawling, snuffling heroes of the conventicles. From this time I am free to confess that our studies were in some degree neglected, the English drama proving more attractive than French exercises.

"At the age of fourteen I commenced author—at least as much so as many of our modern dramatists—for I translated the Princess of Cleves, which was published in monthly contributions in the Ladies' Magazine.

"The following year we got up 'The Orphan;' (I the chaplain;) Elliston was again our Magnus Apollo. His voice had had twelve months more mellowing, and he gave a specimen of his vocal powers on this occasion by singing, between the play and farce, 'To Anacreon in Heaven' at a table, with punch-bowl and glasses, while the scholars sat round as chorus. A gayer specimen of juvenile jollity I have never witnessed. His joyous exuberance of mirthful enjoyment was worthy Bacchus himself: he looked the rosy god when he chuckled over

'The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.'

His laughter-loving eye and round dimpled face were never displayed to more advantage even in after-days, when crowded audiences gave their testimony to his mirth-inspiring comic powers; and to the praise and the good taste of our critics at the pastrycook's, be it spoken, they predicted his future greatness. Having a bad part in the tragedy, I stipulated for a character in the afterpiece. A one act farce, called 'A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner,' (written by Mr. Rose, second master of Merchant Tailors' School, and often acted at the Haymarket,) was selected, in which I enacted Mr. Lovel, and, I have every reason to believe, *without the slightest approbation.* I cannot now remember whether by slow degrees I had gained my father's consent to this, or whether it was kept a secret, but certainly neither he nor any of my family were present. Again he was unfortunate; for how could he, good easy man! have anticipated that the reward for his parental anxiety respecting my education should be to find himself thwarted in his best hopes, by my being initiated into the mysteries of Melpomene at a French academy?"

Soon after Charles ventured to the forbidden play-house.

"At length, on a certain, and oh, fatal night! a dark and gloomy night, suited to the perpetration of such an act of disobedience, with stealthy steps I trod my way. I dared not look right or left, so conscious was I of the 'deep damnation of the deed;' but my soul was in arms, my time was my own, my will was free, (my father had departed for Whetstone,

his constant custom on a Saturday evening, to indulge his own pursuit,) and I issued forth with my friend Litchfield, of the Council-office, from the bookseller's shop to make my first entrée at a public theatre: this was in the autumn of 1790. Oh the delights of *that* night! that two shillings' worth of disobedience! My companion and I have frequently laughed over the recollection of my frantic behaviour. He could not pacify me. He had long been initiated into the mysteries of the scenic art; but here I was, at fourteen, at 'my first play,' which Charles Lamb has so beautifully described. The very curtain filled me with anticipations of delight; —the scenery, the dresses, the feathers, the resset boots, the very smell of the theatre, that mixture of orange-peel and oil, the applause in which I joined so heartily, as to bring all eyes and many remarks upon me to the great scandal of my cicerone, filled my senses with delight. From that night my mind was in a state of splendid irritation; I could scarcely walk the streets without offering 'my kingdom for a horse,' to every pedestrian I met. At *night* I could not rest, Macbeth *did* 'murder sleep;' and I recited Lear up three pair of stairs to a four-legged bedstead.

"My thirst for dramatic fame was now of course increased tenfold. My next appearance was in a private theatre, as we termed it, over a stable in an elegant part of the west end of the town, called Short's Gardens, Drury-lane. I hope it was rather more respectable as to its inmates then than now. Here I joined a society of spouters, and, having stipulated for the best parts, made my first attempt in comedy. Though Master Elliston monopolised all the attention and applause in tragedy, I thought that in low comedy I could beat him. I accordingly determined to astonish my friends by appearing in Jacob Gawkey in 'The Chapter of Accidents,' and Lenitive in 'The Prize.' This must have been during the first season of that farce; and thinking that neither the audience nor myself could have too much of a good thing, I favoured them with about a dozen imitations of the favourite actors of the day. Suett and Munden were pronounced to be near perfection. I cannot amuse my readers, as I hope I did my audience, except in relating one most absurd though appalling fact. In the commencement of the second act there are two cases discovered, supposed to contain Chinese bonzes, sent as presents to Mr. Caddy. The first is opened, and discovers the bonze to the delighted eye of the virtuoso. He then proceeds to No. 2, when he starts back with surprise at discovering Dr. Lenitive in a new dress, the caricature of the fashion of the day, who darts forward from the cabinet with his lottery-ticket in his hand, by which he has gained, as he supposes, 10,000*l.* During our rehearsal I was much distressed at the difficulties that presented themselves in the way of our obtaining these most important and indispensable adjuncts. The expense of making them was too serious to encounter; and as I was the person most interested, and most likely to suffer from their absence, I gave a sort of vague order to 'knock up something' for the occasion. This was not attended to, but I was assured that something would be prepared and ready, when lo! to my horror and amazement, when I came out dressed in all my best, I discovered that the cabinet from whence I was to issue forth was a *shell* from a workhouse!

"At this epoch my pursuits took a literary as well as a dramatic turn, and my delight when the Ladies' Magazine first exhibited in print 'The Princess of Cleves, by C. M.,' was boundless. I thought the eyes of all Europe were upon me, and that the ladies who took in the work would unite in calling on the editor to insist on the author declaring himself. I erected my crest and craned my neck, as many a modern dramatist has done when taking to himself the compliments upon his new play, properly due to the Messrs. Scribe and Co. My friend Litchfield, afterwards husband of the actress of that name, who first displayed to me the

splendours of Melpomene, was shortly after that period connected with the press. My brother also added to the income my father allowed him by contributions. 'The Oracle' was a new paper, and Topham, Parson Este, Hewerdine, and a little clique of the elect, started a paper called 'The World.' Litchfield wrote the dramatic articles occasionally for both, under the signature of 'Pollio,' and I believe these were allowed to be the best criticisms of the day. My brother was for a time parliamentary reporter to these and others: I therefore was insensibly enticed into this knot of literati, and initiated into the mysterious arcana of diurnal despotism."

Shortly after, on the death of the very popular comedian Edwin, Charles, with more confidence than modesty—he was modest enough when he knew more of his art—applied to the proprietor of Covent Garden to appoint him as Edwin's successor. Mr. Harris of course declined, nor did Mathews derive much encouragement from old Macklin, whom he visited for the purpose of exhibiting his dramatic powers. Everybody will remember Mathews's rich account of his visit. As far as words can do it, it is given by his widow at page 62, vol. i.

But nothing could control Charles's master passion. He played the part of Richmond in Richard III. at Richmond Theatre, and then repeated the part at Canterbury Theatre, paying for playing, that is, giving a certain number of pounds and shillings to the manager of the company, as both he and his friend Litchfield had done at Richmond. What Mathews most prided himself upon at this time was his vigorous fencing, of which he was so fond that he would hardly let Richard fall and die, still keeping hacking at his sword and striking light from it—nay, when Richard was fairly down, he "kept poking at him." Both Litchfield and Mathews were unknown at Canterbury, and so, to have one witness of their triumphs with whom they might discourse the matter over afterwards, they franked to the pit the innkeeper at whose house they had put up. After the play mine host served them up a good supper, lacking, however, the dish they most wanted. To get this, and to make mine host communicative, they invited him to take a glass with them.

"In due time he re-entered the room with a *pipe lighted*, and sat himself down to enjoy the offered glass. Now then was the time. Several *fishing*-lines were thrown, but not one *compliment* did they hook: at last, the friends tacitly agreed to discard all finesse, and fairly drag out with a net the prey they were so determined on securing. 'Richard' asked resolutely, 'Pray, Mr. ———, how did you like the tragedy?' The landlord paused, with his eyes down-cast, after the approved manner of smokers; and, puff—puff—puff, was the only reply. 'How,' said the comedian, who was impatient, 'how did you like the *farce*?' Puff—puff—puff, again; (but not one puff for the actors.) The question was then put into a more peremptory and determined form. 'Pray tell us really what you thought of *our acting*?' There was no evading so direct an attack. The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes still fixed upon the ground: he took at length the tube slowly from his mouth, raised his glass, and drank off the remnant of his brandy and water; went to the fireplace, and deliberately knocked out the ashes from his pipe; then looking at the expectants for a minute, exclaimed in a deep though hasty tone of voice,—'*D—d* good *fight!*' and left the room.'

But though Boniface was so costive, other people had applauded.

"My future fate, (continues Mr. Mathews,) was now sealed. To buckle to business after tasting of public applause was not within the boundaries of probable expectation. My first act of open rebellion was accompanied by an assault in the eye of the law. From the age of fourteen until the period at which I now arrive, I occasionally served in the shop during the holidays. A purse-proud vulgar customer of my father's, who never would condescend to alight from his carriage, exacted of me, 'the shop-boy,' the most degrading of all duties, that of carrying articles to a carriage. I had been sent backward and forwards in the rain too often to agree with my irritability, when, goaded into madness by his haughtiness, I felt at once that I never could suit myself to such purposes. 'This is the second edition, I want the first;' again I returned to the shop. 'This is bound in russia; calf-gilt will do for me. The boy's a fool!' said he, and then I threw the book in his face. This was about 'my last appearance in that character.'

"Destiny, a word so often repeated by Napoleon, now began to develope her plans. I could not resist my fate. Early in the year 1794, I had made up my mind to make the stage my profession, and began to ponder upon the when, the where, and the how, when chance threw in my way Hitchcock, who wrote the History of the British Stage. All authors upon such subjects were welcome to me; and after an introduction, I heard with great delight that he was a sort of Sergeant Kite to the Dublin corps of Thespians, and was now in London beating up for recruits; in short, I enlisted. He did *not* give me a shilling, and I believe never would if he could with decency have avoided it. I was fairly kidnapped after all; inasmuch as it was quite clear that the Irish agent, as he was termed, had no power to fulfil the flattering promises he had made to me. It is true I was inexperienced, but this he knew. I did not deceive him, and I never swerved from my original inclination. I stipulated as far as possible for what is termed low comedy; for I had no pretensions to anything above that. Tragedy I never dreamed of. Why he engaged me at all, was a puzzle to me when I had leisure for repentance in Dublin. My salary was to depend on my success. Could I doubt that it would be liberal? It was agreed that I should join the corps in Dublin at the latter end of May 1794."

When he got to Dublin—in May 1794—he found that his salary was a guinea a week, *very irregularly paid*, and out of which he had to pay six shillings and sixpence per week for his lodging. Many was the night that the poor youth went dinnerless and supperless to bed, for he liked to keep up appearances—to dress his part on the stage; and he had to buy nankeen unmentionables *for genteel comedy*, buskins, Spanish hat, &c. for tragedy! All this is well told by Mrs. Mathews, helped out by his own letters, but how we wish he had told it all himself! At this time, when he was only in his eighteenth year, he was exceedingly thin, and looked a great deal taller than he was. The Pats in the gallery called him "Mop-Stick," "Slice-of-a-Man," "Long Lobster," &c. &c. This was poor comfort to a hungry stomach.

"I have heard Mr. Mathews say, that he has gone to the theatre at night without having tasted anything since a meagre breakfast, determined to refuse to go on the stage, unless some portion of his arrears was first paid. When, however, he entered the green-room, his spirits were so cheered by the attention of his brethren, and the *éclat* he met with among them whenever he put forth his powers of amusement, added to the gaiety of the scene altogether, that his fainting resolution was restored,

all his discontent utterly banished for the time, and he was again reconciled to starvation; nay, he even felt afraid of offending the unfeeling manager, and returned home silent upon the subject of his claims. Then came in succession the London performers, Cooke, Kemble, Incledon, &c., some of whom he beheld for the first time. Fancy a young enthusiast witnessing and becoming familiar with such talent in the profession he doted upon. He devoured their every look; he drank up every tone; he was enrapt with their excellence, and gloried in the choice he had made. In short, he was content to live on in the hope, remote as it seemed, of being one day received by an audience with the same enthusiasm with which they were received. Such a hope was worth all present suffering, and suffer he did manfully.

"Throughout his correspondence it will be found that he made no positive admission, after the first disappointment, of ill-usage from Daly; not even to his most confidential friend did he complain of any subsequent injustice. Not a hint of actual pecuniary distress was given to Mr. Litchfield or any of his own family, nor of his consequent privations. When he alludes to stoppages of salary from occasional closing of the theatre, he touches so lightly upon the consequences to himself, that his friend would hardly have been justified in proffering assistance, which, after all, his pride, and a determined constancy in suffering, would have rejected as uncalled-for and unnecessary."

During his stay in Dublin he associated a good deal with Cooke, from whom he learned many things, but—happily—*not* that great actor's knack of drinking. After starving for some months in Ireland, Charles removed to Swansea in Wales, to half-starve there. But starving, he studied; his fund of humour, enriched by his recent observation, began to make him a great favourite; and in 1797 he obtained an engagement from the noted Tate Wilkinson, the York patentee. Previously to this he had taken to himself a wife, an amiable, well-educated young woman, the orphan daughter of a physician of Exeter, but poorer, if possible, than himself. On the Yorkshire circuit, about which numerous pleasant tales are told in the volumes before us, he gradually rose in his profession—and he rose, *because* he devotedly studied it, and *because*, in spite of his poverty, he scrupulously maintained his respectability. The first Mrs. Mathews—not to speak it profanely—was "a bit of an author;" and the poor, gentle creature hoped to make the two ends meet by writing poetry and novels, which no bookseller would buy. Some of them were printed and published, but their success allowed of no payment to the anxious author, who, by her toils and anxieties, appears to have shortened her life. She died of a decline, recommending on her deathbed Miss Jackson, a young singer and actress of Tate Wilkinson's company, to be her successor—and, about a year after, the handsome Miss Jackson became Mrs. Mathews the second. These great events were attended with many little incidents which will particularly interest the ladies, and which will be found described at length towards the end of the first volume of these Memoirs. In 1803 the witty George Colman, then proprietor or manager (or both) of the Haymarket Theatre, brought Charles and his wife up to London on a salary (to the former alone—the lady's not being mentioned) of ten guineas a week. *Courage, mes amis! les tems vont changer!* And, in effect, from that time, Charles Mathews, though often tricked by rogues, and duped by his

own surpassing good-nature, was in the receipt of a liberal income, and enabled to indulge in his truly gentlemanly tastes and habits. The end of all—of more than a quarter of a century of rare popularity—was not so brilliant as we could have hoped and wished. But the end is not here, Mrs. Mathews closing her second volume with the year 1818, and promising a third volume. Still further to draw attention to what she has already done, we will select one or two more passages.

INCLEDON THE SINGER.

"In the course of travelling together, Mr. Incledon and my husband differed in few things more than in their tastes in eating. Mr. Mathews liked the simplest fare; Mr. Incledon was always in search of an appetite, and therefore was very fastidious about the wherewithal to tempt it. On one occasion at some town where they stopped only to change horses, Incledon, according to a habit in which he indulged, sought out the larder, and seeing a small undressed loin of pork displayed through a glass window with other delicacies, he fell deeply in love with it, and immediately applied coaxingly to the landlord, (a portly independent sort of person, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets,) to be allowed to purchase it to carry onwards. Mine host abruptly refused; 'he could not sell it,—he should want it for his dinner-customers,' &c.; but in proportion as the landlord seemed unrelenting, Incledon's anxiety became stronger; he asked what the joint would be charged to his dinner-customers, and then held out the sum with an addition; but the sulky landlord was inexorable. The epicure increased his temptation until at last he offered double the worth of it; and Mr. Mathews, ashamed of the childish behaviour of his *chum*, left him with the landlord to settle the important matter as they might, and walked on, telling the servant to wait for Mr. Incledon, with the carriage, and overtake him on the road. In a short time he saw it approaching with Mr. Incledon, who, after my husband had seated himself, and the horses were proceeding, took out a handkerchief from a pocket of the carriage with some appearance of mystery, and deliberately placing it upon his knees with evident satisfaction, opened it, and revealed the coveted little loin of pork! 'Well,' said his friend coldly, 'what, you prevailed at last; how did you manage to coax that surly fellow out of it?' Incledon twinkled his eyes:—'Charles Mathews,' said he with something of solemnity, 'I did *not* prevail. My dear boy, the man was a brute. I offered him all the silver in my pocket. I had set my heart upon the thing, my dear Charles Mathews. I couldn't have eat anything else, my dear boy; so what do you think I did? Don't be angry, Charles, (and here he looked like a child who knew he had done wrong, and dreaded the punishment for his fault,) don't be angry; a man like yourself can have no idea what I feel, who want little delicacies to keep up my stamina. My dear Charles, the man was unfeeling.' In this way did Incledon prepare his companion for the truth, and deprecate his wrath. The fact was, he had watched the landlord's absence, entered the larder unperceived, and bore away the tempting prize, leaving the already proffered *double its value* in its place.

"On another occasion, he and Mr. Mathews were travelling on a very fine summer's day on the outside of a stage-coach, soon after the death of Mr. Incledon's first wife, to whom he had been greatly attached. A very consumptive looking man sat near him, about whom Mr. Incledon's humane heart made him feel an interest, and he frequently spoke to him, inquired into his history, and found that the poor man was going home to his friends to be nursed. Incledon, when the coach stopped, addressed

the poor invalid for the last time, as follows. 'My good man, we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're *bespoke*; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker. In fact, you're *booked*,—so there, there's a seven-shilling piece for you, my good man; and when you go to heaven, and see my dear sainted Jane, pray tell her you saw me, and that I'm well!' The poor creature stared, and took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he doubtless supposed to come from a lunatic.

MATHEWS AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

"I thought, of course, there was a theatre here, when I was invited to come over. When I came, behold it was a barn! a miserable barn! However, Bannister, Dowton, Mrs. Bartley, and others, had acted here, and all for the honour of Shakspeare. So again I was content; and last 1st of December *that ever was* — that darling of Nature, Fancy's child, *Coates*, acted here; and was advertised, by his own desire, in the character of *Romeo*, written, as he states in his announcement, by that 'immortal bard Shakspeare, the pride and glory of Stratford—and not only Stratford, but the British empire. Mr. Coates will leave London for the express purpose of gratifying the inhabitants of Stratford, and in honour of the birth-place of the great poet.' After he had acted, he was determined to have a procession all by himself, a minor pageant in imitation of the jubilee; and walked, dressed as *Romeo*, from the barn to the butcher's shop, where Shakspeare was born. Here he wrote his name on the walls, and in the book kept for that purpose, called himself 'the illustrator of the poet;' complained of the house; said that it was not good enough for the divine bard to have been born in, and proposed to pull it down at his own expense, and build it up again, so as to appear more worthy of such a being! He went to the church; wrote his name on the monument; and being inspired,—on the tablet, close to the pen in the right hand of the bard, wrote—

'His name in ambient air still floats,
And is adored by Robert Coates.'

"Dowton, too, kicked up a great dust in the house where Shakspeare was born. The old woman who shows it remembered him well. He must have been delirious. He desired to be left alone. 'There, go; I cannot have witnesses; I shall cry; and so—eh? What! the divine Billy was born here, eh? The pride of all nature has been in this room! I must kneel! Leave me! I don't like people to see me cry.' While alone, I suppose Shakspeare's spirit appeared and inspired him, for he produced the following couplet, which appears on the wall, where there are ten thousand names written, and five hundred, I think, that I know amongst them.

'With sacred awe I gaze these walls around,
And tread with reverence o'er this hallowed ground.'

"Bannister, too, went there after dinner, for the third time in one day; threw himself upon the bed in which the dear lying old woman swears Shakspeare was born, nay, shows the chair he was nursed in. But Jack threw himself in his drunken raptures on the bed, and nearly smothered two children, who were asleep till his raptures awoke them. My own raptures I must reserve for another letter, for about five managers demand a letter each to-day."

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.—No. I.

BY AN IRISH BARRISTER.

DEMOSTHENES.

"Recordor me longe omnibus unum anteferre Demosthenem."
CICERO.

IT is pleasing to us, and we hope it may be equally so to our readers, to wander back from the present to the past—to abandon, for a while, the portraiture of the characters of our own times, to investigate the genius of the great master-minds of antiquity. It is true, that on this subject nothing purely original can be written at the present day. This high-road of literature has been so long, and so often, trodden, but more particularly by the classical philologists of Germany, that it is almost impossible to keep clear of the footsteps of our learned precursors. All the brilliancy of colouring—all the force and depth of feeling—grave and beautiful sentiment—philosophical criticism and profound inquiry, have exhausted every subject connected with ancient learning—every patent approach to originality has been sedulously closed up. But to compensate for the absence of novelty, we have a profuse abundance of materials, and the sole difficulty lies in the judiciousness of selection. We absolutely know more of the thoughts and actions of public and social life at Rome in the time of Cicero, or at Athens in the time of Pericles, than of our own country twelve centuries later. The memorials and relics of remoter nations are much more profuse and familiar to our minds, than those connected with our own. We have histories and orations, poems, plays, and letters, of the former periods; while a few dark superstitions and barbarous legends, in which historical truth bears a miserable disproportion to fable, are the only vague records of the latter. We begin with Demosthenes—both because the train of thought in our Note-book leads us to that choice, as well as because we consider him as one of the first of ancient men. Inferior only to Pericles in statesmanship, he surpassed him in the passionate love he felt for his country, and in that transcendent eloquence in which, Sir W. Jones well observes, no mortal will ever surpass, or perhaps equal him, until the same habits of industry and solidity of judgment shall be found united in the same person, with the same force of imagination and the same energy of language. More than two thousand years have passed away, during which time the human mind has made vast strides,—the profoundest depths of science have been explored, and great principles brought into action, which have altered the face of the world. The divine speculations of Plato, of whom it was said that if the gods spoke Greek, they must have spoken his language, have failed before the purer morality of christian ethics. The noble declamations of Æschylus, who stormed heaven with his Titans—the

majestic march of Sophocles—the feeling and human eloquence of Euripides—are all merged in the living vein of lofty poetry—in the prodigious variety and exhaustless splendour of Shakspeare. In his light they have suffered dim eclipse. In history, the unaffected simplicity of Herodotus, and the bold energy of Thucydides—the picturesque beauty of Livy, and the condensed depth of Tacitus, have found numerous rivals. In the fine arts, in boldness of design Michael Angelo ranks with Phidias in sculpture—in painting, Raphael is scarcely inferior to Polygnotus or Praxiteles. In epic poetry, (always excepting Homer,) the moderns have at least equalled the ancients. There may be a question about which is the best in their respective arts, but none as to that in eloquence. Demosthenes stands proudly alone. He not only has not a rival, but an immeasurable distance stands between him and Cicero, who is said to rank next. How is it that he has attained this astonishing pre-eminence? How is it, that in a faculty which is common to the whole species, that of communicating our thoughts and feelings in language, by the unanimous and willing consent of all nations and ages, the palm is conceded to him? And this universal approbation will appear the more extraordinary to a reader who for the first time peruses his unrivalled orations. They do not exhibit any of that high-sounding ostentation on which loosely hangs the fame of so many pretenders to eloquence. There appears no deep reflection to convince you of a more than ordinary penetration, or any philosophical observation to prove the extent of his acquaintance with the great moral writers of his country. He affects no learning, and he does not display it. Following the skilful example of his master Isæus, he rarely generalised, knowing well that sophistries lurked beneath arguments founded on them, and which the inquisitive genius of Athens could not fail to detect. He invariably dwelt on particulars—he affected no elegance—he sought no glaring ornaments; he rarely touched the heart with a soft or melting appeal, and when he did, it was only with an effect in which a third-rate artist would have surpassed him. In this sphere of eloquence Cicero was far his superior. He was too stern in spirit to indulge in the softer emotions of our nature. His language was anything but brilliant; on the contrary, it savoured more of harshness, and not unfrequently descended to coarseness and ribaldry, as may be seen in his terrible recrimination on the mother of Eschines. Poor *Empusa* suffered for the rashness of her son. He had no wit, humour, or vivacity, in our acceptance of either,—qualities which contribute so much to the formation of a modern orator. He wanted all those undeniable attributes of eloquence, and yet who rivals him? The secret of his power is simple—it lies essentially in this—that his political principles were inwoven with his spirit—they were not assumed to serve an interested purpose, to be laid aside when he descended from the Bêma, and resumed when he sought an object. No; they were deeply seated in his heart, and emanated from its profoundest depth. When treason, and envy, and jealousy, threatened the ruin of Athens,—when its aristocracy and democracy were equally corrupt, Demosthenes was inflexible—he never, for a moment, wavered in his allegiance to the City of the Violet Crown. The more she was en-

vironed by perils, the more steady was his resolution. Nothing ever impaired the truth and integrity of his feelings, or weakened his generous convictions. The enthusiasm he kindled through Greece vanished in the disasters of Cheronæa,—all his high hopes were shivered with a blow. But did he repent of the course by which that state of things was brought about? Far from it: he intrepidly declared in the assembly of the people that he gave the best advice, and if matters were in the same position as before the war, he would again recommend the same course. It was this undeviating firmness—this disdain of all compromise, that made him the first of statesmen and orators—in this lay the substance of his power, the primary foundation of his superiority; the rest was merely secondary. At first the people trusted him,—afterwards, corrupted by vulgar demagogues, to whom the people are ever ready to lend a favourable ear, they doubted his advice,—when it was too late they saw the soundness of his policy, and when their hopes expired at Cheronæa, they still honoured Demosthenes, for they replied to the calumnies of his enemies by assigning to him the Funeral Oration, an honour worthy themselves and Demosthenes. As we have remarked, the mystery of his power lay in his honesty,—that gave a warmth and tone to his feelings, an energy to his language, and an impression to his manner, before which every imputation of insincerity vanished. At a time when universal degeneracy triumphed over the last vestige of Athenian virtue, and her orators and counsellors shamelessly pocketed the gold of Philip, and openly advocated his cause, Demosthenes stood forth for a country and democracy that betrayed him. Who charged him with a participation in the disgusting profligacy, at least on any sufficient authority? When the morals of a state are shaken, and the ancient spirit departed that governed its conduct, and formed it to honour and glory—when the national feeling is debauched, and servility gives a death-blow to patriotism, then there is no security for virtue—no hope for the true lover of his country. The calumnies of Dinarchus succeeded in driving Demosthenes into exile. On this subject, however, we shall have to say a few words hereafter.

The eloquence of a nation, like its music, is moulded and fashioned according to the judgment and feelings, not of the higher and more intellectual members of a community, but of the multitude. This principle is peculiarly applicable to the eloquence of Greece. If we only consider the singular position of that country, we cannot question its truth. Greece consisted of a number of independent republics, differing only in the peculiar manners which must always characterise individual states. All glowed with a vehement desire to surpass each other. This feeling of emulation was fomented by the frequent opportunities which all had of establishing their claims to physical or intellectual superiority—the games, where everything was which in itself was beautiful or glorious—the musical contests—the spectacles—the amphyctionic assemblies—a glorious national spirit generated by the conviction that in Greece the germs of political liberty first unfolded themselves, and kept alive by temples, statues, monuments, and inscriptions. The very circumscription of their territory condensed and inflamed the thirst for glory. When the rest

of the world showed but one unbroken reproduction of despotism, the fairest buds of civilisation opened under the blue skies of Greece. The corporeal beauty of the Greek seemed to react on his mind, and to give his thoughts that breadth and elevation which raised him so high in the scale of his species. With the individual, however, we have nothing to do—we speak of the nation. There is one ingredient more, which an inquirer into the origination of the Greek character cannot overlook—that is, Homer. He formed the nation and its character, for all other excellencies as well as eloquence. Throughout the whole range of history, there is nothing comparable to the influence he exercised over his country. Moses moulded the Hebrew nation, Zoroaster the Persian, and other lawgivers and prophets their respective countries; but Homer was absolutely the founder of the Greek character. His divine songs were engraved on the memory and heart of the nation, they were chanted at the sacrifices, they were sung at festivals, they were the foundation of the laws, of public worship, order, and morality—of sculpture, painting, architecture—of all that embellished and elevated Greece. Homer fixed the epic language, and with it the language of Greece. Amidst all the change which it underwent through the strongly-contrasted influence of the Doric and Ionic races, it never became antiquated, and, down to the later periods of Grecian history, continued to be the language of philosophy and eloquence. But his influence on the spirit of his country was even of more importance; he founded its political character; to him its institutions are clearly traceable. We have dwelt at too great length on this subject, but it is intimately connected with the stamp and character of the eloquence of Demosthenes. From Homer he has derived the beautiful rhythm, the well-adjusted proportions of his sentences, his severe grandeur, and a powerful and enduring knowledge of the beauties of Nature. The structure of his periods is essentially Homeric, and the frequency of heroic lines in his orations proves that poetry exercised a graceful slavery over him even in his advanced years. That influence is not confined to him alone; in all the speeches of antiquity there lurked a metrical arrangement. It is found alike in the passionate zeal of Lycurgus, in the vehement invective of Dinarchus, in the chastened elegance of Andocides, in the pure sweetness of Isæus, in the calm correctness of Isocrates, and the argumentative acuteness of Hyperides. Of all languages, none was better calculated to give effect to the dignity of the orator than the Greek. It not only affords the greatest possible latitude to the accumulation and composition of words, but admits of so exquisite an arrangement of epithetical terms as to counteract wholly the prejudicial effect which is produced in other languages by the suspension or dilatation of words. Copious, rich, and powerful, it expresses, by the most artificial and elegant inflections, tenses, cases, and moods, through all their various changes—there are no harsh and inharmonious monosyllables, distinct from the case or tense on which, in modern languages, the signification of a word mainly depends. Our "may, might, would, or ought," are incorporated with the verb, instead of having a separate sound, the dual number partaking of the character of the other two, and distinct from each: their middle voice possess-

ing the active and passive quality—the expressive aorists—all combined to give a charming and significant effect. In all these, modern languages are wholly deficient. The French have recourse to the most extravagant circumlocution, before the sentiment is fully developed; the force is altogether annihilated in the feeble profusion of words. Compared with the compact force of Demosthenes, the diffuse declamations of Mirabeau are the most tedious prosing. The English are far superior to the French in giving force and brevity to expression, but both are wholly unable to imitate the happy arrangement of the Greek. In Demosthenes, the hearer is made acquainted with the wishes of the orator, as occurs in the natural arrangement of his thoughts, first, with the immediate object in view, and after, with the contingencies—a disposition which in our language can be rarely employed without ambiguity. We saw an instance of this not long since in one of Mr. Shiel's speeches, in which the classical structure of his sentences—for Cicero he manifestly assumed as a model—was wholly unfitted for English ears. He could not have so spoken, or he must have been laughed at, for nothing could sound more strangely or strike less forcibly on the ear of a modern audience. The Latin admitted a similar distribution with the Greek; it also expressed a sentiment perhaps with as much clearness, but there the resemblance ends. The energy, the grandeur, the sublime and daring flights of the Greek were wholly unknown to and attainable by it. Having such harmonious materials to work with, Demosthenes wrought out of them a temple of Doric simplicity and severity, finished with the most elaborate and highly wrought art, and has remained in all its striking perfection, an unapproachable model of perfection.

He was the son of an Athenian armourer, not of a common blacksmith, as Juvenal would lead us to believe. His father died in his youth, and left him to the care of his mother Cleobule. His early education was a refined and delicate one, which had so strong an influence on his juvenile character, that he seemed rather to be cast in a feminine than manly mould, and from which his companions nicknamed him *Battalus*, a celebrated flute-player of that day. But he soon laid aside this manner for a bolder and sterner one, into which he was forced by that destiny which haunted him from his first appearance to his last moments. He had scarcely passed the days of boyhood, when he appeared as his own advocate against the faithlessness and treachery of his guardian Aphobus. He was then only in his seventeenth year. Some of the best lawyers in Athens were opposed to him—his exertions were mocked with malignant cruelty—the unsoundness of his arguments—the inelegance of his language—his stammering and awkwardness—were made the jest of his opponents; and as he walked home with a dejected heart from the assembly where his person was insulted and his rights sacrificed, he was saluted by the hisses of the multitude. They did not then recognise in the timid boy the heroic spirit that evoked all the enthusiasm of his country against Philip, and clung with unabated hope to the last remnant of its liberty, nor, in his faltering voice and unconnected words, any traces of that ponderous eloquence which was then kindled. One, however, was present, whose penetrating

sagacity discovered, in this first attempt, the elements of his future splendour. This was Isæus. He repaired to the house of Demosthenes, and requested him to attend his rhetorical lectures, and take instructions in action from Satyrus the tragedian. He did so, and appeared some years after with more decided success as an accuser in a public prosecution against Androtion and Dinocrates. We should also mention that he attended the philosophical lectures of Plato, which had great influence in giving that harmonious shape to his language which was the characteristic of his great master. During the interval, he had corrected the deficiencies of his youth with a zeal and perseverance which have passed into a proverb. How deeply he commands our respect and admiration by his struggles to overcome his natural infirmities, and remove the impressions produced by his first appearance! He was not indebted for the glory he acquired either to the bounty of nature, or the favour of circumstances, but to the inherent strength of his own unconquerable will. We shall not repeat here the story of the "midnight camp," and the other incidents in which Cicero and Plutarch are so copious. The story of the pebbles which he used to get over the stammering, rests on the authority of Demetrius Phalereus, his contemporary. It also appears that he was unable to articulate clearly the letter R, but he vanquished that difficulty most perfectly—for Cicero says, exercitatione fecisse ut *plenissime* diceret. The shaving one side of his head, to keep him close to his study—the declamations by the sea-shore to habituate his weak nerves to the roar of an agitated assembly—the suspension of a naked sword over his left shoulder to prevent it rising above the level of the right, prove, whatever may be their truth, that he got credit for the most indefatigable labour in the acquisition of his art. What his success as a private pleader might have been, we are left only to conjecture: he might have ranked with his master Isæus-Lysias, and the other expounders of public law, had he wholly separated himself from state affairs, and confined himself to the courts of justice. But a great era was at hand—dangers impended over his country, and he rushed to her aid with prudence and resolution. A curious subject of inquiry presents itself here—to determine the reciprocal influences which exist between great men and the ages in which they live—how far they act and re-act on each other. We cannot at present enter into the investigation, but we may remark, that men have always been found to represent the age in which they lived. They may appear to rise above it, but they are not the less its children—they find in it the elements of their elevation. Mighty geniuses are said to have advanced beyond their respective ages, but that means nothing more than that they have a proper understanding of all the bearings and relations of the times, and adjust their action to the principles that spring from that knowledge. Here lies the secret of first-rate intellect. Themistocles represented his age, when the qualities of a general were of more importance than those of a statesman—when the maintenance of the state depended on the success of the battle-field, and where, to produce that end, all, however, was not accomplished by military skill alone, but prudence

was equally necessary as courage. Pericles represented his age, when political knowledge was better understood, and the duties of the commander were subordinate to those of the statesman. Greece never before saw such a model of a minister, and was never again to see. He was calm and self-concentred amid the jarring conflict of parties, to none of which he yielded, and all which he finally crushed. He too, like Demosthenes, had his enemies—they unsparingly abused him, but he gained the esteem and approbation of Thucydides, and, compared with his praise, what is their censure? Never was picture of a statesman drawn with so much power and beauty.—"So long as he presided over the state in peace, he did it with moderation—the state was preserved in its integrity, and was advanced under him to the highest degree of greatness. When the war broke out, he showed that he made a just calculation of his strength; the first in dignity and prudence, he was superior to all suspicion of corruption—he therefore swayed the people at will,—he guided them, and was not guided by them;—for he did not speak according to their humour, but often opposed them with dignity, and even with vehemence. If they were inclined to do anything unreasonable, he knew how to restrain them; if they suffered their courage to sink without reason, he could restore their confidence. His administration was therefore nominally the government of the people, but in reality the government of the first man." To a character described by such a pen we only add, that Pericles, though so great a statesman, was not unmindful of military renown—his conduct in the Peloponnesian war was worthy of his genius. We now come to the period of Demosthenes. His name alone is sufficient to indicate that his power lies in the supremacy of his eloquence. But there is a question here which requires solution—why was the dominion of oratory so long postponed to military skill and statesmanship? Themistocles was no orator, or at least he did not cultivate it with the success of Pericles; and even of the latter, much as we are accustomed to hear of his "thunder and lightning," it cannot be said that his speeches ranked among the works of art in the same sense as those of Demosthenes. Neither is it quite certain, although recorded of him, that he wrote out his speeches. "He was accustomed," says Plutarch, "whenever he was to speak in public, to entreat the gods that he might not utter, unintentionally, any word which should not belong to the subject:" this seems to lead to the conclusion, that he trusted less to memory than to the impulses of the moment, and we need not tell our readers how much the orator is indebted to elaborate preparation and arrangement for the permanance of his fame. The speech ascribed to him in Thucydides is the historian's. In it, however, is the character of the age—it partakes more of the military than the civil character—much less, however, than the age of Themistocles, and possesses few of those modes of influencing popular assemblies, which everywhere pervade the orations of Demosthenes. It has many grand and striking expressions, but they are not of that artificial cast, which, in the latter, follow each other without intermission, and form of the whole a consummate unity.

Contemporary with Philip's plans for the subjugation of Greece and the overthrow of her liberty, oratory assumed that distinctive character which ranked not only above all past but all future eloquence. Why was this peculiar to Athens, and why did not the other Greek cities attain a similar perfection? The cause may be ascribed to the advantages which she possessed above all others in the number and excellence of her rhetorical schools. Where the parts of an oration were so well understood, and the science of eloquence so skilfully analysed, there must be great orators. With great deference, this does not account for the cause—it may make good rhetoricians, but not good orators. The cause lies deeper—Longinus has touched the true reason. "Liberty, the nurse of genius, animates and invigorates the hopes, excites honourable emulation and a desire of excelling. All others you may find among men deprived of liberty, but a slave never became an orator. He is merely a pompous flatterer. Under despotic governments, ornamental declamation may flourish; genuine eloquence is to be sought in the regions of freedom, where the spirits of men have the freest play." This is very true—political liberty is the root and foundation of eloquence, but it is when that liberty is in peril that eloquence assumes a nobler form—it is then that the orator is in all his pride of place—then a mightier field opens to his view. From what fountain could he draw a holier inspiration than the living one of patriotism? What more stirring motive to rouse him to exertion, than to avert the ruin of his country? Everything conspires in his favour—he conjures up past glory, and contrasts it with present humiliation—he forces his way into the heart of the citizen by lofty and indignant appeals to national honour; and where could the orator lash himself into a generous enthusiasm, and summon the spirits of men into action, so effectively as at Athens, where the remembrances of Marathon and Salamis were consecrated by an hundred temples, and handed down to immortality in the triumphal songs of Æschylus?

To Philip we are indebted for Demosthenes. It was he who called forth that prodigious eloquence which electrified Greece, and made Philip tremble—that eloquence to which all times and generations, whose judgments cannot be taken captive by envy, bring and offer the garlands of victory, and shall keep the offerings free from corruption, and is likely so to keep them, "as long as water flows, and the lofty trees flourish."* All the seeds had been long sown for the production of such a man; the government democratic, the rostrum accessible to every citizen, eloquence was now regarded more in the light of a severe study; and the intellectual multitude that frequented the public assemblies, knew well how to appreciate genius. In such a state of things, Demosthenes came forth to direct the affairs of the republic. The subtle politician of Macedon was the object of his unceasing hostility; he discovered all his plans—he

* Διὰ τοῦθ' ὁ πας ἀιὼν καὶ βιος ου δοναμενος υπο τῶν φθονου παρανόιας ἀλῶναι, φέρων ἀπέδωκε τα νικητέρια, καὶ ἄχρι νῦν ἀναφαίρετα φυλάττει, και εοικε τημεσεων.
Εστ' ἂν ὕδωρ τε ῥέῃ, και δενδρεα μακρα τεθήλῃ.

Longo.

disconcerted all his schemes—he alienated some of the states that were confederated with him, terrifying some into neutrality, and seducing others to espouse the cause of Athens. With his policy, however, we have nothing to do, unless so far as it is connected with his eloquence. We leave the discussion of his statemanship to Mr. Bulwer, who no doubt will ably vindicate his motives and conduct. Cheronæa does not darken either. If Demosthenes erred there, he erred splendidly. He did not flinch from the consequences:—they were, to be sure, disastrous, but he did all that human ability could to avert them. All his smaller speeches are full of energy and beauty, and distinguished by that boldness with which he told truths, however unpalatable, to the pleasure-loving Athenians. When the treasury was exhausted, and the triremes rotted in the docks of the Piræus for want of repairs, while Philip, at a distance, gradually sapped the strength of the republic, the Athenians cared little while their passion for amusement was gratified out of the "Theatrical Fund" set apart solely for that purpose, and further guaranteed by a law of Eubulus, which made it a capital crime for any person to propose either its abolition or alienation. But such absurd legislation, with its penal consequences, did not intimidate Demosthenes—he boldly proposed to devote it to the purposes of the war. Loud was the clamour of the playgoers—but his voice rolled above the storm,—he was threatened with impeachment by the demagogues, but he was firm in his purpose, and succeeded.

In the first philippic, after vividly describing the conduct which insures success, and urging the men of wealth to send in contributions for the war, and persons of military age to take up arms, he lays the scourge on the back of Philip, and when he has warmed his audience with enthusiasm, he suddenly turns around, and rebukes them for their unpardonable inactivity: in the language of an old proverb, "he strikes while the iron is heated."

"When, oh! men of Athens—when will you do what you ought? No doubt when something shall happen! when some necessity shall exist! Why, in what light do you view your present situation? Because in my opinion the most urgent necessity to free men is the dishonour that follows failure. Are you content to go about the market-place, and inquire of each other—what news? Let me ask you, can anything be more new, than for a mere man of Macedon to vanquish the Athenians, and rule the affairs of Greece? Is Philip dead? No—by heavens, but he is sick! And how does that concern you? For were this Philip to die, you would soon raise up to yourselves another Philip, if this be your mode of attending to affairs. For he has not elevated himself so much by his own power as by your sloth. Besides, be certain of this, that if anything should happen to him, and fortune should favour us, which always succours us so much better than ourselves, (and may her efforts for us be complete!) by being on the very spot, and taking advantage of the disorder into which all things would be thrown, you may dispose of them at your pleasure. But in your present condition, not even when a favourable juncture should put Amphipolis into your power, can you possess it, falling back as you do both in your preparation and determination."*

* We could not safely venture to give translations of our own; and as we do not much relish the loose although elegant version of Leland, in which much is substi-

In the fourth philippic there is the following very beautiful passage, in which Aristodemus, a vehement partisan of Philip, and a counsellor of peace, is covered with that bitter invective which corrodes like vitriolic acid. Demosthenes was never frugal of vituperation—where it was deserved, he dealt it without measure—he never minced words, or smothered their acidity by a gentle antidote A real ruffian as Aristodemus was, he called him so, and never covered his dislike beneath a false glare of words——

"Suppose you, Aristodemus, (invective apart,) were asked how it comes to pass, that though well aware of what indeed every one knows, the calm and the ease and security of a private station, and the anxiety and slipperiness—the daily vexations and perils which chequer public life, you yet should prefer a stormy existence to quiet and repose—what would you say? If you gave the best answer, and we were willing to admit its truth, that your motive is the love of your honour and renown, I should marvel how a man disposed for this gratification to encounter every toil, and suffering, and hazard, can counsel his country to sacrifice all such considerations for the love of ease. For surely we cannot pretend that you have some dignity to support in Athens, but that Athens has none to maintain among the states of Greece. Nor do I precisely see how the safety of the state should depend upon only attending to its own concerns, if your chief peril lies in not meddling more than any body else with business not your own. On the contrary, you and the state are in jeopardy—you from doing and overdoing—she from inaction. But then it seems (God help us!) it would be a shame if the glories you derive from your fathers and ancestors should be tarnished in your person, but that the country has inherited from its forefathers only mean and nameless renown. Not so—your father was a ruffian if he resembled you. Our ancestors, as all the states of Greece well know, twice saved them from the most prodigious dangers. But, in truth, some men mete out a very different measure both of justice and prejudice to themselves and to the state. For what fairness is there in men who have just escaped from prison, wholly forgetting their place, while the nation which was wont to fill the first place among the states of Greece, and sway their destinies, is now to be sunk in absolute ingloriousness and insignificance?"

The exquisite art of this argument is only comparable to its chaste and headstrong eloquence. But it is unjust to the character of Demosthenes to sacrifice his general grandeur by the selection of a few detached passages, which can only give a shadowy idea of his great vigour and sublimity. The spirit, genius, and power, dwell in no particular part; they are infused through and impregnate the mass. To form a proper estimate, a whole oration should be weighed—a broken finger would give about as correct a notion of the Minerva of Phidias, or the ethereal grace and beauty of the Coan Venus. In the two passages we have selected, the reader will be surprised at the absence of anything like ornament; the devourer of dazzling tropes

tuted, and much not well expressed, because the Doctor thought in English instead of Greek, we preferred the translation we have given, which has been ascribed to Lord Brougham. The sentiments are most faithfully expressed, and with a force which we thought our language could scarce admit. In the extracts from the Crown there appears somewhat of the involved manner that characterises Brougham's own eloquence.

and splendid imagery must stay his desire, and seek elsewhere for stimulants to his appetite for fine fancies. In Demosthenes there is no food of that unwholesome nature; he gives a solid and single dish, dressed in the most homely style, without sauce or condiment. We are astonished at his great sobriety and abstemiousness—at his want of ostentation and surpassing homeliness of manner; and, at first sight, we can see little to justify the enthusiasm of a celebrated ancient critic—"When I take up any of the orations of Demosthenes, I am inspired with enthusiasm—I am impelled from one emotion to another, assuming a succession of passions—doubting—struggling—fearing—despising—hating—melted with pity or kindness—torn now with anger, and now with envy—in fact, a prey to all the passions that govern the human heart. He is sublime, yet single—overflowing, yet compressed—polished, yet idiomatic—panegyrical, yet true—austere, yet vivacious—forcible, yet lax—sweet, yet bitter—mild, yet passionate—differing in no manner from Proteus, celebrated in the fables of the ancient poets, who assumed without trouble all kinds of forms; whether he was some divinity or demon, who deceived human vision, or a man of consummate wisdom, skilled in every variety of speech, and so imposing on the sense of hearing." How powerfully are the impressions expressed in the foregoing extract! But if the mere reading of the Orations produced so extraordinary an effect on a stranger, what must have been their effect on the men who heard them? How must the breasts of the Athenians have burned! With what tumultuous emotions must they have been swayed, when he stood on the marble tribune that overlooked the city, surrounded by the temples of the guardian gods—Marathon on his left—Salamis before him—every object in view that could kindle a recollection of the glorious days of Greece—of a series of events than which there is no grander spectacle in history, and which, with all the exaggerations of orators and poets, still have sufficient to eternise the bravery of Athens? A northern barbarian, too, attempting the downfal of a city which valiantly withstood a continent in arms, and continued the struggle by land and sea until it dictated the terms of peace to Asia—can the results of his eloquence be wondered at? Passion — anger— disdain — earnestness — inflammation — glory — Greece and liberty—formed that stupendous compound. We read them now in our closet; but, besides our ignorance of the language, its structure and idioms, how much is lost! The finely-modulated voice—the glowing and dilated eye—all the immediate action of mind on mind—the manifest inspiration of intense power and energy—the well-balanced and expressive gesture, an argument in itself—all are absent, and we in vain endeavour to supply the place by gelid words. A spoken and written speech are nearly as different as a body in a state of life and death, or, as a modern writer has expressed it, somewhat ambitiously but truly, between some magnificent temple laid open to the studious contemplation of some solitary student, and the same edifice beheld amid the fullest accompaniments of sacrificial movement and splendour, thronged with adoring crowds, and resounding with solemn harmonies. We must not forget to notice a peculiarity which pervades all his smaller orations — we allude to his

numerous repetitions; and so far has he proceeded in this, that not only single sentiments or periods are repeated, but nearly whole orations.

The fourth philippic is a singular repetition of the oration on the Chersonese, the most grand and convincing of all his minor ones. Critics have split into parties on this subject; but we unfortunately do not coincide in opinion with either. We do not agree with one set that the fourth philippic is the peroration of the whole set delivered against Philip, in which Demosthenes winds up the whole of his charges; and in this manner they seek to account for the transcript. This may apply, perhaps, to the fourth philippic, but does not account for the individual sentences which occur in half a dozen different speeches, and are wholly unconnected with that oration. Neither do we incline to the opinions of the other class, who have, however, more reason on their side, and found their conjectures on the elaborate finish he gave to his eloquence. No doubt he prepared his compositions with extreme art, and wrought them to perfection; but in the repeated passages, numerous periods reappear unimproved either in force or beauty; they are not cast in a new mould, or embellished by any new turn of thought or language. Neither are they generally of that splendid character which might fix them more deeply in the mind of the orator in proportion to the labour bestowed on them, and which consequently he may be more liable to repeat. The following passage is one of frequent occurrence, and, always without a single deviation, its theme the implacable enmity of Philip to Athens:—"He is evil-minded and hostile to the whole city, and even the very ground on which it stands." And in another part—"Far be from us the compulsion which slaves only know. Where lies the difference? In a freeman the dread of dishonour is, of all considerations that can be fancied, the most powerful. To the slave, indeed, blows and bodily stripes supply its place; but that is impossible, and decency forbids the mention of it." The cause, in our opinion, is of a more deep and artful nature than either of these. The repetitions are reducible to two classes—bitter invective against Philip, and a statement of the most powerful motives that should urge freemen to action. He saw that the groundwork of success consisted, on the one hand, in keeping the national flame alive against the invader, and, on the other, spurring the indolence of the Athenians to action. He knew full well the secret power of frequent repetition—of ringing truths into men's ears on matters that vitally concerned them. "Men," Doctor Johnson observes, "who are in the habit of hearing one story, however improbable, will be at length induced to believe in its truth." And how necessary was it to force these truths on the minds of the Athenians! Mr. O'Connell perfectly understands the value of repetitions of this nature. His "justice to Ireland," or "hereditary bondsmen," or any of the other phrases which are continually on his tongue, have called forth many a gibe and sneer from those who look no deeper than the surface. Their frequent reappearance, however, is the result of a profound knowledge of his art—of a deep insight into the working of the human mind, and of the intricate machinery by which it is stirred into vigorous action. When men hear these things so often, they must necessarily force them-

selves on their consideration, and at last be incorporated with their thoughts. We think the motives of Demosthenes may have been similar; and the sole reason why he has not repeated his pet passages so often as Mr. O'Connell, is, because the latter has spoken one hundred times more often than Demosthenes, and more perhaps than any man who ever lived. We have hazarded an opinion on a subject on which critics and commentators have lavished both learning and judgment, and though we may not have succeeded in developing the true reason, we at least claim for our observations the merit of originality.

Before we close our observations on his minor orations, we cannot refrain from quoting that magnificent piece of eloquence in his second Olynthiac, which has most justly been commended as the finest in all his works. It is of that practical character which could not fail to exercise sway over the feelings even of a modern audience. It appeals less to passion than to common sense; and never perhaps was the insecurity of ill-acquired power more lucidly portrayed. "When a confederacy rests upon union of sentiments, and all have a common interest in the war, men take a delight in sharing in the same toils, in bearing the same burthens, and in persevering to the end. But where, by aggression and intrigue, one party, like the prince, has waxed powerful over the rest, the first pretext, the slightest reverse, shakes off the yoke, and it is gone! For it is not, O men of Athens! it is not in nature that stability should be given to power by oppression, and falsehood, and perjury. Dominion may for once be thus obtained—it may even endure for a season, and by the favour of fortune present to men's hopes a flourishing aspect; but time will search it, and of itself it must crumble to pieces. For, as the lower part of buildings, and vessels, and all such structures, should be the most solid, so ought the motives and principles of our actions be founded in truth and justice."

This admirable reasoning was directed not so much against the vicious character and instability of Philip's government, as against the Athenian policy, and the unjust supremacy that state acquired during the Persian war. Our readers may remember, that by the voluntary assent of the states, Athens was placed at the head of the league. The association of the states was at first the reverse of compulsory; all were bound by mutual interests, and there was no dependence. When the war terminated, Athens, infected by the spirit of aggrandisement, made the federation obligatory. She acquired sufficient power and authority during the league to carry this measure into effect. Everything was turned to her own advantage. As is generally the case, the consciousness of superiority influenced those who possessed to abuse it, and the allies were miserably oppressed. The old notions had ceased to operate; but Athens would not renounce her authority. Single states sought the recovery of their independence, which was not granted them; losses and disasters followed, and the liberty of all was soon buried in the ruin. This twofold application is confirmed by the fact, that, in his first oration concerning the *συμμορίαι*, or classes, he opposed an offensive war against Persia, for which the Athenians were eager, in the hope of effecting a general

union of the Greeks. "To stand on one's own feet" was his general maxim, which had Athens properly understood, she might have long continued to prosper. The subsequent alliances he encouraged and carried into effect among the Greeks were founded on principles wholly different, and of course could not be brought under the same reasons.

We now come to that extraordinary contest between the two greatest orators of ancient times; for, in our opinion, Cicero ranks below Eschines in the true attributes of eloquence. The world never before witnessed such a singular exhibition, and never will again. The stakes on both sides were mighty, and the game was played with a desperate energy commensurate with the importance of the struggle. The ruin of Demosthenes engrossed the whole mind of Antipater, as it did before the minds of Philip and Alexander. His person was demanded of the Athenians; but, with a heroism worthy of better days, they sent back the generous reply, "Let us first know his crimes against Athens." The Macedonian party was powerful; and as no more plausible mode presented itself, they forced Eschines, their leader, and the most eloquent of their party, to conduct a prosecution against Ctesiphon for having voted a crown of gold to Demosthenes for his services to the republic during his administration. The attack was nominally against the former, but really against the latter; his condemnation or acquittal involved the glory or disgrace of Demosthenes. This he felt acutely;—a powerful and merciless faction was opposed to him,—the Macedonian soldiers almost at the gate,—the hand of Antipater on his throat,—everything was lowering, dark, and hopeless,—the hearts of all were depressed, but the spirit of Demosthenes was unbroken — that remained immovable, unshaken. The vulgar demagogues, ever prompt to treachery when their own interests were secured, were profusely bribed to stir up the enmity of the people—the very judges were partisans; but he trusted to the justice of his cause and his invincible eloquence. Who, with the same tumult of hopes and fears—with the same interests at hazard—the same perils to be encountered—the same motives to depress and dispirit—could have breasted the storm with the same firmness and intrepidity? It was easy for Cicero to open his oration for Milo with an air of boldness amid the clang of arms. They were placed there manifestly more for his protection than his danger. Clodius was the darling of the populace, Milo their hatred, while Pompey, as was well known, detested Clodius. The speech on the Manilian law endeared Cicero to him; and in order to quell the popular storm, and insure the safety of the advocate, if he happened to indulge in language unpalatable to the "tunicked crowd," he filled the Forum with armed men. This incident Cicero with much art turned to his own advantage, and shaped out of it a very elegant and forcible exordium. It was easy for him, also, to open on the devoted Catiline with a "quousque tandem;" and it was not more difficult to pen his philippics coolly in his study at Tusculum. He would have swooned in the rostrum, had he been circumstanced as Demosthenes was. The feebleness of his advocacy, springing from sheer cowardice, sent his client to Marseilles to eat shrimps. Not so Demosthenes, whose heart was of

adamant, as his tongue was lightning; through life he had boldly struggled against destiny, and he resolved not to abandon the fruits of a long and glorious career without an effort. And such an effort! It was Demosthenes in despair. Oh if ye had only heard the monster himself—*τι δε ει αυτου του θηριου ακηκοειτε!*

What a day must that of the impeachment have been in Athens! How busy—how bustling! The intellect, the genius, the wisdom of the continent and islands congregated in the sacred city! Prayers were offered up in the temples of the gods, and at noon the multitude ascended the Onyx! What eagerness—what interest—what intense anxiety—must have pervaded that assembly! All the civilisation of Greece was there, and with it the civilisation of the world. There was no mob—Athens had none in the modern acceptation of the word—they were all intelligent citizens. Their passion for liberty—their information, arising from the freedom of debate which characterised their discussions—the great and interesting subjects which, for more than a hundred years, were canvassed before them, and whose rejection or adoption depended on them—their general knowledge, grounded on the excellence of their early education, and improved by lectures on every branch of human science—all rendered them the finest popular audience in ancient or perhaps modern times, and suitable spectators of so momentous a trial.

On one side were ranged Eschines and the numerous partisans of Macedon—on the other, Demosthenes and the friends of liberty and of Greece. The Clypsedra was at last set, and Eschines ascended the rostrum. His oration was certainly one of wonderful power, and must have left an impression not easy to be erased. It embraced a vast range of subjects, including not only the several administrations of Demosthenes, but the history of Greece for almost half a century, and all so skilfully interwoven and connected, that nothing could be well omitted. The cautious subtlety of the pleader is more conspicuous throughout than the open warmth of the advocate; and he strives more to fasten guilt on Demosthenes than to justify his own public conduct, which he well knew was suspected. He draws a curtain over this, except on some very trivial points, which he takes care to dress up in the most favourable manner. He must have been a great lawyer, far superior to Demosthenes, whose inferiority in that respect is very striking. His exposition of the laws was very masterly and judicious, and most satisfactorily established, by a chain of the clearest and most cogent reasoning, that Ctesiphon and Demosthenes were guilty of their infraction. Had the latter no better support than the laws, Eschines had never gone to Rhodes. The law was his stronghold; there he exults in all the fulness of triumph. He had all the state documents, decrees, and ordonnances at his fingers' end, of which he made the greatest use, and which he discussed with the most statesmanlike sagacity. But his power is not confined to this alone; his oratory is of the finest order—bold, rapid, and convincing. His mind was first-rate, and so was his eloquence. Between him and Demosthenes the difference is not very great. Some even go so far as to place him on the same level, to which we cannot assent; but certainly he is as far above Cicero as Demosthenes is

above him. He often rises to the highest points of eloquence, but he also often overdoes and spoils the effect by tacking a declamatory flourish, which detracts from its force. He had not the judgment of Demosthenes, who, in the whirlwind of his inflammation, never lost sight of the argument, or of good taste. That Eschines was, notwithstanding, a great master, look at his noble peroration, in which he evokes from their sepulchres the illustrious dead of Athens, and calls on his hearers to listen to their groans for daring to crown the traitor who had conspired with barbarians against his country. He knew that if Ctesiphon was not compelled to defend himself, his cause was hopeless; he therefore labours with great energy and dexterity to prevent the advocacy from falling into the hands of Demosthenes.

"What! (addressing Ctesiphon) is the man whom you propose to be crowned, of such a description that he cannot be known to those who have benefited him, unless there be somebody to speak for you? Ask, then, the judges if they knew Chabrias, and Iphicrates, and Timotheus, and inquire of them whether they gave them rewards, and erected statues in their honour? They all, with one voice, will answer, that it was to Chabrias, on account of his naval victory at Naxos; to Iphicrates, because he cut in pieces the Lacedemonian legion; to Timotheus, for the relief of Corcyra; and to others, because many and honourable exploits had been performed by them in war. And if any should inquire of you, why you did *not* give them to Demosthenes, your answer should be, because he has taken bribes—because he is a coward—because he has deserted his post in the field. And whether, think you, will you honour him, or dishonour yourselves, and those who have died for you in battle, whom imagine you see bewailing, if this man shall be crowned? For it would be monstrous, O Athenians! if we remove out of our territory stocks and stones, and pieces of iron, mute and senseless objects, if, by falling upon persons, they have caused their death; and if any one shall commit suicide, we bury the hand which did the deed apart from the body; and you shall honour Demosthenes, the man who proposed the last of all your expeditions, and betrayed your soldiers to the enemy! Why, then, the dead are dishonoured, and the living become dispirited, when they behold death the appointed prize of valour, and the memory of the dead fading away. But what is the most important of all, if your youths should inquire of you upon what model they ought to form their conduct, what will you answer? For you well know that it is not the Palæstras alone, nor the schools, nor music, which instruct your youth, but much more the public proclamations. Is any man, scandalous in his life, and odious for his vices, proclaimed in the theatre as having been crowned on account of his virtue, his general excellence, and patriotism!—the youth who witnesses it is depraved. Does any profligate and abandoned libertine, like Ctesiphon, suffer punishment?—all other persons are instructed. Does a man, who has given a vote against what is honourable and just, upon his return home attempt to teach his son? He, with good reason, will not listen; and that which would otherwise be instruction, is justly termed importunity. Do you, therefore, give your votes, not merely as deciding the present cause, but with a view to consequences—for your justification to those citizens who are now present, but who will demand an account from you of the judgment which you have pronounced. Full well you know, O Athenians! that the credit of the city will be such as is the character of the person who receives the crown; and it is a disgrace for you to be likened, not to your ancestors, but to the cowardice of Demosthenes."

It is powerful in argument and eloquence, and must have told sharply against his adversary. His most nervous passages are the vituperative, which few knew to handle with better effect, and which he dealt out unsparingly. Far better for him to have omitted the display of that unenviable attribute, for never was such a headlong torrent of abuse heaped on the head of man as on the devoted head of Eschines. Two could play at that game, and certainly the odds were in favour of Demosthenes. All the unsavoury coarseness of Billingsgate was musk and sweet marjoram compared to it. We shall not meddle with the attack or reply. The closing passage of Eschines, to which we have alluded above, is highly wrought and beautiful; and but for the tasteless appeal to substances and qualities which are foreign to the subject, and are introduced as a mere rhetorical flash, would be perfect.

"But when, at the conclusion of his speech, he shall call before you, as advocates, the partakers of his bribes, believe that you see upon this rostrum, where I am now standing to address you, drawn up in array against their effrontery, the great benefactors of their country. Solon, who adorned the democracy with the most excellent laws—a wise man, a good lawgiver—mildly, as befitted him, entreating you not to make the speeches of Demosthenes of more avail than your oaths and the laws; Aristides, too, who settled their contributions for the Greeks, and upon whose death the people portioned his daughters, exclaiming against the dishonour of justice, and demanding if you are not ashamed that your ancestors were upon the very point of putting to death Arthmius of Zelia, who brought the money of the Persians into Greece, and journeyed into our city, being then a public guest of the people of Athens, but did expel him from the city and all the dependencies of the Athenians, and that you are about to crown Demosthenes, who did not bring the money of the Persians into Greece, but himself received bribes, and moreover even now retains them—with a golden crown. Do you not imagine that Themistocles, also, and those who died at Marathon and Platæa, and the very tombs of our ancestors, will raise a groan, if this man, who, avowedly siding with the barbarians, opposed the Greeks, shall be crowned? I then—I call you to witness—ye earth and sun, and virtue, and intellect, and education, by which we distinguish what is honourable from what is base,—have given my help, and have spoken. And if I have conducted the accusation adequately, and in a manner worthy of the transgression of the laws, I have spoken as I wished; if imperfectly, then only as I have been able. But do you, both from what has been said and what has been omitted, decide as is just and convenient on behalf of the country."

The apostrophe is most unnatural. What had the earth and sun to do with the condemnation of Demosthenes? It was false, hollow declamation—a piece of patchwork, which, so far from ornamenting, as was intended, completely destroys the effect of the noble passage that precedes it. This far-fetched exclamation did not escape the observation of Demosthenes, who upbraids him with his mock solemnity in addressing himself to what was wholly unconnected with the subject—ranting and mouthing like a tragic actor, as if the contest was one of vociferation, and not about the dearest interests of Athens. But, with this exception, the oration is very fine—great in design, great in execution. Every part is worked with skill, and especially

where the public conduct of his antagonist afforded any weakness. In charging him with the receipt of a bribe from the citizens of Oreum, he shows extreme dexterity. There can be little doubt that he did receive it, but there is also as little doubt that he never took gold to the detriment of his country. As to Harpalus, bribing was the common calumny against all who did not side with Philip. If his enemies could prove it, it is not to be supposed that they would have kept back their proofs. His hands were never stained with the gold of Persia; but suppose he had accepted a reward for the patriotism he with boldness and eloquence uttered long before, he would (as Wachsmuth well observes) possess one virtue less; but still, how immeasurable a distance would there be between him, the representative of his country's glory and liberty, and false traitors, like Eschines himself, who accepted bribes for delivering it into the hands of Philip! He was ever guided by the conviction that it required all the vigilance and resolution of the Greeks to check the invader. This feeling was neither strengthened by gold, nor so debauched by it, that he should be induced to do that for money which he had exclusively done from an honest zeal in the cause itself; and it lost little of its force in consequence of the persecution or humiliation he experienced on his embassy to Philip.

Any person who had never heard the issue of the contest, and read the speech of Eschines, must conclude that conviction was inevitable. He will seek in vain for some loophole through which Demosthenes could hope to escape. The laws are clear and decided—it is impossible to set on them a different construction. The misdemeanours too appear manifest; time, place, every circumstance which could give colour to their truth, are brought together. His personal conduct before Philip, his cowardice and shameful flight from Cheronæa, all conspire to leave a brand on the character of Demosthenes, which the perusal of the immortal Crown could alone efface. Let it be read after Eschines, and it appears in all its marvellous felicity and power of reply and retort. Like the calm strength with which the Paradise Lost opens, he began this transcendent display of more than mortal eloquence without the appearance of an effort. Cool, unimpassioned, self-collected, without the least spark of that terrible fire which was to envelope and consume everything in its progress, he begins, like Pericles. with a prayer to the gods, with which he artfully combines the conciliation of his audience, and which we have no doubt was wholly successful. He knew well under how great difficulties a man labours who is compelled to speak for himself; to his stern character egotism was very unpalatable; besides that, self-commendation is odious to a hearer, and he dexterously gets rid of the difficulty by throwing the entire *onus* on Eschines.

The exordium is short, but highly artistical. We do not, however, believe with the critic of Halycarnassus that the choice and arrangement are so finished, that the substitution of a single word would destroy the perfection. The expressions certainly are exquisitely selected, but we do not come to the conclusion he draws. A friend of ours, whose knowledge was equal to his taste, and his judgment to both, once observed to us, that had Demosthenes reliedmerely on the

effect he produced by the first section, without at all entering into the charges, the result would have been in his favour. There is nothing in the records of eloquence, not even excepting his own matchless apostrophe, so powerful and effective, and yet so simple. After winning over the audience, he softens the great difficulty, the infraction of the laws. He then takes a cursory view of the general conduct of Philip, and, as he goes along, flings a bolt at Eschines, proving his intimate connexion with the enemies of Greece. He then recurs to the laws, and attempts to show the ignorance or malevolence of his opponent, by quitting laws which were unconnected with the issue, and mutilating others to suit his vicious purposes. He meets the argument with affected boldness; but instead of laying himself down to it closely, he draws off the attention of the audience with bursts of vehement eloquence, which dazzles their judgment, leaving behind impressions of the most sovereign disgust for Eschines. The Sacred War, of which the latter had made so much, he takes asunder, giving a wholly different statement, and, instead of his own guilt, proves to conviction the treachery of Eschines. This is perhaps the most successful part of his defence. We shall now give a few extracts. The capture of Elatea is one of the finest pieces of descriptive eloquence ever spoken. It is a vivid and stirring picture of the tumult and consternation that pervaded the city on the arrival of the intelligence.

"It was evening. A messenger came to acquaint the Prytanes that Elatea was taken; whereupon, some of them, instantly starting from the table at which they were sitting, cleared the booths in the Forum, and set fire to their wicker coverings; others summoned the commanding officers, and ordered the alarum to be sounded. The city was filled with consternation. When the next day dawned, the Prytanes convoked the senate in the senate-house;—you repaired to your own assembly, and before they could adopt any measures, or even enter upon their deliberations, the whole people took their seats on the steps. And now when the senators came forth, and the Prytanes announced the intelligence, and presented the bearer thereof, and he had himself related it, the herald made proclamation if any one desired to speak. No man stood forward. He repeated the proclamation again and again. No person rose the more, of all the captains, of all the orators, who were there present, though the cries of our common country were heard imploring some one to lift his voice and save her. For we may justly regard the call which the herald then made, in the solemn form of the law, as the voice of our country. And, truly, if the only qualification to come forward then, had been an anxiety for the public safety, all of you, and every other Athenian too, might have risen and ascended the rostrum, for I am well aware that all were anxious to save the state. If wealth had been the qualification, we might have had the Three Hundred; if munificence, those who, in the sequel, became such ample voluntary contributors, evincing at once their riches and their patriotism. But that was manifestly the crisis—that the day not merely for a wealthy and patriotic individual to bear a part, but for me, who had from the very first kept pace with the progress of affairs, and happily penetrated the motives and designs of Philip. For a man, unacquainted with these—one, who had not anxiously surveyed them from their first appearance, might be ever so rich and ever so zealous, and yet be none the more likely to descry the best course, and to give you the soundest counsel. In that day, then—such a man was I—and stand-

ing up, I spoke to you, what you must once more attentively listen to, with two views—first, that you may perceive, how alone of all the orators and statesmen, *I* did not abandon the post of patriotism in the hour of danger, but, both by my words and by my actions, discharged my duty to you in the last emergency;—next, that at the expense of a little time, you may acquire a fuller insight into our whole policy for the future.

There are few who will not admire this, not more for its pictorial beauty than the noble light in which it displays the character of Demosthenes. All these had witnessed the occurrence to which he alludes, so that he would not dare to misstate. When a terrible panic had struck the city, none had the boldness to come forward: he alone was found true to his own convictions, as well as to his country. Where was Eschines—where were the factious demagogues then?—chuckling at the successes of Philip. Statesmen, orators, and all, abandoned Athens: one man alone was found to stand between her and destruction; his honest and patriotic advice restored public confidence, and for a season upheld the liberty of his country. In no one part of his conduct did he plume himself so much as on the alliance effected with Thebes. It was a great master-stroke of policy, and he not only succeeded in gaining over that state, but in kindling its enthusiasm for the glory of universal Greece. All his and their hopes fell prostrate at Cheronæa, but how nobly does he justify his conduct!

"This decree (drawn up by himself, and unsurpassed for its wisdom and eloquence) caused the danger which then environed the city to pass away like a cloud. Now the duty of a good citizen was to declare publicly at the time if he had any better measures to propose, and not now to condemn them. For an honest adviser, and a false accuser, resembling each other in no one thing, differ most of all in this—that the one declares his opinion before the events happen, and renders himself responsible to those who adopt his counsel, to fortune, to events, to any one who may call him to account; but the other, keeping silence when he ought to speak out, and making a reverse of fortune, if any should happen, the foundation of unjust accusations. That then was the season, as I have already said, for a man to come forward, who had the good of his country at heart, and give honest advice. But I go further, and to so extravagant a length, that if at this moment any one can point anything better to be done, or if, upon the whole, anything was possible, except that I adopted, I will admit that I did wrong; for if any can now be discovered that would have been of advantage had it been then resorted to, I avow that it ought not to have escaped me. But if there neither is nor was—and no man, even at this hour, can suggest any such thing—what ought a statesman to have done? Ought he not to have chosen whatever was the best under existing circumstances, and out of the means within his reach? This is the very thing I did, Eschines, when the public herald demanded, 'Who wished to address the people,' not, 'Who wishes to find fault with past events?' or 'Who wishes to pledge himself for what is to happen?' Whilst you, at that crisis, sat silent in the assembly, I came forward and spoke. But if you could not *then*, at least point out *now*—let us hear what resource, which I ought to have discovered—or what opportunity which I ought to have improved, was then omitted by me in behalf of the country? What alliance? what single measure? what should I have actually persuaded the people to pursue in preference to what was actually adopted?"

How overwhelming must this candid exposition of his conduct have been to his adversaries! What influence must it have had on his audience, who remembered the great hopes entertained by all the friends of Grecian freedom when that alliance was effected? However, the greater part of mankind will always test the soundness or unsoundness of measures by the most irrefragable of all arguments, the actual result; and labouring on this unfair mode of estimating the policy of a measure, Eschines bitterly taunted him with Cheronæa. He charged him with imbecility, cowardice—with "those runaway feet of his" which had so shamelessly betrayed the best interests of his country. With a people so sensitive of valour as the Athenians, this must have told severely; it required all the skill of Demosthenes to remove it, and it is removed with a beauty, and feeling, and wisdom, that must have evoked some tears, and not a little applause. How weak are the calculations of man! What little knowledge has he of the course of events! How poor his insight into the mysterious workings of Providence! He founds results on data to him fixed and immutable; they are changed, they vanish, he cannot tell by what agency. It is not human, for he has guarded against that with foresight, wisdom, and caution. Fortune alone is to blame —the charge lies at her feet!

"Oh Athenians! examine the character of my public conduct—I invite you to it—and do not unjustly upbraid me with the event. For the termination of all things must ever be at the disposal of Providence, and it is only from the measures he proposes that any judgment can be formed of the intelligence of the statesman. Never let it be attributed to me as any offence, if it did so fall out that Philip won the battle, for the issue of that was in the hands of God, and not of me. But show that I did not select such measures as, according to human foresight, and what was practicable, were the best—and that I did not faithfully and honestly and laboriously (even beyond my strength) execute them, or that the course proposed by me was not honourable and worthy of our country, and necessary—show me this, and then accuse me. But if that tempest or thunder-clap which came upon us was too powerful, not only for us, but for all the rest of Greece to resist, what was to be done? Just as if the master of a vessel, after having done everything possible for security, and equipped it with everything for the purpose, and with the prospect of safety, should encounter a storm, and upon his tackle being strained, or wholly giving way, were to suffer shipwreck, and then some one should blame him, 'Why, I had not the control of the vessel,' he might reply—any more than *I* had the command of the army, or was the master of Fortune, instead of her being the mistress of everything.

* * * * *

"That scoundrel, for whom the misfortunes of the Greeks are reserved as a source of glory, ought rather to suffer death himself than accuse another; and he cannot be well affected to his country, who has such an identity of interests with its enemies, as that the same circumstances should be at once profitable to both. By the habits of your life and private conduct—by what you do in public affairs, and by what you decline doing, you manifest what you are. Is there anything going on from which there is a prospect of advantage to the country—Eschines is dumb. Has there been any failure, or a result different from what there ought be—forth comes Eschines, *just as old fractures and sprains rack us afresh, when the body is attacked by disease.*"

It would be no difficult matter to multiply forcible extracts from this magnificent speech; but to give the English reader a fair notion of its great excellence, we should far surpass the limits allowed in this paper. It is from beginning to end an intense furnace of boldness, freedom, contempt, and indignation—all supporting and never falling short of the argument. In the midst of his inflammatory career this is never abandoned. Here is the celebrated oath which he seems to have derived from the peroration of Eschines, but which throws that and all the appeals that ever were uttered into oblivion.

"If now I affected to say that I induced you to adopt opinions worthy of your ancestors, there is no man who ought not justly reprehend me; but as it is, I am showing that before my time the state entertained those sentiments, though a share in the execution of everything that has been done I do affirm to be mine. But this Eschines, in condemning the whole in a lump, and exhorting you to regard me with aversion, as the cause of the terror and danger that befel the country, is indeed desirous of depriving me of my temporary glory, but is at the same time robbing you of the praises which are your due through all future ages. For if you should condemn Ctesiphon on the ground that my public measures were not the best possible, you will appear to have been in error, and not to have suffered that which had happened through the blind caprice of fortune. But it cannot be—it cannot be that you have erred, oh men of Athens, in encountering danger for the common liberty and safety of Greece. *No!—By those ancestors I swear, who for this cause courted death at Marathon, and who stood in the van of the battle at Platæa—and by those who fought the sea-fights at Salamis and off Artemisium, and so many other valiant men who lie buried in the public sepulchres of their country, all of whom this state interred, Eschines, without distinction, deeming them worthy of equal honour, and not only those who were successful and won the victory. And justly—for the duty of brave men was equally done by all, but the fortune which they met was at the disposal of Providence.*"

In these days, when the eloquence of reason is substituted for that of passion, and men are more governed by what appeals to their understanding than their sensations and feelings, it is impossible to form any notion of the effect produced on the lively and enthusiastic spirit of the Athenians. They looked, as the orator from the rostrum conjured up the illustrious dead, to the immortal plain of Marathon—below them rolled the blue waves of Salamis—around them stood the sepulchres where rested the sacred ashes of their heroes—the statues that gave them all but life—the temples consecrated to their memory—and when Demosthenes, with an inspired eye and convulsive frame, pointed to the very scenes where the swords and triremes of the eternal city accomplished those imperishable deeds in behalf not of her own, but of human liberty, must not the reader fail in picturing the almost insane excitement? Before it the most powerful declamations of Burke, or Fox, or Erskine, dwindle into insignificance. Chatham may have produced something like it in the speech on the American war. We can only again repeat with his adversary, "What if we had heard him?"

When he pronounced this oration he was advanced in years, broken down with sickness as well as the afflictions of his country; he was

wholly at the mercy of Antipater beside; but throughout all there is not the shadow of a fear; no trembling, no blenching, no attempt to mollify the resentment of his enemies, or to avert the destiny which full well he knew awaited him, whether victory now declared for or against him. He was a man of the sternest convictions, and he gave proofs of his firmness by scorning all compromise. Neither is there any gasconade, any self-commendation, where his own defence did not imperatively require it. How unlike the miserable egotism of Cicero, who seemed to enjoy life only in an atmosphere of vain adulation; the one tortured by his consulship—his everlasting consulship: it is lugged in everywhere, in his speeches and philosophical writings, where it should, and where it should not; in his letters to Atticus, and his advice to his son; it is all the same—the consulship still. The earnestness of Demosthenes was never weakened by his efforts to be sarcastic, or the silly vanity of endeavouring to raise the laughter of his audience, of which Cicero was foolishly fond. Witness his zeal to rival Claudius in obscene jesting, in the first book of his Epistles to Atticus; and when the heart of Demosthenes yearned in exile for the home he had left, he appears far less prostrate than the wretched and broken-hearted Cicero. But we shall reserve the contrast of their characters as orators and statesmen for a future number, which we shall devote to Cicero. No man ever suffered more severely for his greatness than Demosthenes, which well justified Juvenal in commiserating the lot of genius. He was, says Heeren, the most sublime and deeply tragic character with which history makes us acquainted; his life was of the most austere and painful interest. Fate envied him one day's repose from his seventeenth year till he drank the poison, except, perhaps, the day of his triumph, when he went after Eschines to the Piræus, and generously offered him a purse of gold. This act was even censured by his enemies. His countenance was severe and melancholy. Sorrow had impressed on it many a deep trace. Though firm as the Acropolis, in feeling he was a child. When Eschines taunted him with weeping more easily than others could laugh, he unknowingly uttered a deep truth. A continual fluctuation of dying and reviving hopes softened his mind, and made it the sport of emotions. When the news of Philip's death reached Athens, he could not refrain from wreathing his forehead with flowers, although his daughter lay dead. Not that he was not more keenly alive to the feelings of humanity than most men, but he would not permit grief to interfere with his feelings as a lover of his country; he rejoiced at the death of the tyrant, and he had not the hypocrisy to conceal it. At length, the country for which he had so long struggled added another to the many victims of its ingratitude. He was fined £10,000 for his *silence* in the affair of Harpalus, which being unable to pay, he was cast into a dungeon. By the assistance of some friends he escaped to Ægina, from which, like Cimon, he often looked with mournful eyes towards Athens. Once more he was inspired with new hope—his heart once more beat high for his country. Alexander died in Babylon, and a passion for freedom once again kindled through the states of Greece. Athens, as usual, made the initiative—her envoys went forth, sum-

moning all to a final struggle. The old patriot joined them, and his eloquence prevailed. His exile was annulled, and by the unanimous decree of the people he was restored to his country. The Paralian galley was despatched to Ægina to bring him back. Priests, prytanes, archons, senators, public officers, the citizens of every degree, rushed from the city when a messenger announced his progress from the Piræus—Athens held a festival day. He was welcomed with acclamations—all did the venerable patriot reverence; at length, overcome by his emotions, he wept, and stretching out his hands, declared himself more happy than Alcibiades. It was a transitory glory for him and his country. Craterus and Antipater prevailed, and the son of the ferryman, the ignoble Demades, ordered Demosthenes to die! He and his accused friends fled by night from the city, and escaped to the island of Calauria, where he sought refuge in the temple of Neptune. Thither the bloodhounds of Antipater pursued him; pardon was promised him if he surrendered. He scorned any compromise with the enemies of his country, and swallowed poison. "O Neptune!" he exclaimed, "they have defiled thy temple, but honouring thee, I will leave it while yet living." He then fell dead before the altar! Demosthenes dead! How must that announcement have thrilled through the heart of Greece! The champion of their liberty no more! He who, with no other means than his genius and vigour—with vast power and influences opposed to him, and having to struggle besides with the corruptions of his own citizens—upheld the independence of his country against the most fearful odds. For thirty years he never failed in his devotion, and he at last found a grave beneath the ruins of her liberty. The world has never witnessed a character of more unsullied grandeur than that of Demosthenes.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

In early youth before us walked
An angel through the land;
Who of the radiant future talked,
And beckoned with white hand.
"O follow! round my path," she cried,
"Life's fairest flowers appear:
Sweets by glad fingers scattered wide—
Felicity is here!"

Alas! too happily unwise,
We took bright hope for truth—
And overpassed with heedless eyes
The paradise of youth.
Whatever good to man could fall,
Seemed, in the coming time,
As by some spell, concentered all
In manhood's kingly prime.

To manhood grown—we looked around
Expecting to rejoice,
And there the first, surprised, we found,
The Past had then a voice.
We turned to the departed days,
Bewildered and aghast,
And saw, through memory's purple haze,
The Angel of the Past.

On that high eminence we felt,
From manhood's summit cold,
Away the gorgeous visions melt
Youth gloried to behold.
Whilst all youth's region, far below,
Shone out, to wondering eyes,
More bright than with Hope's heavenly bow,
All rich with orient dyes.

How blank and dreary was that mount,
With far-off promise sweet,
Nor flowers were found, nor bubbling fount,
Nor track of angel-feet.
Whatever it could boast of bright
On desolation cast;
The heavenly light which gilt that height,
Fell on it from the past.

Far round we looked, behind, before,
Thus, high, in manhood's prime;
With sad regrets for seasons o'er—
Strange fears for coming time.
To faded Hope were added now
Yet other pilgrims twain,
Bright Memory, with saddening brow,
And sorrow-breathing Pain.

The past, with dews of sorrows wet,
Clear-seen, or undefined,
The mighty empire of regret,
Possessed the pensive mind.
By Hope deluded—this alone
Remained to us at last,
Through Memory were we wiser grown,
That Angel of the Past.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the morrow dawned, and Lord Lovell, in the mist of a chilly autumnal morning, found his horse waiting, according to previous order, for a journey into Northamptonshire, he began to regret that the hasty pledge, given in a moment of violence, compelled him to quit the city without having elucidated by further investigation the mysterious adventure of the preceding evening. He had sought Lord Rochester according to appointment, but without obtaining a syllable of information tending to throw light either upon the charge involving his family honour, or his adventure with Buckingham's mysterious beauty; and, harassed by the disappointment, had given utterance to expressions alternately injurious to the veracity of the Duke, and the fame of Lady Lovell, which the malice of the Earl took care should be overheard by many, and the malice of many took care should be speedily reported to the two individuals personally concerned.

His lordship's journey meanwhile proved far from a sedative to his irritation. His thoughts were divided between the attractions of the lovely being he had so lately held in his arms, and the hateful one he entertained hopes of being shortly able to dismiss for ever from all claim to such a privilege. He passed over in deliberate review those manifold attractions—those finely-formed features—that lofty brow—that faultless developement of person—the velvet texture of the skin—the fragrance of the breath that had fanned his cheek as she revived to consciousness upon his shoulder! The expression of the countenance was familiar to him, yet, with all his searching of recollection, he could not call to mind whether it was in England or on the continent it had become so; or whether the illusion might not arise from an accidental resemblance with some favourite painting or statue.

It seemed but a moment before that his arms had enlaced the beauteous form which it was more than probable he should never again behold. But yesterday, so thoroughly in his power; to day, as lost to him as the morning dew evaporating in the sun! He fancied himself mocked by the united force and feebleness of his impressions. Though the dignity and purity of demeanour which, even more than her beauty, distinguished the fair stranger, forbad all deteriorating inferences; yet her acquaintance with the Duke of Buckingham, and the almost unprotected guise in which she was traversing the streets in the dusk of evening, seemed to justify mistrust; and dearly did Lord Lovell long to feel assured of the lady's irreproachability, al-

[1] Continued from p. 45.

though the certitude must reinforce the barrier which her capricious conduct had already raised between them.

It were tedious to detail the fitful fancies of the perplexed man throughout his journey. On the second noon he reached Thrapstone; and having ascertained, by a personal encounter with the host of an inn he had frequented in boyhood with his father, that the progress of time had effaced all trace of the stripling Arthur from the presentment of Lord Lovell, he again took horse and pushed on for Lovell House, intending to obtain admission on pretence of having a subpœna to serve upon the Lady Lovell.

It was twelve years since he quitted the place; and with so much bitterness had he taught himself to regard the spot of earth inhabited by his wife, that he was not prepared for the rush of tender emotions that assailed him on entering the village. His youth, his friends, his father, seemed to rise around and call upon his name; and though the improvements effected by his lady, the school and almshouses she had erected, and the highways and byways she had created or perfected, might have perplexed a steadier memory, the scene came familiarly to his mind. The first point be visited was the village church, where the old sexton was sorely scandalised at the disregard with which the silent stranger listened to his description of the ancient tombs of the house of Lovell; his eyes having wandered therefrom towards a sarcophagus of black marble placed in the furthermost recess, and bearing only the date of the battle of Worcester. The aged man attempted indeed to explain that this simple record was dedicated to the memory of the late gallant lord, whose remains had been removed by stealth from Worcester, at the cost of the present lady. But his labour was lost. The visiter, after bestowing on him a liberal donation, went his way out of the church, and answered never a word.

Some short exposure to the refreshment of the air was indispensable, ere Lord Lovell sufficiently recovered himself to proceed towards the park. There was a side entrance leading direct from the church towards the house; and having tied to the landing-stile the jaded brute on which he had reached the place, Lord Lovell betook himself to a beaten path, over which the withered leaves of autumn were plenteously scattered. Ever and anon he paused to contemplate the scene around him, and obtained, through vistas of an intervening grove, glimpes of the abode of his fathers. The view seemed changed. He could have sworn that the approach from the village skirted the southern side of the grove. But the growth of twelve years necessarily imparted a different aspect to the plantations, and varied the character of the scene.

At length the cause of his perplexity became apparent. At the extremity of the beech wood he saw clearly that the direction of the path was changed. The fatal sylvan lodge was now in view—a new and mysterious erection, to which he had no difficulty, after Rochester's explanations, in assigning an origin. With hurried breath he demanded of a labourer, at work in a neighbouring watercourse, whether the house were inhabited.

"It was."

"Who resided there?"

"The General."

"Was the general living there at present?"

"Ay, sure," replied the man, who did not so much as raise his eyes from his spade towards the ignorant stranger. And without pausing to take breath, or inquire the name of the "General," the infuriated Lord Lovell dashed onwards up the green knoll towards the lodge.

But whatever might be his lordship's estimation of his right of intrusion, Stark and Sturm were of opinion that strangers had no business at Dickon's Fort during the absence of their master, who happened to have strolled up to the house; and so vehement was their defence, that it was some relief to his lordship when, just as a smart stroke from his riding wand had provoked old Sturm to fasten his fangs into the instrument, a whistle was heard, which produced the immediate submission of the infuriated beast, and the intruder found himself interrogated by a rough voice touching his errand at Lovell House. Planted sturdily upon his timber leg, pipe in mouth and arms akimbo, stood the General's old sergeant, in his half military livery, occupying the crown of the causeway, and refreshing his lordship's ears with a volley of English, (clearly the King's English, not the Pretender's,) such as they had scarcely encountered since his secession from military life.

"Sheer off, and be cursed to ye!" cried the sergeant. "Just let his honour, the General, find ye worrying the dogs, and I warrant he'll make short work of having your ears nailed to the keeper's lodge, among kites, crows, and other queer carrion. Off, I say, and—blessed God, be good to me—'tis my young lord!" cried the old fellow, interrupting himself, and lowering his voice as he obtained a clearer view of the intruder; and off went the barret-cap, away went the pipe, for in the flurry of the moment old Swatchem saw in the gentleman before him only the noble nephew of his honoured master.

"Down, Stark—down, blackguard curs that ye are!" cried he, putting aside the hounds, and ushering onwards Lord Lovell, who, as he passively entered the lodge, tried in vain to recal to mind the singular individual by whom he was thus opportunely recognised; nor was it till he had fairly installed himself in Sir Richard's barrack-room, thrown himself into the seat pressed upon him by the old sergeant, and cast his eyes upon the Guiana curiosities and miniatures of himself and his late father gracing the mantel, that the simple truth glanced at once into his mind. The veteran before him was his uncle's favourite body-servant, and his lady's supposed minion no other than the sturdy Sir Richard Lovell!

Starting from his place as this humiliating explanation burst upon him, he was about to take a precipitate departure, and disentangle himself from the snare into which he had been self-betrayed, when the sergeant's remonstrances recalled him to himself. "Long absent come at last" was not to be so lightly parted with. The veteran bade the two hounds keep watch over my lord, while he proceeded to sound the horn, which was his daily signal when the general was

wanted at the fort; and the low growl with which the faithful beasts exhibited their tremendous fangs every time his lordship presumed to make movements of impatience, warned him that he had only to put a good face upon his imprisonment.

"I have waited, sir, your return, for the honour of paying my devoirs to you," said he, rising deliberately, when at length the astonished general made his appearance; "a respect which the absence of Lady Lovell from my house has at length, though tardily, enabled me to tender."

But Sir Richard Lovell was a less able dissembler than his nephew. *He* at least was unable to conceal in his reply, first, his unqualified amazement, and secondly, his deep-seated displeasure. Having readily overmastered the emotion caused by the sight of Lovell's countenance, which singularly recalled the person of his lamented brother, Sir Richard gave vent to his long-suppressed indignation. His words were alike high in tone and meaning. He evaded no part of the question of Lord Lovell's conduct. He called it by the name he felt it to deserve; and so great was the force of eloquence imparted by passion to his address, that at the close, Lord Lovell, instead of being roused to resentment, was subdued almost to tears. He spoke of Lady Lovell's wrongs, her patience, her sweetness, her exemplary career, her benevolence to all, her pious honour to the memory of his late father, her generous care of the maintenance of his late mother.

"She hath her reward," said Lord Lovell, with bitterness, finding his uncle at length paused for a reply; "Lady Lovell is rich in the favour of the world; *I* a beggar and an outcast, and *she* a queen in the land! Peace and prosperity are her compensations for the defection of an indifferent husband."

"They are *not* her compensations," cried Sir Richard, with rising choler; "would that they were! for, God knows, the blessed creature deserves a better destiny than to pine away her youth after a cold-blooded reprobate, whose better were easily found wherever she list to cast her eyes. I swear to you, Arthur Lovell, that never do I behold that lovely woman fix her tearful eyes upon your picture, and sit gazing upon it by the hour, as though transported back into her brighter dreams of youth, without feeling that to rid her of so cruel a clog upon the happiness elsewhere in store for her, I could myself lay hands upon a fellow unworthy to call her wife."

"It is no news to me, sir," replied Lord Lovell, "that this lady hath succeeded in estranging from me the regard of those upon whose affections nature had provided me the stronger claim. So runs the fashion of the world. She hath beauty and prosperity on her side, while I——"

"Urge no such argument on me," cried the indignant old man; "for it is my conscience that pronounceth against you, Arthur, my brother's son. *My* days are numbered in the land; but were they like to be twice as many, I would yield them up a willing sacrifice for the assurance that but a span of your own would be devoted to repentance of the anguish you have inflicted on a wronged and lovely woman!"

The heart of Lovell was irresistibly touched by the unction of his kinsman's adjuration. Sir Richard had placed the position of the deserted wife in a new light. Lord Lovell had never accustomed himself to consider her otherwise than as the gainer by her marriage. To hear her described as wronged and unhappy, as well as young and fair, afforded a new feature to the case. In her moral conduct malice itself had been unable to detect a flaw. Lord Arran, an able connoisseur, described her charms as unexcelled. Could it be true that one thus beautiful was thus attached to the shadowy image of the boy-husband to whom her childhood had been rashly plighted? Had the twelve intervening years failed to efface from the heart of the woman the impression produced upon the child of fifteen?

Detecting, in the reverie into which his nephew was falling, the happy influence of his address, Sir Richard resolved to pursue his advantage by conciliatory means. He proposed to him to visit the house, the grounds, the old terrace, which Ann Lovell had preserved intact in honour of the predilections of Ann Heneage; and when his lordship pleaded the indelicacy of entering as a surreptitious guest the mansion to whose possession he was preferring claims at law, every objection was overruled by the positiveness of his uncle.

"You are here, man, by my invitation," said he; "and since you state yourself to have travelled post from town for the purpose of testifying respect towards your nearest kinsman, prove at least your regard for him by complying with the sole request it may be ever his to make you. You must dine with me, Arthur, ay, 'odsdeath, and you must *sleep* under my roof! Dickon's Fort is not accountable for its guests to Lovell House; and even were it so, *who* will recognise your person? But for his subsequent knowledge of you at St. Germains, the old Stump, my serving man, had never discovered you; and he shall be admonished anon to keep his discoveries to himself. Come, sir, lend me your arm, and we shall visit together the chamber where your father first showed you to me sleeping by your mother's side, and wept as he told me that he was father of a son."

"Little imagining that you would one day cease to consider that son your nephew, and transfer your favour to a stranger and an alien," observed Lord Lovell, deeply moved.

"With his own hand, and perhaps in the last words he ever penned in this world, did my brother commend that stranger to my dearest affections," cried the general. "Stay!" he continued, unlocking a strong drawer of his scrutoire, and producing the letter addressed to him from Dalesdene upon Arthur's wedding-day, "behold the warrant of my conduct."

Having in silence perused the solemn apostrophe, Arthur resigned himself without further struggle to the invitations of his uncle, and seemed to give way with pleasure to the emotions excited in his bosom by revisiting the home of his childhood. His father seemed to walk visibly by his side,—his father seemed to breathe audibly in his ear. The letter he had just perused was as a voice from the dead, awakening a thousand tender associations.

The sun was setting with a mellow light over the park and gardens. The flowers sent forth a faint melancholy autumnal fragrance; the

year and the hour were in their decline; and as he sauntered beside the veteran through pathways every shrub of which had a recollection of his childhood attached to its decaying branches, Lord Lovell recalled mournfully to mind that he had attained to middle age, that his brightest days were gone, and gone without leaving a single cheering trace, a single honourable testimony. He had suffered his antipathies to obtain too great a predominance over his destiny. He had suffered his whole career to be marred and withered at the instigation of the irrational and empty arrogance of his mother. Youth and beauty had wooed him into sorts with fortune; yet he had chosen to remain a vagrant and a beggar, to prove his resentment of the arbitrary disposal of his hand, and his superiority to all commixture with plebeian blood.

There are moments in the life of every proud man, when the sacrifices enacted by his rapacious idol stand forth trebly apparent, and convict him as a dupe. Lord Lovell saw his wasted years arrayed in judgment before him; and were it not for the transient glimpse he had obtained of the fair but insipid face of his regretted wife, might still have been tempted to request the good offices of the general as mediator between them. Had Lady Lovell possessed a fiftieth part of the attractions of the mysterious protégée of the Duke of Buckingham, he would have cheerfully confessed his fault, and by atonement secured the happiness of his future life. Throughout the evening, a heavy oppression sat upon his spirits, which induced Sir Richard to flatter himself that some such project was brooding in the mind of his nephew; and when they parted for the night, and the good uncle, who, in spite of former provocations, experienced a natural yearning of the heart towards the latest scion of his house with whom he could talk over its early troubles, parted with him at the door of the guest's chamber which divided with his own the upper floor of Dickon's Fort, satisfied that the reflections of the night would complete the charm, and that on the morrow some accommodation would be proposed by Lord Lovell. The point had as yet been expressly avoided by his lordship; just as the general had declined all allusion to the present measures and position of the King and court.

They had sat late, the old knight choosing to moisten the details of their talk with copious potations of sack-posset, the fumes of which rendered his sleep as heavy as his heart was light. It was nearly half an hour later than his usual time of rising that the sudden entrance of the sergeant into his chamber caused him to rub his eyes and ask tidings of his guest.

"An express from her ladyship's honour!"—replied old Swatchem, who would have given precedence to Lady Lovell over royalty itself. And delivering a letter into the general's hands, he informed him that a special post from London had that moment alighted at the stables. The seal and handwriting of his beloved niece! No wonder the veteran's outcry for his spectacles was loud and earnest.

"It has been hitherto your dearest wish, my kind uncle and friend,"—ran the tenor of the letter,—"that your seclusion should

curbed, and your name unmingled with the lists of claimants the justice and bounty of the King; and from the strictness of ar retirement at Lovell House, have arisen (would you believe it?) rumours injurious to my honour. Lord Lovell, ungenerous in his surmises touching this matter, as in every other movement towards me, hath caused it to be reported throughout the court that a nameless paramour is entertained in my household, till, in the midst of a thousand favours from the Queen, I find myself, on a sudden, coldly looked on. I entreat, therefore, your release from my engagement to refrain from naming you to his Majesty. Suffer me to give such explanation as I may; and believe me, in haste, but in all love and honour,

"Your dutiful niece ANNE
(scarcely justified in signing herself)
LOVELL."

"A paramour!—her honour tarnished for my sake!" cried the choleric old man; and while throwing on his roquelaire, a thousand imprecations against his nephew issued incoherently from his lips. "Where is this fellow,—this slanderer?—Ho! Swatchem, I say, and be damned to you!—is my nephew yet stirring?"

"*Stirring*, your honour?" reiterated the sergeant, stupified by his master's sudden outburst of passion.

"Bid him attend me!—'Tis his business to pay me his morning devoirs, not mine to wait upon his toilet," roared the general, falling almost breathless into a chair. "*This*, then, was the motive of the pitiful varlet's journey to Lovell House! He came but as a spy to pry into the secrets of her household! The glozing knave—with his pretences of duty to his old uncle! But he shall know my notions of his proceedings! Why comes he not?—Didst give him my message, stockfish?" he continued, perceiving that the old sergeant stood gaping open-mouthed at his violence.

"Verily I had needed a faster nag, your honour, than my timber shank to have overtaken his lordship!" replied Swatchem, striking his wooden leg stoutly upon the floor. "His lordship was off an hour before daylight, and is three posts off by this time."

"Off!—And you suffered him to quit the house without so much as the decency of leave-taking?"

"I thought the matter was settled atwixt you, to spare your honour untimely disturbance," replied the sergeant. "It was not for the like of me to interfere with his lordship's proceedings, more especially within bounds of his lordship's own place of Lovell House."

"'Tis *not* his place! How often must I explain to you, blockhead, that the house and all that it containeth are the inheritance of my lady-niece?"

"Be it in sooth?" replied Swatchem, as, with pretended carelessness, he proceeded in his capacity of valet-de-chambre to prepare the toilet of his master, on whose ill-humour his habitual mode of inflicting punishment was by attacking the rights of Lady Lovell. "In course your honour knows best. Only having heard you so often

declare, general, that woman be the weaker vessel, bound to submit herself to her spouse, a nonentity in the eye of the law, and so forth, I fancied——"

"Keep your foolish fancies to yourself, sir!—Lay out my riding-suit, and let Robin Groom bring round Tinkler and Bannerman to the door within half an hour's space!" cried the General. "I am for London; so have a careful eye to things, sirrah, during my absence!"

"Ho, ho, ho! your honour post a journey at this time of the day, with the roads as heavy as the mains of a Guelderland farm?—I hope, general, you don't fancy I am going to let you make an end of yourself without benefit of clergy? What would my lady say to me, who gave your honour into my charge at parting? 'Swatchem,' quoth she, 'have good care of my uncle during my absence,' just for all the world as your honour was pleased to say just now, 'Sirrah!' quoth you, 'you'll have an eye to——'"

"Keep your old tongue still, or 'twill be the worse for you," cried Sir Richard, evidently in no mood to be trifled with. And long before the general's frugal breakfast was despatched, his esquire of the body had completed, without further comment or expostulation, the preparations for his journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord Lovell's sleepless night had, in truth, according to the general's anticipation, been fruitful in honourable resolves. But he chose that the result should appear the working of his spontaneous will, not the effect either of his uncle's bullying or his uncle's persuasions. On this account had he evaded, by precipitate departure, all further intercourse with the old gentleman. His object was to reach London, so as to redeem his pledge and demand satisfaction of the Duke of Buckingham, after having freely, and with ample confession of error, withdrawn his suit for restitution against the trustees of Anne his wife.

On reaching his lodging, however, after a journey still more disquieting than that which took him into Northamptonshire, Lord Lovell discovered that he had a duty anterior to his business with the Duke. A message from the King, requiring his immediate presence at Whitehall, had been delivered that evening to his servant by a personage no less consequential than Baptist May; and having refreshed himself with a bath and a change of dress, he proceeded to obey the summons. He had the satisfaction of learning, on his arrival at the palace, that the King, being slightly indisposed, had not proceeded to the playhouse, as was his custom in these occasional visits to town during the non-residence of the court; but having passed the guard-room and antechamber, his lordship's further progress was arrested by an intimation from the usher of the presence, that he must wait—"that his Majesty was engaged."

"I come by appointment," replied Lord Lovell, with impatient hauteur.

"So doth the lady, sir, who now enjoys the honour of an audience,"

replied the usher, to whom the person of Lovell, a late arrival and rare visitant at court, happened to be unknown.

"Have the goodness, at least, to announce my name to the King," persisted Lovell, advancing resolutely into the gallery preceding the royal closet. Startled by the wilfulness of his deportment, the man first demanded, and straightway announced to his Majesty, the title of the petulant intruder.

"'Tis well," cried the King, in a voice so loud as to be distinctly heard by Lovell, "bid his lordship enter! I crave leave of your ladyship to remain present during our interview."

Surprised to find that the fair one favoured with a private audience at that hour was neither Mistress Nelly nor Miss Stewart, but apparently some woman of condition, Lord Lovell advanced respectfully into the presence of his sovereign: and the surprise with which he discovered that the lady honoured with a chair of state opposite to that of Charles was none other than the mysterious beauty of the sedan chair, prevented his even noticing the unusual coldness of the reception bestowed upon him by the King. Nay, his own obeisances of ceremony were somewhat curtailed of their fair proportions by his eagerness to infuse deference into the salutation, by which he trusted to demonstrate to the lovely stranger his delight at finding himself once more in her presence. But his reverences were as haughtily received by the lady as by Charles. Nothing could be more coldly distant than the demeanour which belied the blushes mantling on her cheek.

"In consequence of my absence from town, sire, I have been only this moment honoured with your Majesty's commands," said Lord Lovell, embarrassed by the stateliness of the King and his companion.

"No matter," replied Charles, who remained standing after the entrance of Lord Lovell. "Your absence from town sufficed the purpose of my message. A challenge, I understand, hath passed between your lordship and the Duke of Buckingham. Let the matter, my lord, be instantly disposed of. Our Starchamber privilege may be abrogated; yet I will have no offence to good morals or public example offered within the precincts of my court. I have already signified to his grace, and now I signify to your lordship, my pleasure that the affair should drop. The Duke of Buckingham's safety is too dear to me, to have it perilled in a worthless quarrel."

"I can well understand, sire," replied Lovell with warmth, hazarding a look towards the lovely countenance whose eyes were now cast down as if to avoid meeting the indignant glances of his own, "at *whose* gentle intercession this impunity is granted to his grace. *You*, madam," he continued, pointedly addressing her, "who have thought proper to communicate to his Majesty my appeal to the Duke of Buckingham, must in future lend your attention to the cause of quarrel, ere you suggest its peaceful adjustment."

"Is it your ladyship's pleasure that my Lord Lovell proceed in his explanation?" demanded the King, in a tone of such deprecating courtesy, as caused the blood to tingle in the cheeks of Lovell. For the stately bend of assent vouchsafed was such as Queen Bess might

have bestowed from the highest summit of her royal dignity, upon some crawling parasite!

"In a word, sire," cried Lovell, piqued out of his self-possession, "though compelled to submit to your Majesty's decree against any hostile encounter with the Duke of Buckingham within the precincts of the court——"

"Within the precincts of the British dominions," sternly amended the King.

"I must be permitted to state that I shall hold the Duke of Buckingham, and proclaim him in all reputable societies, a dishonoured man, should he refuse to cross the water with me, and grant me, at Ambleteuse or Calais, the satisfaction which your Majesty does not appear to consider due to me on English ground. The Duke of Buckingham, who hath devised and uttered a vile calumny upon the lady bearing my name, is accountable to me for the offence on every other spot of earth than the one where he is sheltered from chastisement by the partiality of his sovereign."

The amazement of Charles at this bold address seemed to amount almost to confusion of mind; for he looked from Lovell to his fair companion, and from the lady to Lovell, as if requiring further explanation.

"You were witness, madam," resumed his lordship, addressing the former, "to my pledge to his grace to prove within three days the groundlessness of certain scandals. The means were then out of my power. Disunited by family grievances from the lady whose fair fame he had presumed to discredit—nay, having for twelve years banished myself from her very presence, it was impossible for me to afford demonstration of facts of which my feelings prompted the assertion. I then surmised this gallant gentleman, this *preux chevalier*, a liar and a slanderer; I now affirm it of my knowledge; and, as the unworthy husband of an injured woman, will prove it upon his person, or hold myself faithless as himself."

"Am I to understand then, my lord, that you accuse the Duke of Buckingham as author of the defamations of the Lady Lovell, supposed to have originated with yourself?" demanded the King, after a momentary pause, which seemed to enlighten his perplexities.

"I had it, sire, from the lips of Lord Rochester, that his grace, on returning from the errand to Northamptonshire, sanctioned by your Majesty's authority, and my own unjustifiable connivance, did assert in all companies, that my Lady Lovell entertains a disbanded captain as her paramour! This talk regarded too nearly the honour of my house to be overlooked. I have visited the lady's retirement, sire; I have visited the disbanded captain—"

"There *is* a lover in the case, then?" interrupted the King, glancing archly towards the fair *protegée* of the Duke of Bucks.

"As true a lover as ever defended the cause of an injured and virtuous woman," cried Lovell—"a lover whose testimony to the virtues of the lady bearing my name hath wrung my heart with anguish. His name may produce a consciousness equally painful in that of your Majesty. Nevertheless, in justice to my Lady Lovell, I

must presume to allude to so faithful and neglected a servant of your Majesty, as my uncle Sir Richard Lovell."

"Old Dickon still alive? The hot-headed general a resident at Lovell House?" interrupted the King, evidently sincere in his outcry of surprise. "Faith, I'm glad on't! I owe him reparation for much forgetfulness, to say nothing of the interest and capital of the heavens above know how many thousand florins. But why have I been kept ignorant of this?"

"I leave it to the veteran and the lady, sire, to reply to the question," said his lordship, fancying that it was to himself the inquiry was addressed. "Meanwhile I crave your Majesty and this lady to admit me justified in my resentment against the individual honoured by your protection."

Again the King eyed a moment in silence the countenances of Lord Lovell and his fair friend. "I presume not to answer for this lady," cried Charles, a smile overspreading, for the first time during the interview, his sallow features; "but, for my own part, I scarcely understand such vehement advocacy of the cause of one against whom you have a suit pending, and have been railing, without rhyme or reason, for these twelve years past!—Nay, sit, madam, I" cried the King, laying his hand upon the silken robe of his lovely visiter, who now made a movement to rise and depart, "you, who have required my intervention to suppress this duel, are bound to listen to every detail tending to its justification."

"They are not such as ought to be unacceptable to a female ear," observed Lord Lovell with dignity, "for they purport to elevate the character and honour of the sex. That my antipathy to the lady bearing my name arose from the lessons of pride of a mother inheriting the high blood and lofty spirit of the Digbys, your Majesty, so familiar with the pride of that unhappy family, hath not now to learn. My own selfish presumption confirmed the error. My character for consistency seemed pledged to maintain the animosity my petulant boyhood had avouched. I closed my heart and understanding against the claims of the most meritorious of her sex, only to prove myself an idiot, undeserving the favour of Providence. The result hath been to myself a life of recklessness and care; to *her* a happy security from companionship with one so graceless! And how hath this lady avenged herself upon my misdoings? By generosity to my unfortunate mother, by respect to the memory of my father, by dutiful affection to the poor old general, by careful stewardship over the estates I had lacked grace to govern. The most illustrious of noble matrons could not have more graced her station, than the patient creature whom my obstinacy so long presumed to disparage. Sire, I own my fault. Already I have despatched instructions to my lawyers to withdraw all proceedings against her, admitting, in full court, my consciousness of the injustice of my cause; nor does there exist the reparation I would not offer to Lady Lovell, short of pretending to those tender distinctions of which I hold myself unworthy.

"But if the lady herself judged you deserving?" cried the King, while Lovell, following his glance towards the countenance of his fair friend, beheld there so strange an admixture of blushes and tears,

confusion and curiosity, that the vanity of man instantly suggested the possibility of her being interested in hearing him proclaim his indifference towards Lady Lovell.

"Had your Majesty deigned last week to make the inquiry," he replied, "I might have answered, 'Heaven send her forgiveness of my faults and blindness to her wrongs.' But it were now a breach of sincerity, did I pretend to more than to render justice to her virtues."

"You would willingly, in short, still dissolve your marriage?" demanded the King, exultingly.

"Never, sire! unless such a measure should appear essential to the happiness of one whose conduct is an honour to my name. It is my misfortune, that within one little week, a view of her person hath decided that the beauty so commended of the world is devoid of all charm or attraction in my eyes; while in the person of another"—(involuntarily the eyes of Lovell glanced towards the dulcinea of the Duke of Buckingham)—I have beheld concentrated those graces which exalt the soul of man to frenzy, or reduce it to the most abject submission."

"You have seen Lady Lovell since her sojourn in the metropolis?" demanded Charles, with surprise; "yet methinks that from her Majesty's fête—"

"I absented myself, sire, at your command," replied Lord Lovell, with dignity. "It was a brief encounter in the park, which enabled me to decide that her mild and featureless beauty could produce no impression on my heart."

"Every man to his taste!" cried the King, no longer able to repress a laugh; "I have only further to inquire whether, if the Duke of Buckingham should retract his aspersions upon the fame of this 'mild and featureless lady,' you are disposed to retract your cartel?"

"That portion of the case I beseech your Majesty to leave to *my* adjustment," cried the lovely friend of the Duke, whose cheeks were now flushed to a permanent crimson, and whose impatience to depart was no longer controllable even by the authority of the King. "Now that I am acquainted with the cause of dispute, I pledge myself to make such explanations to his grace, as will insure the utmost satisfaction demanded by my Lord Lovell."

She rose, curtseyed with graceful respect, and withdrew.*

* To be continued.

THE WOODMAN AND THE BARON.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ.

BY A FORESTER.

> What are these
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on it? MACBETH.

As the chivalrous Herman Hernandorff was one day riding in the Hartz Forest, a tremendous crash among the thickets caused his horse to swerve from its course, and make way for a boar which, bleeding from wounds and foaming with rage, rushed forth, followed at full speed by a weaponless rider. The boar, weak from loss of blood, suddenly halted in the thick brushwood which concealed it from view, and the horse, unconscious of its proximity to the enraged brute, came in contact with him, fell, and threw the rider with considerable violence. The boar, unable to make his escape, rushed at the fallen steed and inflicted several severe wounds on it; and was about to wreak his vengeance on the unseated hunter, when Hernandorff, though totally unarmed, put spurs to his horse, and by repeatedly charging the boar succeeded in diverting his attention; not, however, without placing himself and his own horse in the most imminent danger, the legs of the latter suffering severely from the lacerating tusks of the formidable foe. At length, seizing a favourable opportunity, he adroitly grasped one of the hunting-spears that still bristled from the side of the boar, and one lunge from his unerring arm transfixed him in the spine.

"Woodman," said Hernandorff to a person who had just made his appearance, and whose dog, together with those of the thrown rider, had by this time fastened on the boar, "take charge of the horses; I will see to the horseman. Methinks the roan is past cure; but as to my black mare, she is accustomed to scars."

"Dost thou mean to taunt me?" said the luckless hunter, rising from the ground, when Hernandorff instantly recognised the voice and features of his old enemy the Baron. "Thou wouldst insinuate that the Hernandorff is better mettle than his foe."

"I taunt thee not," replied Hernandorff, "nor have I treated thee like a foe. Here lies thy foe—his tusks are red with my mare's blood. I would not have hazarded the loss of Black Linden for anything less than to preserve the life of a fellow-creature. Had I not ridden to the rescue, that monster would have buried his snout in thy bowels ere his. Wilt thou accompany me to the castle? Thou pausest—go then, and tell the world that thy life hath been saved by a Hernandorff!"

"I would he had taken it, and those of all my race, rather than that I should be indebted for the preservation of it to one of that name. I shall henceforth despise myself."

"It is time that our animosity should end. Why prolong the useless quarrel? Let the long-lived hostility that has subsisted between our houses be forgotten. Let rivalry cease, and over a magnum of the best in Bohemia let us drink oblivion to the feud!"

"Be it so, then; thou hast a right to impose terms," said the Baron, reluctantly extending his hand towards Hernandorff.

The foes from birth then proceeded to the castle. Hernandorff was overjoyed beyond measure at what he deemed the fortunate circumstance which was to unite in terms of friendship two families that had hitherto lived in open rivalry and hostility almost within bowshot of each other. The Baron felt differently: the idea of being under an obligation to the Hernandorff stung him; but he disguised all adverse feeling, and seemed to warm as the wine circulated. They drank deeply; and at length the Baron proposed—

"A full cup to the lady of Lindenhausen!"

The toast was in honour of the intended bride of Hernandorff; but before the chalice was at the Baron's lips, his eye rested on an antique suit of richly ornamented chain mail, and a sword and shield which, with other warlike trophies, hung suspended from the roof: the sight of them kindled anew the ancestral strife in his bosom; and in one of those paroxysms of rage to which he was so liable, and which were but the outbreaks of the deliberate malice of his cooler moments, he exclaimed—

"Is it thus that thou treatest a guest? Thou askest a soldier to thy banquet-board, and insultest him by displaying the dishonoured arms of his predecessors."

"They are not dishonoured," said Hernandorff. "A royal hand conferred them on their ancestor; and although by the fortune of war he lost them, it must ever be remembered that it was to signalise *his* prowess that the royal gift was given. They are memorials of an honourable contest when thine and mine ancestors belonged to different countries—served different monarchs—spoke different languages—and acknowledged different faiths!"

"Prove thy proffered friendship by delivering up that sword and shield—they hang there but to insult a rival!"

"They were my father's, and my father's fathers'! They have hung there for centuries! They are heir-looms of the castle! I will not dismantle these walls for the friendship of all that is noble in Bohemia!"

"Hernandorff, good night!" saying which, the Baron abruptly took his departure.

While this scene was enacting within the castle, a very different one was enacted without. But before proceeding with our narrative, it is necessary to give some account of Hans Bachoffner, the woodman, to whose care the horses were committed. He was about fifty-five years of age, a stout-built, raw-boned, broad-shouldered person, with a short neck, an unusually large head, an uncouth weather-beaten countenance, a flat nose, immense cheek-bones, elf locks, and dark eyes with a decided squint. A broad belt, within which a hatchet and a pipe were generally thrust, was buckled round his

waist. Another belt, slung over his right shoulder, supported a basket or panier in which the provisions of the day for himself and dog were deposited; together with a plentiful store of tobacco, without which the life of a Bohemian would be a state of purgatory. A pair of huge boots, reaching far above his knees, served to protect him from the briers. We must not forget his dog Rudolph, who was of a most forbidding appearance—his only companion and sharer of his hut. He was a fine large animal, nearly as shaggy as the mane of a lion; his gray muzzle indicated advanced age—and the loss of an eye—the remaining one being what is termed a wall-eye—gave him an obliquity of look in unison with the askance glance of his master.

The woodman, as he had been directed, with the assistance of the grooms, washed and dressed the wounds of the suffering horses, which detained him at the castle several hours. It was near midnight, and the snow had long been falling fast, when, with his dog, he sallied forth, and imprudently ventured homewards. The snow had obliterated the forest foot-paths. It was dark, and he had neither guide nor compass. The wolves howled, the winds roared, the snows rushed over him like the simoom of the desert, threatening every moment to overwhelm him. He feared to advance lest the next step should plunge him into a pitfall. It was equally perilous to retreat; doubly so to remain where he was, since inaction would have lulled him into that deep sleep which during intense cold is frequently the precursor of a deeper one.

Whilst in uncertainty what to do, he heard a sound of voices, as of peasants carousing at harvest-home. As he approached the place whence the noise proceeded, the snow began to feel warm and comfortable to his feet—the air became suddenly milder—the darkness by degrees was dissipated—the winds were hushed—and the trees were hung with silvery foliage; all seemed enchantment! The voices, at first indistinctly heard, became louder and louder; they were evidently the accents of song and merriment, if not of hospitality, and more welcome sounds could not have greeted his ear at the present juncture. By-and-bye he beheld a conclave of merry-looking fellows seated around a table of indurated snow, beneath a canopy of the same evanescent material. Their attire bespoke their avocation—they were evidently woodmen. The hatchets in their girdles, their booted legs and mittened arms, lent them the appearance of so many greaved and gauntleted sons of chivalry in a council of war. Many of them were smoking pipes of much larger dimensions than Bachoffner had been accustomed to use. The smoke perfumed the air most deliciously, whilst it allayed the rigour of the frosty atmosphere, and rendered it, in the opinion of the woodman, warm and balmy as a summer's eve. On his approach, the strangers lustily chanted the following lines:

"Throned upon Bohemian snows,
We carouse while men repose.
Welcome! welcome! forest brother!
Shelter none to any other
Give we, than to woodmen true,

Those that heart of timber hew!
Enter, then, our hall of state;
Sit, and learn thy future fate!
Drink deep of our wassail-bowl,
While without the storm-winds howl!
Welcome! welcome! woodman free!
Welcome to our Jubilee!"

When Bachoffner had seated himself, a large flagon of Dutch sack was offered him, from which he drank a hearty draught. A pipe charged with the rich tobacco, the fumes of which had so gratefully saluted his nostrils, was then handed to him. Here he sate for several hours with the jovial foresters, in all the luxury of an eastern satrap, Rudolph crouching underneath his chair the while. The draught operated like opium on his senses. Under the influence of the god of the flagon, he became insensible to the extra-mundane character of his companions, and conversed with them as with so many rustic revellers. Time—place—circumstances—were alike confused. The words of welcome still rang in his ears, and the wassailing cup went freely round. Many were the tales of by-gone times that were told; some were of exploits of comparatively recent date, others exceedingly remote, so that, taken collectively, they seemed to form a chronological chain of events reaching up to the days of Charlemagne, and presenting a continuous history of an almost forgotten period. Each individual spoke only of what he himself had witnessed; and the venerable appearance of a majority of the narrators was in keeping with the stories narrated.

They were the phantom foresters who, it is said, on the close of every century, hold a midnight revel in the Hartz. The number of attendants increases each successive meeting, since every son of Pan who cleaves heart of oak in the forest, after death associates with them.

As morning approached, Bachoffner recollected that his pleasant but mysterious companions had invited him to "sit and hear his future fate," and, with the inherent curiosity of human nature to dive into futurity, he asked what they could tell him. The prophetic chorus followed.

"Thou shalt slough thine earthly coil
Ere ends another summer's toil!
Thou shalt see a harvest sown,
Ne'er another harvest grown!
Thou shalt then be like as we—
Such is thy brief destiny!"

This was heavy news for the woodman, who loved mother-earth dearly. The cup of joy was converted into the chalice of sorrow. He prayed them to reverse their decree, and assign to him a longer period wherein to complete his earthly pilgrimage. To which request he received this disheartening response:

"It cannot be—it cannot be,
Fellow woodsman! 'tis not we
Who spin the brittle thread of life.
But if thou diest in mortal strife,

While yet remains a deed undone—
A wish'd-for object to be won,
Then 'tis ours to grant a boon:—
Thou shalt wander when the moon
Sheds her pale beams on the dell,
Through the Hartz invisible;
Till he to whom thou canst reveal
That on which thy death doth seal,
Shall meet thee in the dead of night.
Then shalt thou to human sight
Be palpable as child of light.
Beyond this we can naught decree,
Companion of our Jubilee!"

They then rose, and trolled a farewell carol, the burden of which was,

"Night wears short—the day dawns long—
Now depart the phantom throng;
But to meet—again to meet—
Oft each remembered face to greet,
And in verse and mystic rhymes
To tell the tales of olden times;
When will join the phantom crew,
All that in the forest hew!"

The choristers then glided away, Bachoffner knew not how! The mimic banquet-hall, the snowy temple of the bacchanal foresters, vanished! The hoarse music of their voices became faint, and the often-repeated chorus died away like the last solemn notes of a funereal dirge!

No sooner had the phantoms disappeared, than the gray tints of morning proclaimed the approach of day; the snow under foot again became uncomfortable; Bachoffner's hardy frame was pinched by the matin frost; and Rudolph, shivering beneath the piercing cold, followed his master as he wended his way home, which he found much nearer than he had anticipated.

He could not sleep for many nights after this strange event; nor could he divest himself of the recollection of the warning he had received of the number of his days. The sentence rang in his ears with an eternal reverberation:

"Thou shalt slough thine earthly coil
Ere ends another summer's toil!
Thou shalt see a harvest sown,
Ne'er another harvest grown!"

A few months after this period, Hernandorff went early one morning to Bachoffner's hut, hoping to find the forester before he had set out to his work. He opened the door: the woodman, belted and equipped for work, and unconscious of the presence of an intruder, lay on some skins that were spread on the floor before a blazing fire, hugging his dog. "Rudolph," said he, in a tone of painful earnestness, "thou must seek another master; the *summer's toil* is nearly over."

Rudolph disengaged himself from his master's grasp, and leaped

upon him with many a lusty bound. The dog was as happy as the woodman was wretched.

"Rudolph! thou'lt not leap long on *my* knee. Who then will bid thee bay the wolf? Who then will feed thee—tend thee—caress thee? Thou shall not starve. I will find thee another master."

"He shall never lack a kind master," said Hernandorff, who, not knowing whether the woodman had lost his senses or not, had waited to hear the result of the curious apostrophe to the dog which he had so unintentionally broken in upon. "What has happened to inspire these gloomy forebodings?"

"My time is come."

"Art thou unwell?"

"I was never better *in health;* but something is impending, I wot not what."

"Thou wilt outlive this fancy," said Hernandorff; "let us change the subject. I have a charge for thee. Thou knowest the castle is to undergo repair, and that meanwhile my residence will be at the villa; and as the winter will probably wear through before the repairs can be completed, it is advisable to remove such valuables as are portable; most of which, since the direct road is nearly impassable, will be conveyed under a strong escort by a circuitous route this day. There are some things, however, with the care of which I will trust none but thyself. What if banditti seize the plate, it may be replaced; but we could not replace the trophies which the first Hernandorff took from the ancestors of the surly Baron, and which, at this moment, he would relinquish his forest rights to possess! In thy homely garb thou wilt never be suspected of being the bearer of aught valuable."

"It may perhaps be the last duty I shall ever perform."

"Nay, there's another I shall require of thee. My marriage takes place to-morrow, and as I shall be long absent from the forest, thou must see to the harvesting."

Bachoffner shuddered; he thought of the charmed chorus—

"Ne'er another harvest grown!"

"What alarms thee?"

"Ask me not what I cannot explain. I will take charge of the mail; but look for another harvestman. I shall never more return to the Castle of Hernandorff. It is not for the cleaver of wood to be familiar with his lord, but he craves liberty to make one request—his last. When I am dead, take care of that affectionate creature."

"Thou mayest depend upon my doing so," said Hernandorff.

"If aught untoward should befal, seek me by moonlight in the forest."

"I do not understand thee."

"Thou wilt know all soon—I have a presentiment that I shall never return—such presentiments are ever true. Mayest thou be happy! I shall not live to see the daughter of Lindenhausen the bride of Hernandorff. Remember my poor dog."

Hernandorff's impression was, that the poor fellow's wits were disordered; still he had sufficient confidence in him to entrust him

with the much-valued relics. Bachoffner, with his charge, journeyed forth. He cast many a lingering look at his humble but comfortable cottage, fully impressed with a conviction that he should not return.

The trusty Bachoffner was passing through a secluded part of that almost interminable forest, when he found himself assaulted by a ruffian, who, before he could defend himself, whipped a small sword or stiletto through his ribs. Though he received a dreadful and, as it proved, a mortal wound, it did not bring him immediately to the ground. The wound was deep, but so narrow that at first only a very small quantity of blood escaped. Rudolph was at the assailant's throat before he could regain the use of his weapon. The woodman had sufficient strength and presence of mind to draw an axe from his girdle, with which he clove the skull of his ruffian antagonist, leaving the weapon sticking in the splintered helmet. The assassin was the Baron! Bachoffner attempted to walk, but before he had proceeded many paces fell; the blood now oozed fast from the wound, and with it flowed the tide of life. Fearing that the monster who had stabbed him might have an accomplice in villany, and well aware that the life of a woodman had not been the primary motive to the attack, he threw his burden into a fissure of the rock, and slightly covered it with loose stones and sods—then swooned, and died.

It would seem that the Baron by some unascertained means had come to a knowledge of the removal of the sword, shield, and armour; and knowing how highly they were prized by their present possessor, had resolved, at the hazard of his life, to obtain them; not that he regarded their intrinsic value—not in the spirit of avarice had he coveted the masses of embossed gold which adorned them; but to gratify the fiendish hate which he cherished towards the person of his rival. That hate was the last but fiercest spark of a deeply-rooted animosity which had subsisted between the rival families from time immemorial.

Many were the surmises and speculations respecting the fate of the woodman and the Baron. The bodies of the combatants were not discovered until some time after the fatal rencontre. When found, they were within a few yards of each other, just as they had fallen. The avenging hatchet was still wedged in the assassin's helmet, and the right hand of Bachoffner still grasped the second weapon which in his death-struggle he had drawn from his girdle. Near to the woodman was stretched the faithful Rudolph. As the bodies were not mutilated by the beasts and birds of prey, it was inferred that they had been watched over by the dog, which appeared to be but recently dead.

Bachoffner, as promised by the phantom foresters, was permitted, after death, to wander invisible through the forest by night, having died leaving

> "——— a deed undone,
> A wished-for object to be won."

But his person was to become visible, and his wanderings were to cease, whenever he could meet with some person to whom he could

reveal the treasure, in the defence of which he lost his life. His nocturnal perambulations were confined to a very small portion of the forest, and that a remote and unfrequented part. From the number of bears, wolves, and boars that infested it, it was deemed unsafe during night; consequently more than fourscore years elapsed before he was met by any human being.

At length, however, while taking his customary nocturnal perambulation, he was suddenly confronted by a tall handsome cavalier, a benighted hunter who had lost his way. The spectre gazed inquisitively as if he knew him. The stranger was no other than Eustace Hernandorff, grandson of Herman Hernandorff and the lady of Lindenhausen, and the last of his race. Well might they mutually start; Bachoffner distinctly saw what would have appeared to have been his veritable master, had he not known that time had bent with decrepitude, or borne away to their tombs, all his cotemporaries. Well might Hernandorff be unutterably confounded on beholding, at the solemn and solitary hour of midnight, in that almost untrodden wild, the swarthy visage of Bachoffner; he could not be mistaken in its identity. The oblique glance, the hatchet and pipe, the panier-belt, the boots and mittens, the slouched hat, the black whiskers commingling with the pendent locks, the axe on his shoulder, and the redoubtable one-eyed companion of his travels following at his heel—all confirmed the truth. The moon shone brightly full on the face of the phantom Bachoffner, whose every feature was plainly discernible. Well might Eustace be astonished to find the painting of the woodman and his dog, which had hung in the halls of the castle nearly a century, realised by moonlight in the forest! for in an instant he recognised Bachoffner and Rudolph, the stout woodman whose arm had struck down the last hereditary foe of the Hernandorff, and who had shed his blood in defence of the proudest trophies of that illustrious house, and his dog the only witness of his fate! How truly had the limner depicted that hideous aspect—how faithfully the shaggy companion!

Bachoffner beckoned; Eustace followed to the very spot that had become noted as the death-site of the Baron. There the spectre pointed towards the earth, seemingly to intimate that something lay concealed beneath the turf. Eustace turned over the sod, and discovered the long-lost trophies; the sword-blade was eaten through with rust; but the gold and brass had resisted decay. With surprise he gazed upon them, and was about to express his gratitude to the veteran forester, but he had disappeared.

Bachoffner no longer visits the Hartz, except on the return of the merry festival, when he joins the phantom crew on the celebration of their centennial carouse.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.

No. IV.

CLEOPATRA AND MME. DE STAEL.

In contemplating Portia, we were stimulated by virtuous example to noble action; in musing on Desdemona, our sympathies with the unhappy pure were profitably elicited; in studying Juliet, we learned to joy in unison with the rapturousness of the guileless infancy of genius Our present lesson and task is different from these: the first on whom we meditated was a princess in her own small territory, calculated when she obtained even that diadem to invest it with dignity more than equivalent to that of the old worn-out powers of ancient governments; the second was a queen of hearts, to whom the crown pertained, not by her own, but by her consort's right, in a country where, as in England, females shine in domestic life, and do not, as in France, disturb the affairs of state; the third was an intellectual despot, whose reign was admitted by those, far and near, who knew or had heard of her, regarding her as a fit personification of the nobility of the human mind, and, when increasingly acquainted with the grandeur of humanity, becoming intimate with her, who thus enjoyed an extended and spiritual dominion: her individuality and her soul were loved, so to speak, where her person and her existence were unknown. Now we turn to a real queen, empress of the world, of eternal fame and name, known wherever cultivation flourishes, coupled with emperors of the earth. If Aspasia ruled Pericles and Alcibiades, Cleopatra swayed a Pompey, a Cæsar, and an Antony; and though the Socrates and teacher was not for her embodied, such was diffused, as it were, over the instructive scenes of an altering universe—the new birth of *democratical* monarchy, if we may use the expression, from the old existency of aristocratical commonwealth, which, in its turn, had sprung from the patriarchal rule of original kings over the *refuse* of society, but with that living marrow which proved active wickedness to enclose seeds of nobler things than sluggish morality, to possess grander capacities, if the vigorous impulse is by a creative hand ably directed to unobjectionable channels. A talent for evil is better than deficiency of ability: conversion may beautify the former; the last is inevitably unavailable, until a fresh inspiration takes place, if it be so ordered, at the resurrection.

Cleopatra ruled one of those wondrous lands which interest the imagination; whose pyramids and hieroglyphics incite to more picturesque trains of fancy than the antiquity, and marvellous wall, and stolid lastingness of institution, of the Chinese; whose departed glory has left a lingering attraction, unpossessed by the latter nation, of mediocrity and self-importance; whose association with the Israel-

ites is more pleasing than that with the depredations of Tartars on the territories of Tchong-Koué. Her motherhood of Cæsarion renders her the source of new reflections. Of what nature was the child of such an union?—the offspring of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra! It is common that a son should be worthless if his father only excels; but that no renown attended here, we are tempted to deem a punishment of guilt—or, we conclude that nature, exhausted by the production of so many heroes, now rested from such labours. How many beautiful associations, then, does not her personification of Isis awaken—the sister of the sun; the queen of heaven, mistress of the tides, as her worldly emblem of the heart; fickle, likewise, in her endeavours, which are various in their effects; yet exhibiting a consistency of conduct with constitution. The beauty of Cleopatra was incomparable; and if she had not the refined taste of the Grecian heroine, her stately uncongeniality with the mob, preferring to rule it over the mental aristocrat, she had unparalleled and inimitable attractiveness, of nature's tutoring—the child of unsophistication—appreciated by all, rather than the gem of a class estimated by a narrow circle. She had accompaniments of dazzling, exciting, and oriental magnificence, instead of the chastened, cold elegance of the highest order of society, where the tameness, as of a Racine, succeeds the barbaric pomp, as of a Shakspeare—where the intellectual, in a measure, takes place of the sensual—where, instead of the animal-like savouring, without analysation, of the luxury of life, there is the calculated zest of those who contemplate objects duly, and by perseverance discovering their charms, with sobriety and tempered enthusiasm enjoy them: such a difference existing between these grades as between painting and sculpture.

Refiners sometimes exceed their aim, and are popular but with a few. Shakspeare, Goëthe, Byron, whose passions were as strong as their imaginative powers finely developed, are favourites with all, supplying food for the most educated, as well as ordinary appetite—roast-beef and plum-pudding, as it were, for the latter, which devours with more gigantic ability, if less epicurean daintiness. The lusty consumers are men of action—not therefore to be depreciated—the more delicate are rarely so. The cloyed capabilities of super-refinement differ vastly from the wholesome vigorous pleasures of a youthful state of things. In over-civilisation there is as much, or more vice; but, having lost the attraction of novelty, it disgusts, and is, in theory, kept in the shade, whatever may be the practice. Passion no longer heightens the enjoyment in a certain order of intellectual occupation, which depends now on conceits rather than on realities—thus, after our pulse has been quickened by Byron, we turn to Wordsworth as an antifebrile. Yet Cleopatra reached the acme, bringing matters to a pass beyond which they could not extend—the pearl, dissolved and swallowed, could no more delight the eye. And so Madame de Staël forced things to a pitch which revolted many minds. Many find fault with Corinne, and lose love, in contempt of and anger with the profanation of morality. Many ridicule the authoress for having spoiled the simple loveliness of natural affection by clothing her embodiment of the passion in assumption and affectation of

abstruseness, by rendering her powerful and self-confident, instead of timid and retiring—dying her stockings of a deeper blue, instead of effacing all cerulean, and colouring in pink a garden rose, to be wooed by the nightingale's address.

As with Romeo and Othello, Antony, notwithstanding all his licentiousness, is by no means so happy as Cleopatra. Men are born for their Creator; women, for men. Men are conscious of aspirations after unattainable things, and never enjoy life fully except when, by pressing forward to the mark of their high calling, they fulfil the purpose for which they were called into existence. Yet how few, thus superior, merge the temporal in the spiritual being, although they are stimulated so to do by an aching void—that want, of which Providence, who framed them for lofty undertakings, ordained they should be sensible, in order to the enforcement of mental exertion; as the body is rendered subservient to appetites, lest they die of starvation. But women have attained their goal when they secure the affections of a lover, a husband; and if the age of love is past, those of a child, or, it may be, even a parrot. Literature is not in their sphere; it constitutes not their happiness; nor can it make their misery, as with men. There is a combination of properties in the female; and it is her masculine admixture which incites her to write. It is well that she should be so induced, as the world must otherwise be deprived of the experience she can unfold: and do not women form half, and more than half, of the human species? Though their feelings may be as acute, they are without the promethean grandeur of the nobler sex; neither in fact nor in description do they approach the sublime, as of Childe Harold, unless transiently, in solitary exceptions. Then, the dignity is from reserve, rather than from the nature of things, which would impress vigour on confidence, even more than on restraint. This inferiority arises from their station in life; they suffer from the rule of a higher race of humanity; while men, from the unmediated inflictions of the Deity: and as our longings cling to what is superior, it is impossible that the cleverest female scribe should ever reach the popularity of an author in whose works the woman is aright subordinate, which will not be the case in the instance of a favourite authoress. She will not forsake the groundwork of celebrity by ceasing to divulge genuine ideas and novel sensations, the heroine thus, of consequence, occupying more space than the hero. And though such a course is apparently better suited to the greater part of mankind, yet even this lower portion enjoy, rather, that style which exhibits but the poetry, picturesqueness, and femininess of women; the domesticity and submissiveness of her character, which exhibits the characteristics of a class, rather than the peculiarities of a prodigy, who, from a defect in her composition, aspires to supremacy, and, like Icarus, venturing too near the sun, drops rebuked into the deepest ocean of infelicity. As with Haman, her triumph has all the bitterness of defeat, because the Mordecai, whom she longed to subjugate, stands erect in scorn of her dominion.

Women are formed to be loved; and we cannot fancy them altogether amiable when they lose affections which they have once

believed themselves to possess. The sorrows of the forsaken touch those who pine in the neglect which their unloveableness has induced; those who, because young, have not yet had opportunity to master the heart which is destined to be theirs; those who, of refinement, have not fascinated the congenial spirit whom they would be blessed in securing; those who, widowed, like to be reminded of past joys, and to have associates in their complainings; or those who, themselves happy, enjoy analysing all states of existence. But, for the majority, Corinne is as a sealed book: few men care for sentimentalities; the poetry, not the philosophy of passion, do they relish; they are gratified by details of feminine feeling, or, in other words, a series of complaints against their sex; incidents and comprehensive description please them; and it is the same with the generality of women. Something like jealousy affects the inferior at the vast elevation of a Corinne above themselves; they depreciate her talent, and ridicule her experience. Good, orderly people, who approve of matter-of-fact objects, deem it a pity that so much time, labour, and ability were expended in developing such a meagre subject. The devotional are persuaded that the creature is preferred to the Creator; forgetting that life is but an education; that the love of a child for her doll is a practice and proof of the affection which, in youth, shall inspire her towards her parent; and that the more the faculties are exercised the greater becomes their power, the wider scope we instruct them to compass the more boundless will be their capacity. The moral and commonplace fear that this encouragement of the passions will lead to the overthrow of judgment and reason—to vice, in a word. And thousands savour the tranquil delights of satisfied attachment for one who tastes the prickly pleasures of undecided and ever-varying emotion. Even with unfortunate swains we do not readily sympathise; for they are thus degraded, for the time being, beneath women, which is not the proper frame of things.

How shall we compare Cleopatra and Madame de Staël?—They are equally famous, if the one for her beauty, the other for her manifested genius, of which she has erected lasting monuments for posterity: and there is a splendour, a voluptuousness, an Italian glow in the style of the Frenchwoman, as in the life of the Egyptian; a romance of mind, as of adventure in Cleopatra; a power of passion to misery in each. If one existed during the crisis of Rome and the world, the other lived during that of France and Europe. If one was associated with Julius, Augustus, and Mark Antony, the other was with a Bonaparte, with the Goethes, Schillers, Byrons, rulers of the minds, as the former were of the persons, of mankind. And it was just that the more intellectual should be coupled with artists; the active in enterprise with the men of deeds. Which species of fame should the ambitious desire? That of the former is the most secure. If a man be endowed with talent, study and perseverance will raise a glorious column, which shall tower amid the ranks of literature: he is able to create circumstances. But it matters not what the abilities of the man of action; if there be not a field on which to display his powers, they cannot establish renown, and will scarcely lift him above insignificance. The days are past, however, when heroes filled the

thoughts of a world. The glory of a Wellington is but trite, compared with the perennial lustre of a Leonidas or Miltiades; and though the career of Napoleon electrify us, yet there is now so much more of common sense, so much less of chivalry, of a very necessity for adventure from the tameness of spiritual life, that he loses by comparison with an Alexander, Hannibal, or Julius Cæsar, to whose eminence, with a sort of youthful enthusiasm and classic poetry of feeling, our hearts warm, while their failings we do not harshly condemn—they are past, and have acquired the sanctity of antiquity; they have not a present existence further to injure. Different is the case of the warrior of later days, whom we only regard as an instrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty; whose evil deeds stare us directly in the face, like the distorted features of a fiend. The power of mind has now reached its summit; the author is now the hero of infantine imaginings, as the victor was in days of yore.

Cleopatra was versed in many languages; Madame de Staël, in the literature of many nations; both were stars in society; eager to please, conversational; queen of the circle; anxious to engross and absorb the attention of men; fixed, by nature, above most women. In Romeo, love was carried to its height of power and picturesqueness combined with respectability and dignity. His character is sublime, like a mountain; that of Antony, like the sea raging in a storm; the nature of the first may be analysed, the commotions of the last cannot be calculated on; they show a wildness of fury, which tells that the elements of ruin are let loose, and the winds unshackled by Æolus, careering to destroy—yet there is at times a pause, when delicious gleams of sunshine, balmy breathings of heat, give promise of repose, which a new burst of terror annihilates; no permanence of wretchedness as with Romeo. Antony had more genius than Othello, less principle; he could squander his affections on sensual, independent of moral, beauty, which the Moor could not; the former had a more continuous heat of temperament, like the lesser fires of Stromboli, which perpetually emit sparks; while that of the latter might be likened to the hidden burnings of Etna, which, in concealment, muster their tremendous forces for a less frequent but more effectual and fearful display.

If Antony's passion metamorphosed his strength to weakness, Cleopatra's led her to masculine divulgements. Romeo asks Juliet to express the extent of her love, which she delicately declines to do; Cleopatra demands an account of his, from Antony; and somewhat similar is the reply of each. "They are but beggars that can count their worth;"—and, "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned." In general, and always, with a proper female, affection, while in the presence of its object, is kept without endeavour, and by instinct, within decorous bounds of moderation. Cleopatra enjoyed bringing all her powers to bear on the explanation of attachment; it was not with her a first engagement; she had experience on which to proceed; like the Ocean was her passion, which summons all tributary streams to swell its waves; like the majestic river, rolling on to its destiny, was Juliet; sometimes leaping in a torrent over rocks;

sequence forgotten, in the stirringness of present excitement, rather than expanding the gaze over a world-bound horizon—the undivided might, concentrated upon one object, rather than a combination of universal talents collectively turned to its effectuation. There is an effort, like all labour, conducing to satisfaction, in Cleopatra's mode of rumination. There is an idle *laisser aller* in Antony, but fertile as the overflowings of the Nile. And there is usually this difference between masculine and feminine ability—the first flows on spontaneously, and apparently without struggle; the last is a straining: however powerful the sensations and emotions, in their developement there is the mark of care, toil, anxiety, perseverance, unwearied aiming—no easy and lavish effusions which may not be withheld, and, as outpoured, are so undisturbedly left; witness the dissimilarity in this respect between Waverley and Corinne. If females are ever thus graceful in their style, it is not when it is of first-rate interest, nor when their capabilities are of the highest order.

The bourn, how far to be beloved, which Cleopatra, would set, must be unattainable by a more contracted soul than her own, as well as incomprehensible. Strange is the mixture of feeling with which the loved regard those who have been objects of attention to their lord! Jealousy is united with a kind of fondness for them. They say everything bad which is possible of them, while they think everything good. They perceive all their attractions and exaggerate them, as lovers do. Their most trivial thoughts, words, and deeds, have interest for them, like those of an idol, and not only during the continuance of their husband's affection, but before its commencement, and after its secession; just as an inconstant lover still claims a species of observance. They undervalue their own excellencies by comparison; and exalt themselves again, only when flattered by their consorts, though for every elevation they suffer subsequent depression. After all, there is a sort of equalisation of merits; and her degree of loveableness alone raises one woman above another; the gently affectionate, who possess the beauty of good-humour, suiting men of perpetual activity; the more passionate, who possess that of expression, suiting those of reserved feeling and indolence; the colder in manner, who possess that of dignified feature, suiting those of ardent, imaginative, and determinative temperament. Then, how agreeable the closeness of union which authorises you to express opinions of men to your lover, it matters not how intimate their connexion with him; to influence his sentiments, and guide his succeeding conduct! He is more willing, too, to be tutored regarding his male, than his female associates; and, reasonably or the contrary, puts more faith in your judgment on the former; because, perhaps, he conceives your motives to envy and detraction in the latter instance; or he has a natural love of the sex, and likes not its members to be dishonoured; or, being less conversant with women, he consequently gives them credit for every virtue, as men for every vice. As women have sometimes a little of masculine capacity, so men have frequently feminine failings; and these a wife glancingly detects, enlightening the darkness of her husband's vision, who cannot be aware of other's deficiencies, when he is unacquainted with his

own. Knowledge of one's own follies instructs one cleverly in those of another, and teaches one also dearly to value his perfections. The glaring points of character are manifest to a man who is not blind; but in order to perceive the very minute shades, he must look through the spectacles of woman's discernment. Yet very, very few would consider their detection worthy this trouble. It is, however, some atonement to women, in their inferiority, thus to inspect spots on the sun's disk, blemishes in the lords of creation.

How men lose their senses, and all their power, before marriage, in the presence of an object of idolatry, or of illicit love! But no woman should be so foolish as to trust altogether in the promises then made, which it is not in the nature of a man to fulfil. Yet, how satisfactory, what an elevator of passion, is the confidence with which a woman is inspired by a man of principle! The promise of permanent ardour of emotion may not be kept; and, if he were more accomplished in the secrets of heart and mind, he would know that such continuity must be an unpleasing miracle—all sameness and all variety: but as to behaviour—the lovingness throughout, the kindness and tenderness unwearied, these assurances are made good and to be firmly relied on: and what, beside, could we desire or want? It is not so with the immoral, those who have been hitherto incautious of what suffering they inflicted on others; whose actions are inconsistent with the maintenance of self-respect, and exhibit carelessness of self-degradation. As they have ill-used other women, so will they act by you, unless you become a despot, remain perpetually with them, or surround them with espionage, labouring for ever to discover new fascinations, and pampering their appetites by incessant mental and sensual alterations. Where, then, is the calm of contentment? What philosophy does not passion teach! As with the moralist all is vanity that does not tend to the extension and growth of goodness, so to the lover all is immaterial, compared with the reciprocation and progress of his affection. Of what importance to him are earthly dominion and temporal fame? The delight of ruling one peerless and kindred soul far surpasses that of swaying a mass of uncongenial and passing mortality. The breath of man fans equally the base pride of the successful jockey as the self-adulation of the triumphant conqueror. But to lose one's identity in another, to become twain, as it were, the power and feelings of two being condensed, strengthened, and concentrated in one, this is the nobleness of life!

The dubious position of Cleopatra admits not of her quiet acceptation of stated facts: yet when, by doubting, she has proved her tact, she resigns herself to the force of existing love, about which there can be no hesitation, confessing that while Antony thus adores her, he only follows his natural bent, and is now indeed himself. Meanwhile he insinuates that to herself alone she owes gratitude, as the inspiration of those sentiments which form her joy. Their enervating pleasures may be likened to those of the last king of Assyria, but Cleopatra is not, like a Grecian heroine, like Myrrha, superior to such debasing revelries; she is rather a female Sardanapalus; with grace, wit, and loveliness, giving zest to otherwise distasteful debaucheries. And well she avails herself of Antony's love of luxury to stave off that

business which, if properly attended to, must terminate in separation. Julius, adequate to nobler undertakings, tarried, like Ulysses, only a little while in the enchanted island; but Antony, a practical, imbruted epicurean, lost everything for aye; and pearls of opportunity being cast before him, like swine, he trampled them, and returned to wallow in the mire. And did sensuality, does selfish indulgence, ever bring happiness?—Cleopatra's ridicule and anger, her fretfulness and peevishness, contrasted with her natural lovingness of disposition, her capability of generous enjoyment, her habitual good-humour, and appreciation of beauty and eminence, only served as a stimulus to the passion she created. A violent temper and occasional fierceness of wrath are sometimes coupled with this luxurious savouring of all means of felicity. What science is so amusing, so intensely interesting and engrossing, as that knowledge of men and manners in which Cleopatra was now about, unconsciously to himself, to instruct Antony? Wit is displayed by the striking developement of truths which are not obvious, but which press home with such strength of intimacy, that we are tempted to question if the new acquisition be not an old friend in a novel garb. And thus our heroine's remarks would seem so self-evident, that her hearer must fancy the manner, not the matter, the sole source from which she might derive pride. Even unlawful attachments have their strongholds on admiration: and perhaps the unhappiness they cause, reads more useful lessons than the misfortune attendant on purer affection. The tamely attached, the absorbed by self, the unelevated mediocre, might learn to undervalue themselves by a contemplation of the disinterested yielding up of self, the ever-abiding devotedness, the heroic exaltation of some of those ill-doomed, because unwise, lovers whom they reprobate, and to the last degree despise. Antony "is not Antony:" but he shows of what he is capable, if his impulses were corrected, and his neglect of self-interest, in a worthier cause.

There is no equality in wickedness—no equanimity, unless life is a long labour of love in the cause of virtue, of whatever tends to improve or exalt man, to employ his time and thoughts usefully or agreeably, to increase his comforts, or augment his ideas. He is not born tamely, from hour to hour, day to day, week to week, to yield to slothful self-indulgence and hazardous dissipation. In the midst of revelry and the slumber of the soul the voice to remind him of his better angel will whisper words to mar his joy and shake his repose—a voice to remind him of his noble origin and noble destiny; to summon him to reflect and resolve. And though neither alteration nor action were the result, still these seasons of self-recollection distinguish him from the beasts that perish; they even add flavour to the iniquity which, in spite of all, is again partaken. Of how much of her legitimate influence is a woman deprived when, instead of its being her interest to encourage virtuous thoughts, her dearest aim is to banish meditation, except on herself and all the paraphernalia of their passion! Why will woman aspire to such toppling, miserable eminence? a power which lasts only so long as the imbrutement of her lover and debasement of herself. It is only after the Rubicon has been crossed that people discover their errors; and there is much

intenser infelicity in vicious pleasures than in the direct calamities which have not originated in guilt. Happy for those whose circumstances have not seduced them into sinking beneath temptation: the first step is irretrievable; and happiness, like the morning dew, has evaporated. A long series of commendable efforts may induce resigned placidity; but vigorous buoyancy, the elasticity of innocence, bird-like joyousness, are eternally vanished. Those who have been on the brink of the abyss, and rescued from the downfall, may form some estimate of the depths from which they have been mercifully delivered: and truly, those who stand are not supported by their own strength; they ought, therefore, to think charitably on the ill-destined, who, for wise purposes, have been suffered to stumble.

How stern is the satisfaction of a wife who labours for the benefit of an unfaithful husband! How mystical, and typical of all unions, is this conjunction, which binds them, thus, to community of interest, setting affection apart! While the loving mistress, on the other hand, compasses the ruin of the object of her endearments. How much more productive of content is the desolation of the former, than the worship of incense offered to the shrine of the latter! The deserted wife is not so much to be pitied as the idolised leman. The very estimation in which the first is held by the family of her lord solaces and supports her; even when unsuccessful, her sense of duty is gratified; and to have wrought in his service, who works for her unhappiness, enhances her internal contentment. If she is blessed with a child, her affections are more firmly knit to him than ever; and infant is to her as husband, father, friend. In every affliction a mother turns to her helpless babe, and though he be too young to smile consciously in her face, still one embrace, one hug of his little tender form, repays all her sorrow.

"The nature of bad news infects the teller, when it concerns the fool or coward;" Cleopatra proved herself the former, but it was an affected rather than a natural simplicity—ill-temper voluntarily given way to and encouraged, in order to dissipate her grief, as we blister sound flesh to cure internal disease—some sense as regarded herself. She could not, and did not, choose to command herself; yet there is a refined pleasure in possessing and exercising the god-like power of self-restraint, which is not experienced in the most perfect liberty to ebullitions of the wildest passion; such gratification is momentary, while a lasting pain ensues—honey in the mouth, and gall in the stomach. In her case, the tidings concerned her affections; it was otherwise in the instance of Antony, which made all the difference in the world; the excitement of love cannot be hidden. Besides, though passion was business to Cleopatra, it was idleness to Mark; and, as a novelty, he employed his mind once more, dignifiedly hearkening to all communications whose disagreeability he believed to be but merited. At the first, this consciousness of desert robbed them of a sting; there was no one but himself whom he could accuse; therefore he dared not storm in company; as on himself alone could spleen be vented, he would there maintain composure. Afterwards, in the season of rumination, when no means of diversion occurred, no method of cure offered, the thorn, which had been buried, tortured.

After wisdom has had an interregnum, sense more vigorously resumes its sway over those capable of aught worthy, unless too protracted relaxation has engendered weakness to idiocy, and that the faculties have decayed from being unused. How numerous are the wiles of affection! We are spies upon our lover, and yet flee his presence, lest our observance should be noticed. We send in quest of him, and desire that he should be brought into our presence; and still, if without all this ado he suddenly and of himself appears, we shrink guiltily, as it were, from his approach: we will not to him exhibit too much anxiety; for that might lead him to fancy us in his power, instead of him in ours, and he would then be unrestrained by a fear of offending us. It is only queen-like by another to summon him, wench-like to act as our own messenger; yet if by deeds we degrade ourselves, by words we may uphold our state. With Cleopatra, for the benefit of by-standers and of our own squeamishness, we may promulgate, when he advances, that we will not look upon him, taking heed to render the companion of our retirement that errand-boy whom we had been on the point of despatching in search of him. We cannot afford to be thus surprised; a sudden interview without space to arrange our coquettish plans would not be the thing. Mistresses may profitably study Cleopatra, if they desire to prolong their dominion. She manifests the restlessness of real love; the fear, the care, the anxiety; she is consequently a subject of interest; not so would prove the heartless wanton. Besides, the halo of classical antiquity surrounds her; of celebrity, wit, and genius; surpassing beauty, unequalled misfortune, incredibly romantic adventures; of the noblest associations; of untiring activity; a sunny clime, a sacred soil, a warm heart, a burning temperament.

How much more of ease and enjoyment has a man who, like Antony, can say, "Things that are past are done with me." And why should they not? When the reality of sorrow is over, its recollection ought not to distress. In felicity it is soberly sweet and temperingly profitable to remember misery; and in such an exercise of memory, we heighten present pleasure by contrast with by-gone pain: thus to improve our temper, and increase our happiness, is the proper office of gloomy retrospect. All Antony's words are characteristic of the heedless, though constitutionally energetic epicurean; vigorous, if we may so apply the epithet, in his very pursuance of loose delights. He had animal rather than mental strength; and a generosity of heart which rendered him beloved, and which reminded those whom he injured, that he was as much, or more, his own foe than theirs. He had a natural truth and candour of disposition which made his faults more loveable than the cold and calculating, though possibly less noxious policy of Augustus. He had a sort of rough beauty of character which misled; and his brotherhood of acknowledged failing attaches, more than the stand-off, apparent perfectibility which hides as hollow an interior, or more so. He was susceptible of impulse, which, by chance, at times proved a good one, while the best deed of Octavius always proceeded from an accurate computation of interest which must accrue. There is a determination in Antony's mode of speaking, which shows the sincerity of his discourse; whereas that of

his rival is but a seemly veil to conceal secret opinions. Though, during his periods of folly, the former would relish adulation, in his sober moments he could appreciate plain dealing, whether or not it was destined ultimately to serve him. The latter would like discreet, respectful reserve—praise rather than blame; and prudence would instruct him, even while he hated the censor, to profit by his advice; if the monitor, too, were likely to be subsequently useful, he could check dislike. In his affections he was moderate; in his hatred, cool, quiet, persevering, and relentless, until his victim was utterly subdued, when with grace he desisted from the pursuit, for he was not sufficiently silly to labour without an object.

"A Roman thought." Rome had not yet altogether degenerated when this epithet was equivalent to noble; nor Antony, while he was still capable of lofty musings. His confessions of defect, even though they did not lead to amendment, are attractive; there is a *bonhomie* in such confiders which teaches them to believe, and treat acquaintances as friends,—the surest method of rendering them such. The suspicious are without advocates. There is a nobleness in the free acknowledgment of error, almost an equipoise with that of avoiding the commission of offence. "Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome." Here is love, which hints at her guilt in the same strain of feeling which had induced him to set forth his own. As Desdemona modestly refuses to entitle herself, Antony considerately declines to give the worst addition to the appellation of his queen. So to blazon her would wound the delicacy of his affection, and would mortify his pride in her; we are strangely regardless of sin whose nature is unexpressed; but we cannot be deaf to the tale which is couched in language. If science depends on the transcript of facts, so does morality on that of ideas. He thus displayed a thoughtfulness of her fame which, in like case, if her passions were roused, she might not have had for herself. The lover has a motherly solicitude for his mistress which exceeds her own attentions to self-interest, she, for the sake of transitory gratification, despising the evil consequences which it involves, and deeming every reflection unnecessary which does not promote a lavish exhibition of her devotedness.

"Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase." She was revenged; he meditated on her with self-reproach and dissatisfaction; and as she was uppermost in his thoughts, when recalled to himself by the presence of the ambassadors, she was foremost on his lips. Idleness is the root of all evil; but we are not aware of the number or strength of its attending drawbacks until they are impartially stated and described. If this enumeration is made in a favourable hour, when cloyed to satiety by indolence, perhaps a resolution to improvement succeeds, and we discover the path of inactivity to be distasteless and uninteresting. The seducer is now punished, by being to the utmost forgotten when plans of reformation are afloat. She confides but in his frailty, and fickle-minded are the vicious; their disquiet of spirit the *primum mobile*—a longing to be rid of every restraint, yet followed by grief when, in answer to prayer, they are removed, the petitioner suffering thus from the very granting of his requests—a weariness of that within reach, a pining for the impossible, a change of feeling rendering the

sought pleasure odious, or the mere sameness of its continuance having the same effect. so, truly, the misleader's only hope is in the original inclination of the tempted to transgression. Enobarbus is a suitable companion of his master, capable of some good, and of much evil, unstable as water, ever yielding to circumstance and the whim of the moment, whether right or wrong; feeling kindly, and acting indifferently; in general considering others more than Antony did, who regarded only himself, unless when others forced themselves upon his meditation, or were necessarily bound up with his personal gratifications. If many worldly advantages were at stake, Enobarbus would not be dissuaded from their pursuit by the afflictions which must be showered upon friends; but laziness and love of amusement, as well as good-nature, would guarantee his quiescence, if merely petty profits were involved. There is amiability in his sense of the binding nature of successive engagements, though adherence to a late one may be prejudicial to the maintenance of a former. Self-indulgence spoils the most promising disposition; and the hindrances of the commander in this respect were greater than those of his subaltern. There is a tenderness in the regard of the latter for Cleopatra, to which the genuineness of her emotions gave rise; true feeling always renders its possessor beloved; and that she elicits such sentiments speaks well for her. His disinterested admiration informs us sincerely of the charms which drew it forth. How expressive is the figure of speech, that death is enamoured of her, and pantingly avails himself of every occasion to embrace her, if not to expiration, at least till, by fainting, she is half in his possession. Still, the ungrateful Mark, brought back to more than his former self, indifference merging into dislike, questions her sincerity. His confidant, more discerning, because less interested, is convinced of her truth. Policy may have led to the formation of her attachment, but real affection was the pledge of its duration.

No other female can, in power, cope with Cleopatra, who stands alone. Portia would never have condescended to act as she did; she would have had no pleasure in such toils of fascination. Juliet would have had equal ability of passion, but too much modesty, too little self-confidence or forwardness, to fill such a situation. Juliet's was a romantic love of the ideal—not so the Egyptian; the difference, such as between Lord Byron's and Little's love-songs. To Juliet there was but one *beau-ideal;* Cleopatra was an universalist, who admired all sorts of pre-eminence; and to admire, with her, was to love. Portia had wisdom justly to appreciate, without losing her reason, or forgetting her dignity; Desdemona would believe her hero vested with exactly those qualities which were calculated to command her affections, and such veneration as only they could compass; Juliet, while she perceived the individual deficiencies of her lover, would yet disgustedly contemplate the inferiority of others in delicacy, refinement, tenderness, &c.; Portia would discover many just as excellent as her own; but as he was well adapted to herself, and that she loved him dearly, she would not in the least desire or relish a change; with Cleopatra the present idol was supreme—a very god in attraction; yet, as the Euphrates once hurried to an altered channel, and swept

forwards as powerfully over its new bed, so was it with the emotions of the Alexandrian queen. Regarding worldly talents, she could have bought and sold our three former heroines; looking down on them all, while they compassionated her, and contemned her tastes. Juliet alone would have sympathised with her, considering her with fascinated eye, and loving, far more than the calmer Portia, or more timid Desdemona, to meditate on her noble genius, inciting enterprises, and unearthly brilliancy. Ashamed of acknowledging her inclination, it would acquire the interest of secrecy; while, in private, she would silently and sorrowfully weep over the fate of her heroine; and before her own time of being loved arrived, she would almost envy her the adoration she had commanded. Then, when happiness did overshadow her, she would pity her for her ignorance of true felicity. Desdemona might estimate her picturesqueness, and deplore her faults; but there was no congeniality which would induce frequent rumination, or inspire a fellow feeling with such a subject. Portia would shun matter of such painful reflection, and never dare to mention so disagreeable a topic in society. Cleopatra would likingly term Juliet a pretty girl; she would with indifference call Desdemona a silly one; and with dislike entitle Portia a proud damsel.

Enobarbus aids the weaker side; if Cleopatra had been, from interested design, influencing Antony, he would have refrained from advocatiug her cause; but it grieves him that her devotion should be met with ingratitude. Yet he is stunned when he hears of Fulvia's death; and while he laments for her, is almost vexed by his own steadiness to her rival. However, an instant's consideration teaches him that, as the wife is departed, she no longer needs consolation; and that the mistress far more requires support, as she is about to be tossed aside. Antony, with the selfishness of criminality, blames his partner more than himself for his indiscreet improprieties, and assuages the troubles of conscience by thus transferring the burden to another. His consort's departure recalled all pleasing associations with her memory—their marriage, the benefits he reaped from their union, her fidelity, the good she effected in his cause, their short-lived intercourse and friendship; while it obliterated unpleasing remembrances of squabbling, fighting, termagancy, and the destruction of peace, comfort, and enjoyment. No halo of religious ceremony draws him to Cleopatra; no faithfulness attaches; her truth to him has been falsehood to another; no trustfulness upholds his affection; as she loved before she saw him, she may again love after she ceases to behold him. Nothing but misfortune has attended their connexion; nothing but injury has she done, or laboured to do for him. If she can manage to retain him for herself, that is all her aim. Where, without esteem, is perfect attachment? Does every wife strive, does she pray, that such dubious thoughts, respecting her, may never pass across her husband's brain? does she endeavour, never, by commission or omission, to give birth to hateful surmises? When his leave-taking has been decided on, then only, after the past revulsion and reaction, can Antony speak affectionately of his queen, to whom he now purposes to break the cause of his expedience, that he may "get her love to part."

Cleopatra can no longer endure absence; and, casting away the notion of further reserve, desires to hurry him straightway to an interview, flinging into the sea all previous plans: still she does not wish him to be told that at her instigation he is summoned. She has genius to act extempore, with success equal to, nay greater than that which would attend the behaviour schemed in an hour devoid of inspiration. Judiciously, by a lively contrast, she forces the indolent Antony to think on her, whether for love or hate; if she but engrosses his attention, her object is attained, and she trusts to her ability for accomplishing the rest: an author thus deems it better that the public should censure, than neglect his performance. The confirmed voluptuary requires stimulants; for him she would exert a pungency of power. To the man of stirring talent, also, variety is consonant; as Cleopatra was to Julius: but over him she dared not tyrannise, as over Mark. If with him she had ventured too far, it would have been to lose him directly and for ever; he was not brutishly enslaved; he was only violently enamoured for a space. He resolved not to gainsay his passion, but to give it free rein. Why prevent such a nonpareil experience? Why blast the luxurious fruition of the love of the peerless princess of enchantment? When an unloving woman crosses her husband, the effect is indeed prejudicial; but when she worships him, and daily and hourly proves her adoration, she may hazard a good deal, if he be equally fond and foolish, and that no rival is at hand to avail herself of such incidents.

And here a mistress has usually the advantage; a wife generally most unwisely deeming it beneath her dignity to use effort or will in regaining her lord, and thus leaving the field clear to the clever and designing. And why should not a wife aim at rendering herself equally attractive? Why should she not so demean herself as if the permanence of her wifehood depended on her fascinations, or at least on her endeavours to please? What charms does not such a bearing fling over a connexion, which, by a different mode, is too often rendered vulgar and uninteresting! Charmione, not similarly intimate with Antony, and consequently venerating him more, dreads the consequences of Cleopatra's line, exhibiting the superiority of her mistress, in intellect as well as station. There is no affected and absurd assumption of state in our queen; and there never is, where native worth enhances the dignity of place. As if they had been equals, except for such dissimilarity as nature had caused, was her conversation with her attendants; and their attachment to her person bespeaks her amiability—the interest they manifested, not alone in her outward circumstances, on which their own welfare might depend, but in her inmost feelings. In spite of all her queenship she was dependent on Antony, as every woman should be on her lover: his favour had enriched her with worldly goods.

And now Mark enters with a vigorous air of determination; displaying no irresolution which might enable her to scold or taunt him out of his plan; nothing of weak lamenting loveship which might seem to admit his thraldom. Therefore, outward resistance being vain, caresses unavailing, she banishes the notion of both; and, demonstrating neither love nor talent, assumes a tone of indifference.

Yet, without neglecting by secondary means to excite his sympathy, pity, and affection, she feigns sickness, which, when the counterfeit became desirable, progressed to reality in her excitable frame, whose soul pervaded, instructing every member in subserviency. She bestows an endearing epithet on her maid, which she refuses to her erring lover; and by appearing thus to disregard him, while she nevertheless enforced his attention—and to attend on her was to be enamoured—she once more gains authority. When he is fixed, she insinuates that grief has caused her illness; the barbarous Antony, then, has been its origin. He yields; he lovingly beseeches her. She will not too soon surrender, or the object of former efforts were defeated. She waves him off; she looks not towards him, but in another direction; she will scarcely vouchsafe him a word. Mark, though he has not, for so far, as he imagines, given reason of offence, stands on the defensive; her goal is attained by his thus tacitly confessing himself in the wrong, and her, as it followed, in the right. He puts on a face of would-be innocence, for he cannot away with her sorrow, because indolence hates every annoyance. Still the wooer's glance was wanting; and she taxes him. Necessity has persuaded him to a separation: and, rejoicing in his conviction, he looks thus unconcerned. Cleopatra, to revenge herself, now makes Fulvia the butt of mockery: husbands do not relish interposing to ward off the shafts of ridicule from their wives; if unjustly accused of crime, they will assert their guiltlessness; but, to defend them from witticisms, they are aware will be but to bring down the same upon themselves—and what man has courage in small matters like these? Besides, the surest method of counterbalancing the effects of unmerited scorn is, by disregarding and seeming insensible to it, to rise above its meanness.

Cleopatra goes on *verbally* to liberate Antony from her entanglements, knowing an opposite extreme to be useless. She torments him by regretting their previous friendship, thus turning the tables on him. He fancied himself the injured person, and that he had motives to mourning over the past. Now he nearly doubts his senses: surely his mistress is the sufferer. He prizes anew the affection of which he is about to be deprived, and vanity is wounded by her discarding of him, inciting him to play the agreeable once more, that she may be again in subjection. She possesses another advantage in understanding all the phases of his feelings, and allowing her emotions and proceedings to be thereby influenced and directed. She declares, after in this manner reviving his tenderness, that she has no further power over him, tempting him eagerly to deny the assertion, and once more to kiss the chain. In thus withdrawing her sceptre, she resigns him to the rule of his wife; so reminding him of all the backbiting and chiding to which, on his return, he must submit—all the increased severity of regimen, making him long again for the flesh-pots of Egypt. He would willingly interrupt her in order to remonstrate; but Cleopatra, conscious of success, carries her point, and definedly states her wrongs. Withal, the pride of foresight must exhibit itself; in every instance, but poor comfort. There is now more lovingness of tone in Antony's utterance of

"Cleopatra!" it is not the mere voice of reasoning, as in his first address; it seems rather to express such a petition as "spare me!" But the hour for hearkening is not yet arrived; she sets forth all his falsity, and he cuts but a pitiful, sneaking figure. Like a supplicant he sues; he is caressing; like Esau, for the mess of pottage, he would forego all his expectations to be permitted one sweet embrace.

She has not yet accomplished everything; he still maintains his purpose, though wishing to obtain her approbation, without which a little while since he was content. What influence, even by memory and association, has the person who once inspired a mighty passion! Do you recollect this incident, or that occurrence? Such simple queries heighten or new create love. If you possess imagination, which tinges the past as well as the future with beauteous colours, you have another hold over the once doting lover. Is it thus Antony repays her who instructed him in bliss, which, ere he knew her, he believed not to dwell on earth? She will not suffer herself to be asked to approve his intentions; discussion would establish too agreeable an intimacy; by refusing to allow it, she amply revenges herself for his passing infidelity. If, in the regions of thought, men are kingly, in domestic life, in society, everywhere else, women are supreme; one dominion fairly balances the other, and no female who is successful in her own career, would desire to exchange her sphere; it is only the disappointed who have such ambition. Cleopatra recals the glowing admiration of which in past days he was conscious, and gave evidence; and, sensible of her rising superiority, she boldly asseverates the equivalence of her present attractions, to which consequently he need have no scruple or shame in bowing. We are not partial to self-condemnation; and, by altering his demeanour, he would be condemning by-gone actions, for which reprobation in cold blood he had not courage. Voluptuous listlessness was creeping over him, enervating his opinions, if failing to counteract his determination to enterprise.

Too far, however, for the rekindling of affection does the queen proceed. A woman should take heed how she yields to wrathfulness; she may at first do so designedly, from a good motive, but passion will, in the end, get the better of reason, and she will give utterance to sentiments which may revolt the spirit of her lord, subsequently enduring all the discomforts of repentance. The softness of Antony is now converted to steel, and the brilliant Cleopatra loses ground, even like a snail; while he, as she is in error, manfully puts forth his prudent plans: she has just gained so much as that he does so with politeness and affection. She cannot credit the fact of Fulvia's death, believing it too agreeable news to be true; her feelings being now engaged, she has no judgment to discern the truth of her informant. In her excitement she conceives that perhaps he but deceives and plays a trick on her. It was some satisfaction to him to be able to persist in a statement which he knew must be consolatory to her, whom he had previously so nearly mortally offended. As she is gone, even in her rival's presence he may render her her due. How wayward, how torturing to men, how impossible to be relied on, are

women! Antony, poor foolish fellow, concluded that now, at least, he had afforded satisfaction; but he reckoned without his host. Even here she finds material of carping. If he had wept, she would have interpreted his tears as an assertion of her insufficiency to console him. From his not uttering lamentations, she deduced that neither for her would he grieve. Nevertheless, Mark in this instance, conscious of innocence, remains undisturbed by accusation; thus proving his attachment, as she, by her very whimsies, exhibits hers. He states the resolves which he had deemed it advisable to make, but leaves it to her to decide whether he shall pursue or desist from his undertaking. In either case he professes himself sincerely her faithful lover, to be guided by her alone in succeeding details.

"Huge grief" and resistless excitement now prey upon the person of Cleopatra; a natural, but encouraged and unrestrained excitability is her bane. "Leave me in peace," she seems to entreat, "that I may yield myself to despair. Yet to what end? Rather let me be absorbed in stupor—steeped in Lethe. What could the possession of a world advantage me? Of what importance am I to any? What does it matter how I am tried? For one consolation only do I care, and that is Antony's love!" These displays are painful, and almost too much for Mark; but as they demonstrate attachment, he cannot quarrel with them. He soothingly beseeches her to cease such bewailing, else he must again forget himself and promised reformation in her arms. What misery do not selfish lovers inflict upon each other! How different is such conduct from that of the happiness-inspiring Portia, who hides her sorrow lest it should give a single pang to Bassanio, who will not bow beneath it; who banishes it entirely by wholesome exertion in the service of others. To prevent the exhibition of many sorts of selfishness, constant and interesting occupation is an effectual means. Render yourself happy, and you will diffuse joy around; instead of creating fretfulness by your discontent. Find in yourself, and never discontinue the search until you discover, perennial sources of employment to mind and body, which will greatly conduce to the health of both. Then, independent of all the world beside, you will be joyous; spreading the charm of contentment, instead of diminishing the comforts already supplied by a repining and thankless spirit. Hence it follows, that in being blissful you are doing good. Cleopatra suffers from the peevishness induced by an evil conscience; besides, self-conceit must be gratified by the exercise of her will, which she employs to reproach Antony; instead of softening his affliction, as a purely attached woman would do. She is jealous that he has not, first or last, during the interview, bent to her as a bond-slave with bated breath; and, as she cannot obtain all, she is ungrateful for a part, voluntarily wreaking her spite at every side. Mark, pleased with himself for non-submission, feels the maintenance of temper comparatively easy; we all do so, when another in our presence loses hers; the quicksand to be avoided being thus pointed out, we steer smoothly and safely round. How eloquent is our heroine! music and poetry are in her words: with the majesty of thunder onward they roll. We almost forgive, and unquestionably pity her. She has no pledge of his return; no guarantee of his faith;

no security of his constancy; she is severed from him, it may be for ever; and conscience whispers that she has not acted so as to leave pure, good, and useful traces on his heart. No: she lives in memory only by the beauty of person, the fascination of feature, the magic of expression, the perfection of attitude, the attraction of genius, and the immoral feast of the senses. Is there aught noble in this? Anything to feed self-complacence, and to rob parting of its sting? Unmitigated woe is hers; she cannot even blame her suitor; he had borne himself to her only as she had behaved to him. He had done just as she required, just as she desired; and he was going, just as in hours of reason she had anticipated. And, remembering these things, there is dignity and generosity in the conclusion to which she finally brings herself. She more than ever confesses her love; there is nobleness in being above hiding it; the system of fancying acknowledgment degradation is itself a mean one. Submissiveness to his opinion she now manifests, and a delicate anxiety to please his taste. A spark of moral feeling is kindled; she defers to the grandeur of honour; no longer selfishly grumbling at its dictates, or, like the unprincipled, basely despising and ridiculing its followers. She was born for better things: she pleads the cause of virtue; and almost condemns the folly which she has, for so far, and does still exhibit. She supplicates that the blessings of Heaven may alight on his head; and, though unworthy herself to offer up such petitions, yet, for the sake of those noble capacities which passion teaches her to perceive and venerate in her lord, believing them manifest to all beside, she deems that her prayer will be heard and answered. There is a chastened reserve, a queenly decorum, a womanly self-respect, in her farewell, which was not hitherto perceptible. Antony gladly seizes on the opportunity thus afforded of retreating upon fair terms; and, with a hasty speech, meant to be a loving one, while his thoughts are somewhat distracted by his schemes, he retires.*

* To be continued.

REST.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I sought it in the glitt'ring hall,
  Amid the festive throng;
When soft the notes of music fall
  To beauty's thrilling song—
Yet, when the eye was gleaming bright,
  The aching heart confest,
It might be pleasure—joy—delight;
  But, oh! it was not—rest.

I sought it in Love's mystic bow'r,
  When not a zephyr mov'd;
And tones of soft, resistless pow'r,
  Fond whisper'd I was lov'd—
When deeply blush'd the crimson cheek,
  Warm'd by the conscious breast;
But who tumultuous pleasures seek,
  And hope they lead to—rest?

Transient is passion's fitful reign,
  Its dream is quickly o'er;
When we awake to keener pain
  Than all which prob'd before—
Remorse—despair—and agony,
  By turns usurp the breast;
While cold disgust and apathy
  Preclude the hope of—rest!

I sought it in the flatteries
  The lavish world bestows;
But its unmeaning vanities
  Increas'd my heartfelt woes—
For, even in life's flush of pride,
  When by that world carest,
The servile homage we deride,
  To seek a sweeter—rest.

I sought it, humbly when alone,
  With penitence and pray'r;
For past offences did atone,
  And laid my secrets bare—
My proud, rebellious heart I brought
  To bow to Heav'n's behest;
And found at last—transporting thought—
  The long-desired rest!

MEMS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.[1]

BY LAUNCELOT LAMPREY.

" Chi va lontan' dalla sua patria, vede
Cose da quel che gia credea, lontane."

No. X.

Syracuse—Papyrus—Route to Etna—Pleasures of a dangerous ford—Catania—The Elephant's hotel—The Catanian abattoir—A lesson in cattle-slaying—Nicolosi—A volcanic philosopher—Ascent of Etna—The Casa della Neve—The Casa degli Inglesi—A winter ascent.

We spent two very pleasant days at Syracuse, each in his own way—the Doctor measuring arches, exploring subterraneans, and studying the works of some Athenian Vauban, in the ruins of forts Labdalus and Euryalus—Igins collecting snakes, beetles, and other crawling things of various denominations,—while the Germans, Dawson, and myself, wandered, " in summer's delicious idleness," along the shores of Acradina, where the fretful sea has chafed out some singular caverns, and admired the traps of the fishermen, placed to dry on ledges in the face of the precipice, presenting beautiful specimens of the most delicate and graceful basket-work. Thence we once more wandered to Epipolæ, and enjoyed a view of the whole plan of the city, from the spot where Marcellus gazed upon it in sorrow before yielding it up to his ruthless legions. On one side of the ridge on which we stood, lay the valley of the Anapus, while on the other the view extended over the plains between us and Mount Etna. Below us lay Old Syracuse.

We visited, too, the fountain of Cyane, which, unlike that of Arethusa, is still a shrine that water-nymphs might haunt; a still deep pool, clear as a diamond, where the eye can trace, at a great depth, the gambols of the once sacred fish, whose haunts, however, the nets of the fisher have desecrated, while round in rich rankness rises on its banks an unbroken mass of tall reeds interspersed with papyrus, drooping its plumed head, from a height of about eight feet, towards the water, from which it draws its nourishment.

We called, too, on Signor Politi, who has succeeded in manufacturing from the inner film of the plant specimens of papyrus, which bear writing tolerably well. His process, it was evident, however, must be very imperfect, in comparison with that which must have been pursued in the days when, in the language of the political economists, " a demand produced a supply." The fibres seemed not to be so closely incorporated as they must have been by the ancients, and a *Liber* of Signor Politi's manufacture would certainly never have stood the rolling and unrolling to which fashionable books must have been subjected. The calcined rolls too at Herculaneum would hardly have

[1] Continued from p. 66.

been, as they are, legible at the present day, if they had been manufactured merely from longitudinal fibres, with cross pieces superimposed, as in the specimens of Signor Politi.

In the evening, our rendezvous was at that centre of gravity round which all English feeling revolves—a dinner; and afterwards we adjourned to a *café*, where, with bare walls and unpainted benches, we had an assortment of delicious ices, that would have done honour to Verey's, or the Mille Colonnes. Citron, cinnamon, orange, strawberry, chocolate, vanille, *et hoc genus omne*, to the number of fourteen or fifteen—a list so tempting, that Basler, with a truly German gulosity, usually got through it from beginning to end, sandwiching the colder viands with *petits verres* of aqua vitæ.

At these *reunions* the Doctor reported progress in the classical department, and Igins in the entomological. The former dwelt with ecstasy on the Greek characters, (Greek?) engraven on the stone walls of the Lautomiæ, and believed, with all the furor of a classic, that they were no doubt the remains of the verses of Euripides, which, uttered by Athenian lips, had won the hearts of Syracusan conquerors. He dilated on the *souterrains* of Epipolæ, the quarries from which had been drawn materials for edifices which have melted away like snow-drift, and fought over again the battles of Nicias amid the ruins of Fort Labdalus. Igins was rich in beetles and butterflies, and the heads of black snakes, reptiles which, by the way, had often startled our unentomological party by the suddenness of their appearance and disappearance amid the classic wildness of Tycha and Epipolæ. I myself delighted his heart by contributing an assortment of bees, which had attracted my notice amid the sands of Acradina. They were blue, and green, and scarlet, of an intensity of colour such as I had never before beheld, and some of them amazingly minute. The entrance to their nest was a small hole in the sand, from which a sentinel projected his little black beadlike head, making way for his co-mates, and immediately resuming his station when they passed.

It was not without some regret that we parted with Syracuse and our German friends. We left the city together, and on clearing the fortifications went, with many a handshake and many good wishes, on our several ways—they towards Chiaramonte, and ourselves towards Catania.

Our route lay along the shore of Acradina, by a rough and rocky road crossed by numerous ancient wheeltracks, and we passed on our left the Doric pilaster and cornice, (carved, like those of Petra, out of the living rock,) which is called, *of course*, the Tomb of Archimedes.

At the small hamlet where we stopped for breakfast we found ourselves forestalled, and nearly all the scanty viands which the house afforded bought up by the attendant cook and courier of a German baron and his lady, who had occupied apartments at Il Sole. Great was the scramble, and it was finally with no little trouble that we procured half a dozen eggs for the manufacture of *lait de poule*. We had then considerable difficulty in securing a corner of the scanty fire, on which to heat our *marmite*, and obtain the indispensable hot water. At last a creaming jug rewarded the Doctor's labours, and, adjourning to a bench in the little garden, we enjoyed our temperate

meal, as joyously as if we had sat down to all the delicacies of a Parisian *cuisine.*

The bees beside us were lodged after a singular fashion. A number of small square frames had been formed of unbarked sticks roughly mortised into one another, and these, being joined together by wooden skewers run through the corners, formed an oblong box of a most primitive construction. A great number of these were piled like logs under a little shed at the end of the house, and to and fro were thronging, each to his own store, the busy insects laden with genuine honey of Hybla.

Our meal being despatched, the mules refreshed, and having ourselves enjoyed a siesta in the shade, we became impatient for Domenico's departure, but he displayed an unwonted disinclination to move. He got ready the mules with elaborate slowness, changing the saddles, misfitting the bridles, doing and undoing, until our patience was totally exhausted, and finally the cavalcade of the German baron started before us.

Our road gradually ascended a low range of hills that lay between us and Catania, and, reaching their summit, we found ourselves suspended over the sea, on a steep ridge that commanded a most magnificent view of Etna, and Catania at its base. Immediately before us, however, lay a long extent of sandy sea-beach, and a tract of bare and marshy plains, interspersed with pools of stagnant water, while at our feet a stream of considerable size poured into the sea its turbid water, swollen by the rains of the previous night. The party which preceded us having descended the ridge on which we stood, was stretching across the sand towards the river's mouth, for the purpose of fording.

"Now," said Domenico, "we'll see."

"See what?" said the Doctor.

"Why, signori," said he, "you must know that the ford there is not very safe. The sand moves about so, it is never two days alike. One day the bank is in the very mouth of the river, and another it is ever so far out in the sea. I was nearly drowned there once already, and I'm rather afraid of it."

"And so, *briccone,*" said the Doctor, "you kept us waiting, that the other party might make the first experiment?"

"'Gnorsì," said Domenico; "if one or other is to be drowned, I would just as soon it should be Carlo there as myself. It would make little difference to the world, but a very great difference to me."

"Well, I don't much like looking on in this way either," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "but I suppose Domenico is in the right."

Carlo the guide seemed also by his conduct to be rather apprehensive. A slight sea which was coming in made the eddies of the current look wild and angry. In several attempts which he made in different places, the water deepened so suddenly that he was obliged to return. At length, by keeping out towards the sea, he struck upon a semicircular bank that stretched at an inconsiderable depth from shore to shore, and, with no other mishap than a plunge or two over the saddle-girth, he succeeded in crossing.

Returning by the same route, he marshalled his troops, the lady coming second, and the baron and his courier following in single file. The latter personage, a slight figure with dark hair and a profusion of frippery, which he had picked up apparently in an infinity of scraps in the course of his various rambles, was perched on the top of two saddlebags, which contained, in great confusion and great variety, his *batterie de cuisine*, kettles, stewpans, and pipkins, glittering in the morning sun.

They had nearly crossed, when the courier's mule, frightened apparently, endeavoured to turn round, and, in the attempts of his rider to keep him in the proper track, diverged a little to seaward. In an instant he was over the saddle; again he got footing, reared, went down again, and mule, courier, and the *batterie de cuisine*, disappeared together.

The mule and his rider rose again, however, at some distance apart, and wildly and in desperation the latter struck out for the shore. The confused jabble, however, produced by the meeting of the waves and the current, would have perplexed a better swimmer than the poor courier, and several times his wild scream was cut short by the waters closing above his head. All was confusion—the lady shrieked, and nearly fell from her saddle, her husband with difficulty supporting her to the shore. Danks urged his mule down the steep zigzag that led to the scene of action, at a speed which rendered the security of the rider's neck extremely problematical; while the rest of the party remained horror-struck, gazing breathlessly on the scene below, and watching the struggle that we could not succour.

"The bank on the north—the bank on the north!" muttered Domenico to himself, as he wrung the buttons nearly off his jacket. "Bravo, bravo, Carlo—that's his only chance. He has him!—No."

Carlo urged the baggage-horse on which he was riding along a bank which ran out to seaward, and against which the eddy seemed likely to carry the drowning man. He went to the utmost edge. The horse, already over his saddle-flaps, would not, and indeed could not, venture farther. Carlo stretched out his hand; the courier rose and almost touched it with his frantic grasp. The next instant he was swept further out to sea, and again went down. A cold shiver passed over me.

Again, however, Carlo took his station farther down the bank, and again the sweep of the current brought the man within his grasp. He caught at him—this time successfully—and a hearty cheer burst from our party as he pushed for the shore, half carrying, half supporting the poor wo-begone courier. We followed after the Doctor, who, indeed, arrived too late to join in the exertions for the rescue, but made some amends by catching the mule, which, disembarrassed of his trappings, had finally succeeded in effecting a landing on the southern shore.

We were all well satisfied when we found ourselves fairly across in safety, and the Doctor administered a little brandy to qualify the brackish water that his patient had imbibed, and of the flavour of which he bitterly complained. The first use he made of his recovered

breath was to invoke *vingt mille tonnerres* upon the head of the unfortunate mule, interspersed with expressions of utter despair at the loss of his kitchen and the derangement of his toilette. Mosaic chains tarnished—stew-pans drowned—his spice-box lost—and his jacket *abimé*—all were subjects of voluble complaint, with, in addition, an extensive assortment of energetic expletives which his Parisian education could well supply.

After a storm of blows and *sacrés* showered on the head of the devoted mule, he gradually cooled down, and the whole party were once more *en route* for Catania; the courier having most decidedly refused to recross, for the purpose of having his clothes dried at the little hamlet where we had breakfasted.

There being now no reason for further delay, Domenico resumed his usual activity, and we pushed forward at a rapid pace. The road wound about with a most perverse tortuosity, now close on the shore, now stretching far up into the plain, to avoid the stagnant pools that lay behind the sand-hills, and from which I could perceive, as I fancied, a peculiar odour that seemed strongly flavoured with malaria. Etna was becoming more and more distinct. We could see the rich luxuriance of the growth about its base, sprinkled with houses and villages; the smaller mountains, the product of various eruptions that crowded round it, some clothed with rich verdure, some like the Monte Rosso, with all the fresh traces of fire upon their burnt and ashy summits; the cone itself clothed in a mantle of clouds of the most brilliant whiteness, with its standard of black smoke unfurled above. The interest of the scene shortened the journey, and we were almost surprised when we found ourselves at the gate of Catania, looking along a wide and magnificent street, built with a regularity and splendour which we had not seen since leaving Palermo: the further end of the vista was filled up by the Duomo.

We drew up at the door of a hotel in the Piazza del Duomo, opposite an antique elephant cut in lava, and bearing an obelisk on his back, that occupied the centre of the square. Over the door was inscribed, in English, the Elephant's Hotel; and, to verify the title, out rolled our host, one of the fattest of hosts assuredly, with a smooth glossy red face, and the corporation of half a dozen ordinary aldermen. He was a *bon gros garçon* with a vengeance, and welcomed us to the Elephant's Hotel with a half-smothered apoplectic chuckle, which we found was a perpetual accompaniment to every word he uttered. We found him, however, a most amiable youth, civil, attentive, obliging, and honest withal. The accommodations, too, were good, and, after our Sicilian experiences, there is more in having something to eat, and a good bed to sleep on, than those who have not tried it will readily believe.

This was the fête of St. Nicholas, and processions, music, and fireworks were the order of the day. The little square beneath our windows formed the head-quarters of the exhibition; and we had some very tolerable music by way of a relish to our flask of Etnean lachryma, which the Elephant produced from his store—(his trunk the Doctor said)—by way of a special favour.

The next day we took a somewhat hasty survey of Catania, all our party being now agog for Nicolosi and the summit of Mount Etna. We visited the Benedictine convent and museum. It is nearly surrounded by a wall of black lava, produced by the eruption of 1669, and which, though covered partly by buildings, appears here and there amid them in all its dark terrific mass, a singular record of the mishaps of poor Catania, and a warning of their insecurity, which, however, seems to produce little effect on the equanimity of the inhabitants. We walked along the shore on this stream of lava, which presents a most singular appearance. It has run into the sea in a breadth of about a mile, and the lower part of course cooling suddenly, the fiery billows rolled over the top, and now hung in black masses sheer over the waves. On its surface mosses are beginning to be nourished, in spots where the formation of hollows has favoured the deposit of a little earth. Cacti occasionally are seen springing from the clefts, and a species of parasite with a purple leaf colours its surface, but the greater part is still bare and fresh, its stony waves showing just as they cooled. The public *abattoir* is built on this lava near the sea, and when we entered its precincts the work of slaughter was proceeding with a celerity that would have done credit to Newgate Market. A handsome young bull had just been tied to a rope, reeved through one of the rings fastened in the stone under the eaves of the shed round the enclosure, and he formed a pretty picture as the two butchers endeavoured, in spite of his struggles, to pin down his head to the ground. He erected his tail, pawed with his forefoot, rolled his eyeballs, and growled out a low menacing bellow, till one of his executioners, cautiously approaching, gave him what seemed to be little more than a tap between the horns. Down he fell, but for the heaving of his lungs, perfectly motionless. His throat was cut, the carcass skinned and hung up in a twinkling, while similar operations were proceeding on a host of similar subjects around us.

In answer to the Doctor's inquiries, it appeared that the instrument made use of was a strong short knife, double edged, with a blade about three inches long, and two and a half broad. The operation seemed much more effectual, and much more merciful, than th knocking-down system adopted among ourselves.

"I should like to operate on one of those wild fellows," said the Doctor; "it is an improvement worth importing."

"You had better not, Doctor," said Dawson; "it's rather a different style of phlebotomy from any to which you have hitherto been accustomed. Take care your patient don't turn crusty."

The Doctor, however, was determined upon the experiment, and concluded a bargain with one of the operators for the privilege of attempting the next death, on the terms of *qualche cosa da bere* in case of success, and a round dollar if he failed.

I thought the gentleman in question, a wild-looking young lazzarone, seemed hardly inclined to give the Doctor fair play, inasmuch as he allowed the subject on which the operation was to be performed, (a crafty old bull,) rather a larger scope of rope than usual. The Doctor approached, but with a cautiousness that showed he was not very confident in the result; the bull looking askance at him with an expres-

sion that seemed to show that the creature, with the remarkable instinct of his kind, detected the fears of his assailant. Twice the Doctor advanced, and twice a menacing shake of the head, and a low bellow, induced him to retire. At last, rendered desperate by Dawson's quizzing, he made up his mind for mischief, and aimed a blow at the fatal spot in the spine. At the same moment the bull returned the compliment with a cast of his horn, which, catching the waistband of the Doctor's coat under the left side, tore the broadcloth up to his shoulder. The blow fell wide, making a deep gash in the animal's neck, and the Doctor, canted forward by the horn, measured his full length on the gory pavement that formed the centre of the square. The creature bellowed and tugged at the rope, and before the attendants who were present could shorten it sufficiently to prevent his struggles, the strands cracked, snapped, and in an instant the great brute was free.

He tossed his head and looked wildly round, as if surprised at the result of his own efforts. The spectators fled in every direction. The Doctor, however, had merely reached his sitting part in his progress to his feet, and the bull, seeing him so conveniently placed, lowered his head for a rush. As he moved, the Doctor fired his wide-mouthed pocket-pistol. The heavy bullet struck the centre of his forehead, his feet flew from him as if he trod on ice, and down he thundered with his head between his forefeet close to the Doctor as he sat.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted the Catanians, while the Doctor rose from his lair looking somewhat frightened at his narrow escape, and his spruce blacks wofully the worse of his contact with the gory pavement.

"Bravo!" said Dawson; "why, Doctor, you're a man of most infinite accomplishments. The best matador of Seville could not have settled the thing more neatly. But don't peril your precious life in such philosophical experiments, there's a dear old man."

"Come, this is no joke, Dawson," said the Doctor. "My new blacks! awful, really awful!" he added, as he turned up one skirt after the other, dripping with the gory mud. "A good nine guineas gone."

"To say nothing of a scudo to yon grinning rascal, Doctor—an apprentice fee to him in his trade of a butcher. Come, pay, Doctor, pay."

"Well, I suppose I must; but I'll give him two more, if he'll kill the next as scientifically as I did that one."

"Come, don't be vain, Doctor; discharge your score, and let us be off to the Elephant's Hotel. We'll try if a little soap and water will restore you to a state of dingy decency. You look highly melodramatic at the present moment."

The Doctor paid his scudo, which was received with many grazias and many grins, and wound his way to the hotel amid the astonished gaze of a throng of idle little boys, who had been collected together by the sight of his gory figure.

In the evening we saw a number of tolerable equipages parading in the principal street and the piazza del Duomo, somewhat after the fashion—on a small scale—of the Corso at Naples. Their sphere of

action, however, was very limited, but the road in progress between Catania and Messina will soon give them greater scope. In the course of our perambulations, we purchased several fine specimens of Sicilian amber found at the mouth of the Giaretta, and some handsome silk handkerchiefs of Catanian manufacture.

Next morning we started for Nicolosi, the advanced post from which our ascent of Etna was properly to commence. Our journey, a distance of about ten miles, lay along different streams of lava in various stages of decomposition, some beginning to nourish vines, some affording root only to mosses and cacti, while others were black and bare. Nicolosi, a small and scattered village, is situated at the very base of the Monte Rosso, the source of the lava of 1669, which forms a considerable hill, and stands frowning over the village, its parched surface tinged with black and red ashes, as if fresh from the great furnace beneath. It was a monument of hopeless sterility; not a symptom of vegetation showed itself from the summit to the base. The country around Nicolosi was deeply covered with fine black ashes, in many places planted with vines, the bright green of whose young leaves formed a curious contrast with the colour of the soil. They were cultivated somewhat in the raspberry-bush style of the French, a mode which promotes the production of good wine, though necessarily sacrificing all that picturesqueness of effect produced by the branches festooned from tree to tree, as in the Terra di Lavoro.

The small house of entertainment at Nicolosi, half inn half barn, was immediately surrounded with guides proffering their services to conduct us to the summit of Mongibello, and by way of getting rid of the rest we pitched upon a brawny, stalwart, honest-looking youngster, by name Giovanni Gemellaro. The weather, he assured us, promised to be favourable, and it was arranged that we should start at eight o'clock, so as to arrive at the summit a little before sunrise. Giovanni undertook to supply surefooted mules, and our host attended to the commissariat, supplying wine and brandy, cold fowl, a kettle, carbonella, tinder and matches, with other etceteras which he said we should find useful on the ascent.

At the appointed hour the mules made their appearance, and having put on some warm clothing, and stowed away a further supply to be donned at the first refuge, (the Casa della Neve,) we prepared to mount. Giovanni, however, apprized us that it would be necessary in the first place to call on Signor ——, and procure the key of the Casa degli Inglesi at the foot of the principal crater.

"Who is Signor——?" said the doctor.

"O, signor a great man! and so learned! *Per Dio*, he knows everything in the world."

"I should like to see him; where is his house?"

"This boy will show you," said Giovanni, pointing to a half-naked young flibbertigibbet, who was catching flies on the wall.

"And why not do so yourself, Giovanni?"

"Agh! *ho paura*—I am afraid!" said Giovanni, pithily shrugging up his shoulders: and to all the Doctor's inquiries a repetition of this interjection was the only reply he would return.

We set off, then, under the guidance of the boy, swaddled as we were, to call on Signor ——. Our little guide himself was full of his

praises. He was a great man, wise as a wizard, rich as a Jew, and a *nobile* withal. If we were not fully impressed with the awful dignity of the presence into which we were about to be ushered, it was no fault of onr conductor, who poured out his eulogiums all the way, like, as Dawson expressed it, "peas off a shovel."

We rapped at the gate, and Signor —— himself answered the summons. With proper awe we gazed upon his portly presence. A round glossy bald head was the first object visible by the dim light of a lamp that was burning in the hall; then came into view a huge rotundity of *corps* clothed in a blue coat that "like a lady's loose gown hung about him," and gave evidence, as well as did the unutterables, of having seen a fair share of wear and tear. He waved us to a seat, and we were seated accordingly. The Signor hemmed, by way of opening the interview; the doctor hemmed, and in his blandest tones requested the key of the Casa degli Inglesi.

"Etna," solemnly said the Signor in reply, "is a very singular object:" and beginning upon this text he went glibly on, as if he were reading from a book, into a learned treatise on volcanos in general, and Etna in particular, touching upon the aqueous theory—hinting at the electric—sneering at the sulphureous—and heaven knows whither he would have travelled, had not the Doctor, after the first quarter of an hour, driven to desperation by the fear of being too late for the sunrise, brought the learned professor sharp up on his haunches, by once more asking plump for the key of the Casa degli Inglesi.

The Signor frowned sulkily; he was evidently thinking of pearls and swine, and after a lŏng pause, during which he was metaphorically, and apparently literally, chewing the cud of his reflections, asked us who was our guide.

"Antonio Gemellaro."

The countenance of the learned man fell. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, rubbed his hands, and after sundry half-stifled explosive ejaculations, like a minor Etna before an eruption, proceeded to express his half-angry regrets that we had not thought proper to apply to him before choosing a guide, inasmuch as there were four, and only four in Nicolosi, that had the honour of his patronage and the benefit of his instructions, of which number Antonio Gemellaro was not one.

The Doctor, who was the spokesman of the party, expressed his regret at having, in his ignorance, done anything displeasing to the Signor, seasoning his protestations with divers compliments on his scientific attainments, and winding up all, if the truth is to be told, by declaring in broad English, and with a most polite bow, that he was one of the queerest old prigs he ever had the pleasure of beholding. The dignified obeisance with which the Signor received all these compliments, including the last, produced an effect so grotesque, that one or two whinnying cachinnations, which we in vain attempted to stifle, finally broke out in a guffaw which shook the Signor's dignity, and very nearly upset the iron gravity of Dr. Danks, who, however, after a frown at us almost as Olympian as that of the Signor, apologised for the levity of the children, and once more asked for the key.

We were somewhat sulkily informed that it had been obtained by a party who had already started for the summit with the intention of passing the night at the Casa degli Inglesi; and our errand being thus discharged, we made no longer delay than was necessary for bidding the Signor good-night, which we did with all the homage which he seemed to expect—the Doctor once more mischievously exciting our risible propensities by seasoning his Italian good wishes for the great man's health and prosperity with an affectionate hope "that his mother knew he was out;" to which the Signor replied with a solemn "*Mille grazie*" that was irresistible.

In a few minutes we were in the saddle and *en route*. Gemellaro went first, leading the mule that bore our baggage, and carrying in a lantern a twinkling candle, whose rays, to us travelling in single file, served but to mark the situation of our guide, and seemed only to make the darkness more intense. The moon had just set, and a few small fragments of cloud were scudding before a cold wind over the sky; but the stars generally were bright, and the summit of the mountain, though now and then covered, was generally clear; a deep ruddy haze flashing at short intervals over the sky, and showing that the volcano was in tolerable activity. Crossing an extensive plain of deep cinders, we passed several wide streams of lava, at least so we were informed by our guide, for our eyes could give us no assistance in discovering the nature of the ground over which we were travelling, and we could only judge from the jerks and heaves of the mules in overcoming its irregularities, that it must be tolerably rugged. We proceeded on gaily enough, however, wondering the while no little that the mules were able to keep their feet, while Gemellaro cheered us occasionally with a fragment of some Sicilian love-song. We at length entered the Bosco or woody region of Etna, composed of ilexes, still winding along in all kinds of droll zig-zags over the rough ground. The wind became colder and colder, and our conversation was frozen into monosyllables. Danks especially became totally silent, and as we neared the Casa della Neve at the upper edge of the Bosco, I fancied, as the Doctor immediately preceded me, that I heard occasionally a kind of half-suppressed "O dear!" which betokened that some "perilous stuff" was weighing upon his heart. Judging from my own feelings, I imagined it was the cold; as, notwithstanding the muffling in which I was enveloped, the wind sweeping from the mountain-top seemed to chill my very bones. At last the doctor's mule came to a full stop.

"Lamprey," said the Doctor, with a peculiarly languid tone, "I'm *so* bad!"

"Bless me, what's the matter?" said I.

"Why," said he, "I verily believe I'm sea-sick. I can't see where this confounded mule is going; and he gives a lurch at the bow, and settles down again by the stern, just like a yawl in a rough sea. My stomach is not constant, my dear Lanty; I wish I was back at Nicolosi."

"Nonsense, Doctor; you'll be better presently."

"Ay, that's the old consolation. I've been hoping that myself this last half hour; but it has been getting worse and worse, till—O dear, O dear!—I can't go a foot farther, Lamprey."

"If your excellency chooses," said Gemellaro, "you can remain at the Casa della Neve till we return; you'll find yourself very comfortable."

"O, I'll remain anywhere," said the Doctor, in that placid *abandon* of despair which a man sometimes feels when hanging over the bulwarks of a steamer; "the Casa della Neve, or where you please."

The Casa della Neve, however, when we reached it, did not assuredly seem the most tempting place imaginable in which to pass the night. It was a small oblong hut at the upper edge of the Bosco, its walls of bare rough stone, the floor wet, the roof fallen in at the one corner, and without a door to shelter from the weather.

"Very nice dry lodging, indeed, Doctor," said Dawson, as the dim light from Gemellaro's candle illumined the desolate apartment. "Giovanni, briccone, did you not say the gentleman could pass the night here?"

"Eccellenza, si," said Antonio, pointing out a corner not quite so wet as the rest; I will make a bed here of branches in a minute, light a fire in the corner under the hole in the roof, and hang up the gentleman's great-coat before the door. Ecco! he will be as comfortable here as if he were in a palazzo."

The Doctor shook his head doubtingly; but Antonio, in a twinkling, piled some dry grass in the corner, took some wood from the mule's pannier, and piling on it in addition an armful of decayed branches from the forest around, a bright flame blazed up to the very roof, casting a broad gleam of ruddy light from the doorway far athwart the stems of the ilexes. We placed the Doctor on one of the most comfortable cold stones which our bivouac afforded, and an earthen pipkin filled with water from a jar which Domenico's prudence supplied, soon gave us the means of providing for the Doctor the prescription which he had ordered for himself, namely, a little *hot-with*, and this we provided accordingly.

"Well, Doctor," said Dawson, when the patient began to rally a little, "you're coming to your colour again, like a boiled lobster; but when you first dismounted, I thought I never did see a man look so blue—that's a fact. How do you feel now, old gentleman?"

"Why better—decidedly better, thank you," said the Doctor, as he imbibed the remainder of the fragrant beverage; "I'm ashore now; but I was sea-sick, positively sea-sick. Give me half an hour's respite, and I'll scramble on with you."

We donned the remainder of our mufflings, our sensations even during this earlier part of our journey giving us some intimation of what we might expect at a higher elevation. Stockings innumerable, flannel-jackets, great-coats, and cloaks, encased our limbs, until the mounting of our mules itself became somewhat of a serious task; and, restored to our natural warmth by the assistance of the fire and a share of the Doctor's prescription, we once more sallied out on our journey.

The road seemed to become even more rugged than before, after leaving the Bosco, and the Doctor's malady shortly returned with redoubled violence. I, too, felt somewhat squeamish, and Igins

complained of a swimming in his head; but we had advanced too far either to halt or retreat; and we endeavoured to cheer up the Doctor by the prospect of a speedy arrival at the Casa degli Inglesi, where we hoped to find accommodation somewhat better than that of the Casa della Neve. The cold, however, was most intense, and I began, I confess, to be somewhat uneasy on the Doctor's account, when, by the light of Gemellaro's candle, I caught a glimpse of him reeling over the pommel of his saddle in the exhaustion of sleep and sickness.

Antonio, however, placed the Doctor's mule in front, and, walking by his side, endeavoured to prevent him from falling altogether into a state of stupor, which, considering the Doctor's weight and the situation in which we were placed, would have been somewhat embarrassing. The ground becoming apparently a little smoother, I endeavoured to walk a little by the side of the mule, for the cold was unendurable; but after one or two heavy falls over the ridges of the lava, I was compelled to remount, and confide myself passively to the guidance of my quadruped. The clouds had now entirely disappeared, the flashes of flames from the summit of the mountain were more and more distinct; and during the latter part of the journey, we could see the red-hot stones shot up far above the mouth of the crater, and falling over, apparently, on the leeward side of the cone. At length, cold and weary, we arrived, after passing over a sloping plain of deep cinders, at the Casa degli Inglesi.

The light of a blazing fire streaming through the crevices of the window-shutter gave a promise of comfort within. The refuge is a small house containing three apartments, situated close to the foot of the cone, and only separated from it by a kind of miniature *Mer de Glace*, formed by rugged ridges of frozen snow. It was built at the expense of the English officers at Messina in 1810, and thence derives its name. The Doctor was assisted from his saddle into the house, where we found a party of our compatriots just rising from their beds, they having brought mattresses with them thither the evening before, and spent the night at the refuge.

On one of these mattresses we laid the Doctor, who was shivering as if in an ague; and covering him with a couple of great-coats, he slept soundly for about half an hour, while in the mean time Gemellaro warmed some soup which we had brought with us from Nicolosi.

"I am glad, very glad," said Gemellaro, as we sat over the fire, "that we have got the fat gentleman so far. I was once engaged by a young Signor Inglese to guide him to the top of Mongibello there. It was in winter, and I did not much like the job; but the signor was young and rich, and he offered me so much money that I couldn't refuse. Money will make a man do anything, signor. We started before daybreak; a cold clear moonlight night it was, and the signor went on laughing and singing till we got to the Casa della Neve. There was a set of the snow-gatherers there, and we stopped and chatted with them a while; and the signor, who had a bottle of brandy, gave them a dram all round. We went on a little further, and he had another dram. I told him it was dangerous; but he laughed, and said it would keep the cold out; and cold enough it was, signor; but he did not take the right way to get the better of it, as

you shall see. Well, we went on and on, and as it got colder and colder, he took a dram oftener and oftener, until, when he got up to the casa here, he staggered like a drunken man, not so much with the brandy, for he had not taken much after all, as with the cold. Well signori, the Casa was full of drift, and we had nothing to make a fire; so I advised that we should make the best of our way back again to the Casa della Neve. But the young signor said he had come to see the top of the mountain, and he would see it. I said I wouldn't go with him. He said he would go by himself. So, much against my will—for you may be sure I wished myself in bed at Nicolosi as heartily as ever I wished for my dinner—I went with him about half way up, as far as a big stone which we will pass on our way. He was very tired by that time, and sat down in the shelter of the stone to get breath. So, when he had sat about a minute, I thought it was time to be going, and told him so; but, *Dio mio*, signori! how my heart sank when he whispered, for he could do no more, that he was so sleepy he could go no further until he had a nap of a quarter of an hour. I shook him, and screamed into his ear; but it was no use; he was getting more and more drowsy every minute. Well, signori, I didn't know what to do. To leave him there, he was a dead man. There was no help nearer than the Casa della Neve; no living soul assuredly was on the mountain but our two selves. I could have cried like a baby, but it was no use; so, after thinking a minute, I threw him across my shoulder—he was, fortunately, no great weight—and set off down the mountain. I didn't well know what I meant to do, for I never thought I could save him; but I had some idea of carrying him as far as my legs would serve me, and then lying down and dying too. Well, signori, I pushed on and on till I was dropping with fatigue, and I sobbed at every step as if my heart would break. Twice I laid him down in the snow, and went on about a dozen yards; but I couldn't leave him, and came back to try it again. At last, as good luck would have it, some of the snow-gatherers saw us, and came to meet us. They took us to the Casa della Neve, and rubbed the poor giovane until the life came back into his cold limbs; but he was laid up long enough at Nicolosi to make him remember his trip to Etna, and the danger of drinking brandy. He was a bravo giovane; he gave me ten napoleons."

"He did quite right, Gemellaro," said the Doctor, now once more wide awake, as he popped his head from under the great-coat; "but not a word against brandy!"

FLIGHTS IN ITALY.

A SOAR OVER THE ALPS.

MAN stepping from his cities, his streets, his palaces, his temples, all of his own formation, where everything should tell him he is great, amidst the Alps, those vast innumerable creations of nature, is convinced he is little. Earth and heaven mingle in twofold variety: one dwells in the clouds, and sees their shifting pictures, their architectural magnificence, their sculpture-like forms; they mock the rest of nature, the workings of the imagination, the *chef d'œuvres* of men; they hang over the valleys like suspended bridges, they assemble in great force, they march in grand array, they fly before the wind; they skirt the mountains like a party of observation; they settle upon a town which looks, sending up the smoke of its remains, like another Sodom and Gomorrah under the vengeance of Heaven; fantastic buildings, fairy creations, resembling the work of ages, yet the pastime of one moment, they perish the next; renewed by a breath of air, again they arise and disperse; here and there a solitary white vapour is enclosed within a crevice, seemingly held in captivity by some mountain tyrant of the hard rock and heavy earth, away from its airy companions, who, having walked the earth all night and morning, have gone to their warm home, the sun. Sometimes, thin as a veil, the cascades fall as if from a cloud; sometimes in massive flakes they smite the mountain side of slate; sometimes they spout forth in fury, leaping over some barrier, irritated at the obstruction. The deep valleys, bare rocky mountains, the rivers in torrents, look a dissection of the globe, the flesh cut, the arteries and veins exposed to view—

> "This is the scene
> Where the old earthquake demon taught her young
> Ruin: these were their toys."
>
> SHELLEY.

On the route of Mount Cenis, Roche Melon, one of the highest of the Alps, is crowned with a chapel where mass is yearly said. There is something romantic in the idea of making one of the most savage and inaccessible spots in nature a proselyte to Christianity, and also in the fact of its having been the vow of a prisoner in the Holy Land, who had probably constantly presented to his mind, as the goal of his release, the summit of this mountain, which was the most striking object to him in Piedmont, the land of his nativity; and if he reached not the Jerusalem of the Holy Land, this new one of his fancy he founded in the air on the plain of Mount Cenis: tall gaunt black crucifixes, the sublime standard of heaven, show the way—amid the sublimity of earth—the way to Rome, which, terrible to Hannibal and Napoleon, is easy to the church militant, who exchanges his mute countersign with these present guards, and expects to find, in the mistress of the world, the treasure of heaven, not of earth. Chapels hang over the yawning gulf—places of refuge in the storm, as if to say Christ was the only salvation in danger; but "here and there sinister crosses reveal to the memory the place

where the *voyageur* has fallen under the strokes of homicidiary iron," and show there was no protection against the passions of the man. The mountain heights, clothed with the green down of pines, send forth their scented perfumes; the iced water of the glaciers is poured forth from the mountains, giant attendants to refresh the pilgrim; the passengers on the road below dwindle into insects; the torrent winds around and falls in cascades, as if the earth could not resist its roaring and pounding; a turn it yells beneath as if in eager expectation of its prey; launch away from it on another crag, the sheep graze below, the bird watches from the skies, showing yet space between the heaven and the earth; the goats hang from the height, and regard their rash resembler, man, pierce through the deep ravine midway on the mountain's side; long ridges of rocks are ranged like trains of artillery ready to be used by the mountaineers against an invading enemy, such as they might have hurled upon Hannibal; there the modern fortress now commands the position with its many mouthed cannon, artificial, to increase the natural horrors; the villages and houses below scarce look disconnected with the fallen rocks about them, and one would think must be buried in them or the avalanches of snow, or be flooded in the overflow of the constant pool, which sits eyried in the farthest bottom: dangers hem in on every side the wild and clotheless inhabitants, the goitres, strange, deformed, and erratic as the nature about them, and the idiots mad in action like its extravagant follies, and imaginary added to the real horrors of their situation: sailors on sea, the Highlanders of Scotland, and the Swiss of their Valais, alike indulge in superstitious fancies.

But an interlude—the Alps are to us the triumphant spectacle—Genoa, Turin, Milan, Venice, cities glorious, its footlights: hearken now to the music of nature; the tenor opens in low soft notes, the anguish and sighs of nature sent forth before her terrible efforts—she laments the coming destruction, she raises her warning voice to bid the inhabitants of the earth withdraw, she pauses to let them reflect, that the monotony may not lull them into repose; the Basso argues the point with her like force, as Vulcan over Prometheus; the one growls, the other weeps, until he drowns her sobs in the thunders of his own, which increase in loudness with the intermingling of the stormy chorus; the lightning-flashes pass and repass like the bows of the violins; the forests heave and resound like stringed harps; the tenor may now and then be heard grieving and supplicating, and the basso gruffly interrupting and hoarsely persuading; then a crash of instruments, the repeated shocks like of the hollow tambour, the yells, the cries, the querulous expressions of suffering nature, shrilly articulating among the overwhelming force of a whole chorus of bassos, and only now and then catching a hearing from the contrast of sound; the illumination of the heaven and the earth, show the glory of some Orpheus whirling his bow of forked fire on high, and leading the band of infernals. It was the north, teeming savages from beneath black clouds, the rushing winds, and groaning forests, settling under a southern sun and azure skies, the Germans united to the Italians, who produced the modern opera.

'Tis finished, and the proud Titans of earth are buried under the artillery of heaven, covered with snow. The pilgrim has to travel in

sledges over the double barrier, or the green-spectacled guardians of the route have dug him a way through the whitewashed walls; while the carriages roll from side to side over the uneven surface, and, meeting, get wedged together in a too narrow channel; the drivers and labourers trying to extricate them, and the passengers in alarm complaining; and

> "Many a precipice
> Frost and the sun, in scorn of mortal pow'r,
> Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle."
>
> SHELLEY.

These Alps are the fierce sword of the archangel, which guards the paradise of Italy: the Garden of Eden was erased from the face of the globe; but this was left, and on the tree of knowledge grew the apple of discord, to be fought for by the world.

The pilgrim has quitted these philanthropic monks of St. Bernard, who appear to belong more, by their position and their acts, to heaven than to our earth, and fast descending these mountains of ice, with their roads of rock, welcomes each token of her whose dowry was the "fatal gift of beauty, and the accomplishments of Pandora with her casket of ills." All other countries to the north of Europe are but faint sketches of the beauties of Italy; but as one approaches this land of loveliness, all the rest of nature seems exercising its powers, and making essays to achieve a *chef d'œuvre*. The Jura mountains are but preparatory lessons to the Alps; from Marseilles, along the coast, one meets with successive scenes of bays, cliffs, woods, and vegetation, each more beautiful and varied than another; new plants present themselves, the oranges and lemons become more abundant, and show themselves in more glowing colours of gold and green, and the olives from stunted bushes become the most elegant of tall and wide-spreading trees;—all is combined and surpassed in the beautiful and sublime of Nice and Genoa, and though everything in Italy may be said to be in the last and most perfect manner of the great artist Nature, yet she sometimes excels herself, and the Bay of Naples exceeds all that has gone before. Nor is this progress of riches and of treasures alone confined to the prospect of the country; the stores of art and of antiquity increase at each step, and one goes from wonder to wonder, in pictures, statues, and monuments. Arches are not wanted to greet conquerors or pilgrims who step from the Alps into Italy, where nature is a triumph, a welcome celestial to the being who has passed the boundary and gained the paradise. 'Tis pleasant to the sight, as the melody in the Zauberflote is to the ear, when the hero has traversed the ordeal of fire. The trees and vines interlaced are like dancing nymphs and graces linked together; the objects in the fields and upon the roads are but just seen above the spring verdure; or the mountains are topped with impurpled autumn, as if streaming with new-made wine, and the red legs and arms of men, bacchanalian characters, are dyed in the juice of the grape; the hills, groves, and buildings, set in cypresses, are the picturesque sojourn of monks, who have chosen the situations the most agreeable, the most resembling paradise in this world, if they find it not in the other; the lakes bear fairy palaces on their bosom

and on their shores, glittering in the sun, the waters covered with boats like gliding insects, the frogs croak like the tinkling bells of sheep, and the many church towers, high and disjointed *campaniles*, summon and dismiss the peasantry from their labour, seen kneeling before the burial-places on the road-side, praying for the dead, released from their absolute calls to toil, and calling on the living to remember and sympathise with them. The pictured walls show their bodies surrounded by the flames of purgatory, and form a house of skulls, which are seen through the gratings; cross bones and skeletons drawn on the outside claim for these departed souls the alms of the pious. Then a nunnery appears, where the voice is all that is left of the living. Is the religion which dupes the woman into incarceration for life, and may keep her against her will, worse than the Brahmin's, which burns the widow at the stake? The infantile Apennines, offspring of the Alps, giants of a lesser growth, play about their father Alps; but, tired of ravines, streaked by the dry torrent's white bed, the nature which looks an enemy arranged in battle-files of opponents against man, one gains the fruitful plains of Lombardy, and sees that man is the enemy of himself, making Marengo the field of blood and slaughter, and fattening the soil where his food grows, the staff of life, with death. Then comes Milan's iron crown, worn by emperors, the first fruits of victory, a crown of thorns to Italy: and here the nest of vipers, the Visconti family, bit her with the poison of its tyranny, and, serpent-like, seduced her from primitive and republican innocence. The vipers of the house of Visconti, like the Medusa's head, conquered its enemies as much by fraud as by force. A forest of spires, populous with statues, stands in the midst of the city. Milan's cathedral, of milk-white marble, so different from the dark gothic edifices of the north, is a victory of the south over the Ultramontanes, where they might think themselves strong. The fertile Lombardy justly has given birth to and worthily inherited the Mantuan swain, land illustrative of his poesy: the châteaus and farms in the country, the palaces and equipages in the capital, show the Georgic riches; whilst Turin, with her houses wanting a coating, compared with Milan, looks like the famous scarified St. Bartholomew in her cathedral, a Marsyas beside its Apollo. Genoa on the one, and Venice on the other side, guard and adorn the base of the pyramidical Italy, the one the sea, the other a wall of lofty mountains separated from the rest of Italy, neither to torment nor be tormented by her; their right was the ocean, and they exhausted their vitality to subdue the countries around them; now both are dependent on the continent; rival cities that ever combated in deadly hostility, though brethren of one tongue and of one country, between whom earth had interposed with a long arm, and not only mountains but seas separated; where nature seemed to have designedly employed all the arts of affection and of policy to preserve peace: let "auri sacra fames" be written on their tombs. The Gulf of Genoa is an amphitheatre of mountains, an arena of waters, and an audience of palaces, villas, and gardens; the pine, the peach, the walnut, and the grape, running down its steep sides; in the midst the ocean, sometimes calm as the blue sky, sometimes

stormy as the hills, bearing kindly or sullenly the many vessels tributary to the land or city; but all her pride and glory are now gone; though throned in the majesty of nature, she is low in the world. She taketh merit to herself in having given birth, unworthily, to Columbus, whom she could not appreciate, and had not enterprise to second; but rejected the discovery of the New World, and left the honour of the acquisition to another country; princes mingling with porters, palaces amid hovels, streets encircled by alleys within sight of the ships and traffic that gave her all her wealth, place, and people, seem to constitute, in spirit and appearance, but a counterpart to our London Wapping; her own she cannot boast, and she bought or took from others; even in art, she was more a purchaser than a parent; now, the sole remnant of her wealth, untenanted by their descendants, their halls still hold their ancient masters, give to posterity the name and family of a doge done by Vandyke, and Christ in the Garden of Olives, by Carlo Dolce, and the Assumption of the Virgin, by Correggio, spreads still the fame of the house of Brignoli; it is a city remarkable in Italy for the works of other countries; the French Michael Angelo, Puget, has here a group in sculpture—angels carrying up the Virgin, though the drapery of the former looks rather heavy for their celestial flight. In the same chapel is a relief by Michael Angelo himself, the head of a dead Christ, and the expressive face of his mother, who is placing a fine left-hand upon his breast. The French critics think this a favourable case in which to compare the work of La Patrie with Michael Angelo, an attempt which seems allowed in the Assumption of the Virgin of the former, and her departed hope in the modest bas-relief of the latter; but in these and exotic contributions we find nothing illustrative of Genoa. Alas! if music had not been kind to its latter days, as it has been to those of Italy, and the lyre of Paganini, did not at the present time entitle them to boast of a Columbus in the discovery of sweet sounds!

It is true of the frightened inhabitants of Rome, that when the spirit of the north came amongst them, like the evil one sent among the herd of swine, some buried themselves in deserts, and some ran into the sea; out of which fear rose Venice. Wanting the sovereignty of earth, they must have purposed conquering the sea; they must have been the descendants of those of Baiæ of whom Horace sings,

> "Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges summovere littora,
> Rarum locuples continente ripa."

Elsewhere he prophesied of them in the following lines:—

> "Sed juremus in hæc; simul imis saxa renârint
> Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;"

and their gigantic architectural creations in the sea would answer to his

> "In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,"

better than the Birnam branches.

They imitated the mother country in their aristocratic pride, love

of pillage, and want of patriotism. When hard pressed by the Genoese, they proposed to go to Chioggia, as the Romans had to Veii; but the Athenians would not hear of a transfer when their city was no more.

Is it Venus in her shell upon the ocean, or the illusion of fancy, that has given some rock the appearance of a city, a sculptured reef furrowing the seas like coral growing upon the waters, fashioned into fairy forms—artifice palmed upon the ocean, which she mistakes for her own creation, and embraces without injury; or is it some mirage which presents itself to the eye when the elements mimic the works of man and the order of nature, deceiving the senses. Wonderful that yon mass of stone and towering edifices can burden the light foundation of the ocean, though the generality of buildings assimilate themselves to their situation, and bear upon the bosom of the waters, gently as a zephyr breeze. The doge's palace, St. Mark's, the Mole, are of an airy character; the Giorgio Maggiore, the Sestile, the Redentore, Marco Sebeto, are more ponderous and majestic, now all gray, then red, then white, with the quick successive alternations of the evening. The gorgeous palace of the doge receives the full reflection of the setting sun, and looks a rival beaming upon the sea, the white Bridge of Sighs hanging without the impenetrable and gloomy prisons, a big tear trickling forth, formed from the many shed within. Traversing this ocean labyrinth through its canals, or on foot through its alleys, not the winding mountain torrent piercing its dark way through the disjointed rocks, and thickly-wooded sides of the ravine, nor the river flowing through ever so fair a valley, surpass in picturesque variety and beauty these serpentine canals between their lines of palaces. Contemplating by day such ideal multitudes, one's dreams by night form a thousand shifting scenes, first sight of novelty amidst the world's want of originality—epoch of the mind which seizes it like first love—an ever-after impression, a single passion in the breast, however mingled with the many; but waking existence, so unlike our nature, becomes a dream, where motion is without noise, and ceases to be perception—where the gondoliers form one orchestra, playing with their oars upon the element they live in, and speaking a dulcet language, set to the sounds of music—where the sight is gladdened by pictures made by artists of a never-returning age, whose element, like their city's, was not of earth—whose pallet was immensity, drawing their brushes across infinity, and spreading on the canvass the colours of air, of earth, of sky, and of the deep sea.

O Venice, gallery of art! thy palaces wax old and mouldering; but thy pictures are as fresh as ever. They share in the work of Time alone with the universe, ignorant of the ravages he commits on other mortal performances, and, become embodied parts of nature, will stand and fall with her. Their tale has been told in those horses of Lysippus, whose fate has been to see the ruin and fall of cities and people—Corinth, Rome, Constantinople, Venice; they have seen empires and themselves taken away and restored; but forged in the furnace of genius, which world within world has made her own everlasting creation, they have remained entire. Animals made superior to men, how are they above the conquerors of mankind! Have they not trodden under their hoofs them, their subjects, and the cities

of the globe? they were never led away in triumph by them; their triumph was ever over them. Well has the artist portrayed his horses in motion; they have never rested; generations after generations have seen them leaving, though the individual eye cannot trace the action of their flight; the winged lion of Venice rests quiet upon its paws; no longer roars affright to the enemy, or terrifies its own citizens open-mouthed for prey; holds them no longer victims within its maw; though seen upright, it has crouched (its wings have not availed it) to the pagan horses, once captive to it; two eagles from the most soaring flights in air have dropped to earth; the crescent has come to its full and waned again before them—yes, "these ever-prancing steeds," these runaway horses from every empire—Roman, Eastern, Venetian, and French—seem to have been made to signify their flight; they might be thought from their locality to be the lost team of Phaeton's car that fell in Lombardy, and, after having made a bewildered tour of the world, to have returned to the spot where they fell.

Queen of Ocean, and conqueror of earth, glutted with the sack of cities and the commerce of the world, what is left for the conqueror but thy specimens of art? Poor but in those riches, the world flock to view those treasures; this is their only traffic. Traders come, draw all they possess from thee, but can never drain the inexhaustible mine of thy wealth. Where have gone the tributes of the east, that adorned thy palaces, that clothed thy citizens?—all, all is resolved into the colours of the canvass; they remind thee, as if all were the same to-day, of thy history, its glories and conquests, thy doges, the pristine brilliancy of thy city, the god-like pageantry of thy ancient glory, the enchantments of the former fairy state, when thy city is no more what it was; when thy governors are foreigners, thy history past, when what is left is only coupled with the honours of what is gone by. Disturbed spirits of the past rise up in the gloom, and seem the only tenants of the vacancy of the ruin!

Gigantic limners, lovers of the broad canvass, who, ignorant of the modern miniature, which would microscopise all the subjects of the pencil, magnified the scenes of life they would portray, spreading the deep colours long and wide to the view! Reared in this cradle of the ocean, they have recalled and surpassed the master of all other schools and countries—Giorgione, the worthy precursor of Titian in his portraits, Tintoretto in his Crucifixion, and Christ in Glory, Palma Vecchio in his Judgment; and Venice is a city still eternal, built by Canalletti. What more perfect than the visage of the Virgin-mother adoring her sleeping infant, and the countenances of the two little angels of heaven, playing upon instruments, lulling to rest the child, indeed a child of glory and of grace, a Holy Family and celestial visiters evoked by the inspiration of Bellini's touch! In this painting, angels not ungracefully are pictured playing the fiddle, and very properly Paganini has been born in Italy, where the instrument has been held in so much veneration as to be often thought worthy to amuse the Holy Family.

Proud art of Veronese! Michael Angelo could have scarce called thy easel painting child's play, that would conquer all the world on canvass; make the past present, sacred and profane history, mythology

and scripture, subject to Venice—thy knights, Turks, pages, dwarfs, blackamoors, monkeys, dogs, and beggars of St. Mark, like the masques of the revelling city, join in the throng, and all thy figures, vanquished vassals of thy pencil, assume the costume of thy country, and show, wherever thy pictures wander, the property of the sea-mother, mistress, and queen of the ocean; the stranger spectators who mix within, and those without the storied canvass, do not they become the same in feeling, and are they not equally afflicted, to see the wife, the grown-up daughter, the infant son of the ruined Darius, presented to Alexander? and on the opposite wall, the Persian monarch in the agonies of death, and discomfiture of empire? Thy beautiful Europa, worthy the love and the low artifice of the god—a bull worthy the incarnation of the deity, the worship of a nation, and the passion of a woman, how the animal anticipates the kisses of the man, licks the foot of the fair, who yields to the pressing invitations of the attendants to mount on the back of the tame and kingly beast! Alas! in the distant perspective the sceneis changed: Europa is on the bull swimming the sea, the little loves are laughing, the attendants in dismay are left behind on the water, while their mistress, in horror and disorder, is carried away, beyond their aid, by triumphant Jupiter. The story of Darius and his family represented the fall of the Eastern empire, consigned for a time to Venice, and the bull swimming in the ocean, and bearing away Europa, is this Jupiter of cities, living in the sea, loveliness its portion, with the wealth of Europe for a dowry, and the attendants on the sea-shore are the towns and inhabitants of the land looking on in wonder and admiration. Titian! genius of portraiture, who hast immortalised thy countrymen; who first, in the fulness and richness of form, simply painted the majesty and gravity of the human character, and thought not to make man more perfect by the meretricious effects of expression or the varieties of colouring—thou hast made thy countrywomen be thought the Venuses they have sat for, thy Magdalens the Venuses of our religion. Well may monks and nuns give up all worldly and carnal affection, and content themselves with the love of these celestial beauties. Titian, thou and others of *thy art* have adorned heaven, and dedicated your glory to the service of the Virgin: who but thou shall tell of her, a child presented to the Temple, and of her Assumption to heaven, the mother of God? The eyes alone can tell the soul the perfection of those groups. In the one the child on the steps, the old men and women, the short person, who strains his head to be a witness of the promised female, and the mendicants; in the other, the glory of the heavenly light, the face of the Virgin, joining her celestial family, and the groups of apostles she has left glorifying on earth the things in heaven. When death claimed the debt of life long due to it in the person of the old painter, heaven sent a general calamity upon the nation, to arrest the public eye from such an individual loss: the quick were buried with the dead, unheeded, and the grave of Titian, who had ever to exist in the eyes and soul of future men, was long unnamed; but when the plague had ceased, first among the heap of victims they pointed to and marked the place, "Hic Titianus jacet:" posterity added, every day more aware of his absence, "The rival of Xeuxis and Apel-

les." But does not the mind of the child who sees and reads the name of Titian, march to this conclusion quicker than this tardy acknowledgment? The attributes of sculptured marble were wanting to the painted canvass to complete the measure of Venice's perfection, and make her, in art, the rival of Florence and of Rome. Titian had shone in the zenith, the birthright of Canova sealed the departure of its greatness; the city had to weep over the bereavement of its last and only offspring, which after a long interval had blessed its barren old age, and with it all Italy was now childless in the arts; but Titian had been one of a family of constellations in Venice, which paved the galaxy of art in Italy: he could die, saying like the ancient, and believing his country possessed of many such citizens. But when Canova was no longer, Venice and Italy were no more; and where the pavement in the church which covers Titian's remains can scarce be found, as if his age had felt his loss like the abduction of a drop of water from the ocean, opposite is the monument of Canova, as it were to assert a title, and fill the vacancy which death had given to genius. Canova's love for the monarch of the forest, and his success in rendering its likeness, which put his chisel on a par with the ancients, hitherto unrivalled in the creation of animal nature, probably arose from his being a Venetian. The colossal lions of the arsenal from the Piræus of Athens may have induced him to compete with so great reputation, and to eclipse the antique, whilst he shone the Phidias of modern art. But the lion was also the emblem of Venice, once of their power, seemingly gifted with wings to show how it could fly away. However, the subject sculptor has immortalised this the evanescent glory of the beast, the proper and eternal monarch of the forest, and not of cities, and now no more, in its own person has raised its most splendid mausoleum, and given him his rank above all other beasts; stripped of its wings, has attached it for ever to the credit of the city, which reared him the artist. The Venetians seem fond of animals, have more celebrated representations of them than of men, probably from their never sharing in the life of the sea-queen. On St. Mark are the horses, at the Arsenal the lions on two pillars, their own indigenous and winged — for how could they come there without these fictitious appendages, or settle but on the tops of edifices? They swim not on the sea, nor haunt houses and public places; but these beasts seem to have become a part of the institutions of this mysterious city, which controverted in its element all the established laws of nature. The horses were placed upon St. Mark's, the tutelar saint and title of Venice, for its citizens, when they used to it their most endearing appellation, called it their beloved St. Mark, and their enemies would say, the Genoese, "They would bridle the horses of St. Mark." Accusations against citizens were placed in the lion's mouth, and they were accustomed to behead between the two lions. Carmagnole fell there, as if showing their subjects they had a lion to deal with, in the fury and strength of their government. The beast is a type of the city, ever crying out for prey, and devouring its victims: however some have read and learnt from these memorials of living stone that Venice was the prime model of a christian commonwealth. Though the name of Guelph and Ghebellin was not written in blood upon its front

at home, it set a mark of infamy upon the Italian face abroad: they pillaged where they affected to protect—worse than the Turks, exercised cruelty on friend and foe—spite of the Pope, made tools of the Crusaders, and the sack of Christian Constantinople made the ornament of Venice; and, instead of fighting for so vulgar a thing as principle, contended with Genoa, its rival in robbery, for the spoils of piracy, and came away conqueror, a Romulus over Remus. But it is probable that Venice, Genoa, and all the free cities, would have flourished much more by a liberal commerce with the East than by the possession of towns and territory, as the expenses incurred and the wars they entailed were too much for them. To the university of adjacent Padua, Turks, Persians, and Arabians are said to have resorted, as they now are willing to learn from us; and would it not have been better to have kept up continuously this feeling?

With its renowned school of painting, its Palladio, and its architecture, Venice has been a cipher in literature from the want of liberty: in the revival of letters, it distinguished itself in the way of trade, the art of printing, the editions of Aldus Manutius, the Elzevir of this Adriatic Holland. What does Shelley say, when Byron left the modern and went to the old ocean queen, and found a nest in her?

> "Thou, with all thy dead,
> Scarce can for this fame repay
> Aught thine own."

SONG.

DISTANT BELLS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Sweet bells, ye fail my heart to cheer,
Your merry sounds are all too near;
On those bright hours they bid me think,
When, by the river's flowery brink
I stood, and heard a softened peal
O'er the smooth waters gently steal;
Oh! fondly pensive memory dwells
On those melodious Distant Bells.

My youthful heart then warmly beat,
The voice of Hope was clear and sweet,
Oft from the world afar it came,
And told of fortune, friends, and fame.
I entered on the winding maze,
But found harsh discord in the lays,
And felt how close communion quells
The charm possessed by Distant Bells.

My present days by clouds o'ercast,
I seem to live amid the past;
Those mossy banks, that crystal tide,
Before my fancy ever glide:
Save when, to soothe my care, is given
A soft low strain of peace from heaven,
And then I shun earth's dearest spells,
Nor sigh to hear her Distant Bells.

THE LIFE CANOE.

BY WASHINGTON BROWNE.

Merrily, cheerily down the stream
Our life canoe sails on,
Till the pleasant wealth of youth and health
All unperceived is gone.

And many a barque of tiny sail
Is finally upset,
Where many a whirl and many a toss
Amongst the rocks we get.

But broad and broader grows the stream,
The wrecks too many, though few;
As back we look to the haunts of youth,
Dim in the distance blue.

Around the east the orange and rose
Fade into common day,
As in our merry life canoe
The laughter dies away.

And sweetest flowers, dear life canoe!
The fairest flowers of spring,
Fade round thee fast—around thee, blithe,
The birds no longer sing.

The pleasant stream, the happy dream
Of youth is left for ever:
And onward speeds our life canoe
Down Time's impetuous river.

Still broad and broader grows the stream,
And fast it flows, and free;
And now our human life canoe
Is on the open sea.

Our human life, O God of Love!
It is a sacred thing;
Over it spread, Almighty Dove!
The shelter of thy wing.

Vast is the sea of human life,
An ocean dread and dim;
And upwards from our life canoe
Ascends a holy hymn.

O! need there is God's eye should mark,
The eye unclosed by sleep,
Our course, now that the human soul
Is on the dangerous deep.

His wonders in the deep we see,
The agony, the strife,
And all the pleasant interchange
Of various human life.

Gaunt Death before us in his barque
Is dimly seen to glide,
And life before his spectral prow
Falls starlike to the tide.

Yet pleasant islands round are spread;
On every hand we see
The isles of Love, the isles of Bliss,
Gems in our human sea.

We touch on many a lovely strand,
Through wondrous realms we pace,
Where God is seen in many a scene,
In many a form and face.

We enter mighty cities—there
On princely grandeur gaze;
And marvel at the skill of man—
And his Creator praise.

And still we voyage, voyage on—
And seriously go we;
For many are the ways to Death
Our eyes can never see.

'Tis a mysterious thing, O God!
This life's precarious spark
Should cross the dread abyss of years
In such a fragile barque.

This atom life, this grain of sand!
That would as nothing be,
Against His anger, in His hand,
Who framed Time's wondrous sea.

Still on we voyage, voyage on—
Through storm and shine we go:
With the gates of Death around, above—
And the rocks of death below.

Sweet music greets us: whence that strain,
From mermaid of the rock?
Or from some shepherd of the hills,
Piping to his flock?

O music!—thou should'st not be heard,
Thou soul of dulcet breath!
A sound of mockery dost thou seem
In such a world of death.

There comes a wail upon the gale,
The cry of human ill;
And now the sound yet fainter comes—
We listen—all is still.

The wrecks are here, the wrecks are there—
There's never a passing wave
But unto us the hillock seems,
That marks a human grave.

Where are our youthful voyagers?—
I marvel where they be!
The *many* that were, the *few* that are—
How silent grows the sea!

Still on we sail before the gale,
The unknown to explore:
Knowing our voyage is but *one*—
That we return no more.

Hour after hour a slumbrous power
Has wildly clothed the west:
The winds have died away—the waves
Have rippled unto rest.

The dreamy monsters of the deep
No longer round us play:
The sun is gone, the stars are wan—
The mist is still and gray.

How beautiful is youth—how brief!
Unlovely is the grave;
Alas! our lifeless life canoe
Rocks oarless on the wave!

Our sheltering ark through tempests stark,
Our palace-home of pride!
And must we leave thee, life canoe!
To perish on the tide?

A leaf upon a stagnant lake—
A reed upon the shore—
We touch upon the land of death—
Our Indian voyage o'er.

New York, Nov. 24, 1838.

THE MARTYR'S CAVE.

DURING the whole continuance of that unhappy struggle which terminated in consigning our first Charles to a scaffold, and more especially during some time subsequent to that sad blot in our history, the loyalist clergy of the Church of England were exposed to many and grievous persecutions and sufferings. Deprived of their benefices, driven from their churches, forbidden everywhere to exercise the sacred functions of their office, hunted from their houses, their property confiscated or destroyed, they themselves too often abused and maltreated by their canting and brutal enemies, those troublous times to most men were indeed times of anguish and perplexity to them. Yet did they bear up manfully under the burthen, and few are the periods in her annals, in which the church, though scattered and disunited, laboured more zealously and successfully in the good cause. The lone cottage of the peasant, the half-ruined barn, the dreary moor, the secluded valley, the shaded hill-side, nay, the very caverns of the earth, bore witness to her sons' untiring and undaunted energies. The tide of fanaticism, irreligion, and hypocrisy, which then, bursting all bounds, raged madly through the land, was alone held in some check by their devoted labours. Thus much we have premised, though doubtless familiar to all, from its constituting the basis of the following brief though tragic story.

It was a beautiful evening towards the close of the summer of 1649, the period of the year when nature seems to pause, as it were, a while on the extreme verge of maturity, ere commencing her annual downward course to decay. The sun was slowly sinking in the far west, bathing earth and sky in one wide and unbroken and dazzling sea of splendour. And fair beneath that gorgeous sunset lay the lonely and sequestered village of Linton, a highly favoured spot, and indeed, from the extent of its dwellings, and the number of its inhabitants, almost deserving, in those days at least, the appellation of town. On the evening in question, assembled in its central street, were grouped together some thirty or forty armed men, all habited in the quaint and uncouth guise then universally adopted by the puritans. They appeared awaiting the arrival of some one of importance to their future movements, judging from the anxious looks from time to time directed up the street, and the remarks ensuing thereon from several of the party.

"See, the sun is just sinking below the horizon," grumbled one of the speakers; "the worshipful captain was not wont to be a laggard in these matters."

His discontent was, however, cut short by the appearance of two men emerging from a by-street into that in which the armed party were congregated, and advancing hastily towards them.

"I fear my coming has been tarried for," exclaimed the foremost of the two, when arrived within hearing; "but myself and saintly brother

here have been wrestling earnestly in prayer for the success of our godly enterprise."

The speaker was a huge figure of a man, with a most grim and repulsive cast of countenance. His companion was one of those demure, puritanical looking knaves so common to all times, but more especially abounding at that precise era. He too, moreover, was blessed with a most villanous expression of physiognomy, though of a totally differing character to his colleague's. The party were now formed into line of march; the first of the last two last-mentioned comers, addressed as the Worshipful Captain Obadiah Faithful by the rest, taking the command, and his companion walking by his side. The street through which they were passing, and indeed the others they traversed in their way out of the village, seemed strangely deserted, only here and there the dwellings being occupied. When arrived at the extreme boundary of the village, however, a rather considerable group of men, women, and children were standing ready to receive them. Their captain cut the leave-taking very short, and the party themselves seemed anxious to be gone. After a few minutes' halt, they proceeded, and were soon lost to sight amid the windings of the road. Those left behind raised a general shout at their departure, and then separating, wended their way in knots of five or six homewards. From some few of them, indeed, curses deep and fearful were muttered on the band who had marched, and disaster and defeat imprecated on their expedition; but these were solitary exceptions, and the multitude were eager in their expressions of satisfaction and joy. So we leave them, in order to inform the reader concerning the object of the expedition which the worshipful Captain Obadiah Faithful presided over; but to do this, we must, as is most orthodox and proper, and as is the custom of all good writers after their first few paragraphs, retrograde a little.

For nearly half a century the Rev. Henry Talbot had been curate of Linton, and during that long period had proved himself on all occasions a most devoted and zealous preacher of the gospel, a most stanch and unswerving advocate for the worship, forms, and ceremonies of the Church of England—a most loyal and attached subject of the crown.

Linton, from its very retired situation and consequent general ignorance of the affairs of the country, had been an almost entire stranger to that impetuous spirit of change, reigning elsewhere so widely, long prior to the real outbreak of that bloody struggle which cost England so many of her sons, and turned for a while the fairest portions of her provinces into wastes, and desolation, and death. When war, in truth, commenced, and the most remote parts of the empire were rendered by it somewhat more familiar with the points at issue, the good folks of Linton still remained tolerably passive; but, as time wore on, and they heard of the march of armies—the destruction of cities—the slaughter of thousands—all this awakened in their bosoms thoughts and passions scarcely known to them as existing there before. War came nearer to their homes; troops of Cavaliers and Roundheads were in turn quartered in the adjacent country; skirmishes were fought, blood was spilt; emissaries of both Charles

and the Parliament penetrated to their dwellings; till, at length, fires long slumbering, and which wanted but one strong breath to ignite them, fully and fiercely were roused into flame. Among the more ardent spirits enlistments for King and Commons took place, while those of the inhabitants whose dispositions it suited to show their zeal for party by the exercise of the tongue in preference to that of the sword, formed themselves into opposing clubs; in fine, political and religious hatred—those two most fatal foes to the peace of man—raged uncontrolled throughout Linton—once the fair dwelling of love and good-will.

Its venerable curate did his best to stem the torrent—to calm the mutual rage of parties. Though he himself was fully prepared and resolved to endure all—ay, even death, cheerfully, for his church and monarch; and though detesting as much as any the unnatural rebellion against the crown; yet could his gentle spirit ill bear that one, even of those most hostile to him and his principles, should suffer aught; that dissension and strife, though natural effects of his times, should mar the happiness of his beloved parish. But his exhortations, his entreaties, his prayers, were of no avail. The greater portion of the village by far still remained loyal, and respected and loved him as heretofore; but these, when addressed, demonstrated most clearly to the satisfaction of themselves and neighbours, if not to his, that their conduct was the offspring of their principles, which principles, they well knew, he could not possibly condemn. For the rest of his people, it was but scornful looks and ill words he got in answer from them. So matters proceeded. The affairs of Charles grew worse and worse; the zeal of the respective belligerents, in proportion, burnt fiercer and fiercer. Their minister, in his everyday intercourse with his fellow-men, in political matters interfered nothing; but from his pulpit many were the beautiful and touching prayers offered by him for the preservation of the true church, for the safety of the distressed monarch; and while he ever implored his congregation to be more at peace with their opponents, he warned them emphatically against following their sad example, exhorting them to remain firm in the cause of faith and loyalty. Time, the true though it may be somewhat slow completer, in some instances, of many a fearful tragedy, brought at length to a conclusion the most fearful one so long enacting in the stage of England; yet it was a *dénouement* so barbarous and bloody as to cause all else of former horrors in the plot to turn pale before it. After many and vigorous efforts on both sides, attended with enormous waste of life and property, the rebellious Commons gained completely the ascendency, and the unhappy Charles, deprived of every resource, driven to the last extremity, his best and dearest friends having perished on the battle-field or scaffold, threw himself upon the generosity of the Scotch. The shameful sequel is well known, sold into the hands of his Parliament, through a long and dreary interval he was kept a close prisoner, and by them, at length, after an absurd and cruel mockery of a trial, adjudged to the block. But a few weeks from the dark sentence on him having been carried into effect, troops were sent into various parts of the country, to eject from their houses, and sequestrate the property of, those ministers of

the church who as yet had suffered little molestation, and who were well known to be incurable malignants. Linton, among others, was visited—resistance would have been useless, and, at any rate, was altogether forbidden by Mr. Talbot. He was forthwith turned out of the parsonage-house—his property seized or destroyed—his trifling income sequestrated—and himself interdicted, under penalty of still severer punishment, from henceforth using the forms, or preaching the doctrines of his church. Driven from his home in the depth of winter, his parishioners forbidden to receive him into their dwellings, his condition would have been most pitiable, but for the kindness of a loyalist gentleman of property residing some miles from Linton, and who, from his having taken no active part in the late struggles, and more especially from his possessing a near relative ranking high in the armies of the Commonwealth, and well loved by Cromwell, stood above all petty persecution, and was well enabled to extend protection to the distressed curate. By him, therefore, Mr. Talbot was received as a brother, and, together with his granddaughter, treated with every mark of esteem and tenderness. But though banished from Linton, his heart was there, and many were the plans he thought of, by which the loyal portion of his flock might still be enabled to worship together with him in the revered services of their beloved faith. About three miles from Linton, at the extremity of a long, narrow, and deep gorge, formed by some convulsion of nature in past ages, on the very verge of a precipice two hundred feet and more above the level of the ocean, hemmed in by stupendous rocks on either side, and half hid by shrubs and underwood springing from their interstices, and shooting across the fissure in dark and tangled masses, was a lofty and spacious cavern, denominated the Martyr's Cave, from the circumstance of a Protestant clergyman in the bloody days of Queen Mary having suffered death there at the hands of his cruel pursuers. It was a rugged and desolate spot, and since that sad occurrence had ever been avoided as a haunted scene; and when the storm-blast raged along the gorge, and swept madly and moaningly through the cave, causing sounds of mingled fierceness and lament, well might a listener have been filled with fearful and shuddering thoughts, as the wild tempest of strife rose fiercely and confusedly from the yawning and black chasm.

Such was the place fixed on, after much deliberation, by the Rev. Mr. Talbot and the deputies from his parishioners, as one well fitted for their purpose; viz. the meeting to unite together secretly in the prayers and worship of their church. It was removed from the residence of the curate's benefactor, and therefore he might, if ever taxed with being privy to the thing, with good truth profess an entire ignorance of the whole matter. There, accordingly, in that gloomy and deserted cave, was many a small congregation assembled during the ensuing summer, towards the close of which our tale opens; and though suspicions had been aroused and verified in the minds of their enemies, and remonstrances which, indeed, had been treated with the most sovereign neglect and contempt, made to the patron of the intrepid minister, no actual molestation had been offered. It was a fair and stirring sight to behold the venerable man, who perilled life

in so doing, holding forth in the centre of his cave to a little band of attentive listeners, almost equally with himself incurring all of danger from their attendance there. Women and young children were of the number, and forcibly did their presence in that dreaded cave—a spot which, heretofore, few even of the most courageous of the male villagers had dared to tread—speak of overwhelming zeal and devotion.

But the time approached when all this was to have an end, and an end as abrupt and fearful as could well be conceived. As soon as the troop sent for that purpose had ejected Mr. Talbot from Linton, and rested there some short time to be ready to repress any burst of indignation which might have arisen from the loyalists on that account, it was marched to some other district, there to perform the same most agreeable duty. But as a sort of counterbalance to the superior forces of the ill-affected in Linton, about twenty of the most sour fanatics of the troop were left behind under the command of the saint-like Captain Obadiah Faithful, as perfect a compound of fanatical cant, reckless valour, and ruthless cruelty, as the Parliament forces contained. It need scarcely be said that this worthy official held monarchy and episcopacy in the most utter detestation; and in proportion as he found any one embracing views or holding principles favourable to the existence of either, so did he shower down on that individual all wrath and maledictions, and, as far as lay in his power, pains and penalties likewise. It may well be imagined, from this brief notice of his prevailing antipathies, that the Rev. Mr. Talbot enjoyed no great measure of his love, and he was often heard to declare he would make the hoary traitor rue his determined and daring malignancy. He had long brooded over the best means of doing this—of staying effectually the meetings at the cave. He felt assured of the co-operation of his followers in any deed, however violent, tending, in their opinion, to the extension of the kingdom of the saints, and the reign of the commonwealth. But other assistance was needed beside theirs; and this, for a triple reason, Master Faithful found it difficult to obtain—firstly, from the circumstance of the curate enjoying the protection of so influential a personage as his patron was held to be; secondly, from the respect which his blameless life had gained him through all the neighbouring country, even from those who were most hostile to his views; and, thirdly, that from the fact of the worshipful captain, though styling himself thus, being in reality no other than a plain sergeant, his personal antipathies or wishes were not considered of sufficient importance by any one of note to be adopted.

Nothing daunted, however, this persevering worthy at length found one able and willing to assist him to the utmost in his proposed plan of persecution, in the person of a neighbouring magistrate, notoriously known as a stanch hater of church and king, and as not overburdened with nice feelings of either mercy or justice. This was the very man Obadiah was in quest of: of brute force he had already more than sufficient for his purposes at his beck; but one who could lend the countenance of authority to his proceedings was wanting: he too feared the influence of the curate's protector to its full

extent, and, reckless as he was, saw the absolute necessity of having some screen against anything which might arise in that quarter. The two worthies entirely agreed as to the necessity of putting down Mr. Talbot, should it have to be accomplished even at the expense of the lives of half his congregation. It was resolved, on the very next meeting at the cave, to march a body of armed men there, while the curate and his flock should be in the very act of worship—to demand the persons of Mr. Talbot and one other, whom they knew to be his chief supporter;—if refused them, which was most likely, and which they trusted would be the case, to take them by force; and if, in the resistance that might ensue, they with others should chance to be slain, why, it was a thing most devoutly to be wished for. So it was determined.

On the evening of our tale was the very next meeting held. Captain Faithful prepared his own men, and those of the villagers of Linton who were to form the party for the enterprise. He watched the departure of the worshippers for the rendezvous at the cave with the most perfect satisfaction. He well knew they were aware of his purpose, and had arms, though he was ignorant to what extent, to oppose him, if necessary. But he relied on the well-tried and ferocious valour of his own men to combat effectually any resistance which might be offered to them. At the time when he supposed the curate and his flock were fully assembled, he issued orders for his followers to meet, sending forth, meanwhile, scouts to watch the road to the cave, so as to intercept any messenger from the village who, previous to the setting out, might hasten to warn the curate and his congregation of their approach, and so give them opportunity, if such opportunity were wished for, to disperse. The band of Puritans, with the captain and magistrate at their head, as we stated at the commencement of our story, at length set forth on their march: what reception they met with at the cave, shall be made known in due course.

In a large and old-fashioned library, dimly lit by a small and fancifully painted Gothic window, and plentifully lined with tomes of all sizes, from the rough and ponderous folio to the light and more polished octavo, embracing to all appearance the whole range of literature, sat ensconced in a very antique, high-backed arm-chair, a venerable looking personage, who must have somewhat passed the advanced period—and to which but few, considering the millions of earth's sons, attain—of threescore and ten years. Though sunken and bent with age, enough remained of his figure to show that it once had been most dignified and commanding. His head was strikingly noble, and his hair, but little thinned by time, fell in curls silvery and white as snow on his shoulders; and as he sat there, deeply buried in thought, with his eyes half closed, and an expression sorrowful yet resigned on his fine and benevolent countenance, one might have supposed him some patriarch or saint of the first ages, mourning over the sins and punishments of the people. After a while, he slowly rose, and walking to the window, opened it, and gazed for some minutes on the scene lying stretched before him. His eyes wandered over fair and spacious pleasure-grounds; beyond, fields rich with their

golden harvest, or teeming with flocks, over hill and valley, streamlet and wide-extending forest; and on the far verge of the horizon, mountains raising their dim and spectre-like forms, and mingling with the clouds of heaven. The window looked towards the west, in which the sun was just commencing its decline, and as his glance rested on the glorious luminary, a sudden thought seemed to cross the mind of the gazer. He reclosed the opening, and returned to his seat, where, kneeling down, he prayed aloud and fervently for the re-establishment of church and king, for repentance of soul and forgiveness for their enemies, for blessings on their friends, and for especial ones on some undertaking which he was about that evening to engage in; simply, yet eloquently, did that aged man pray in the deep stillness of that chamber; bright and holy were the aspirations that issued forth in sweet music from his lips. Some fifteen minutes had elapsed, and he had just concluded a prayer, oft reiterated, for peace upon all men, when a slight tap was heard at the door, the permission to enter was taken advantage of instantly, and a lovely, sylph-like girl of some seventeen summers glided into the apartment, but stopped short on perceiving the attitude of its occupant.

"Forward, my child," said the old man smilingly; "your arrival at this moment is most opportune for me: my aged joints grow stiffer day by day; yet, by the blessing of my Maker, while I live, ever shall my devotions be paid thus lowly on my knees."

"My dearest grandfather!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly approaching, and assisting him to rise with the fondest solicitude.

"I have been doing that, Mary," continued he, "which I trust my darling will not fail in, when her grandsire shall be no longer with her, praying for my church, my king, and the general estate of all men; nay, look not so sad, my child; I have had a lengthened sojourn on this earth, and my time for departing must of necessity be nigh; but tell me what says Edward Merton; he argued much this morning for our meeting to be postponed, having heard somewhat in his yesterday's visit to Linton of perils to be incurred by holding this even; and on leaving me, he expressed his determination to go in some hours' time from them to the cave, and see if all there was safe and tranquil."

"Edward Merton has just returned thence, and reports all secure: still does he not seem reconciled to the thing, but, on the contrary, more averse than ever to our assembling. Surely, dearest grandfather, you will not incur the risk; and should that savage fanatic Obadiah Faithful and his grim band practise aught against us this evening—should he attempt to repress forcibly our meeting, what dreadful results may not follow!"—and the terrified girl hid her face in her hands, as if to shut out the fearful images her fears had conjured up.

"Mary Vernon," said the old man, kindly yet impressively, drawing her near to him, and gazing affectionately in her distressed countenance—"Mary Vernon, I have thought much of what Merton has told me; still can I not agree with him, as to the extent of danger to be apprehended. I well know that threats deep and revengeful have been let drop against me in Linton; but the hand of Him who has hitherto

preserved me, and has enabled me to continue my present labour without molestation, will of a certainty, if it seem good to Him, be stretched out on this occasion to keep me and my little flock from the evil designs of our foes. Should it not be so, as regards myself," added he energetically—" should it be His will that this night I should seal my faith with my blood, I am cheerfully prepared to suffer—let them slay me, if they will."

" And think you, dearest grandfather, that one man of the congregation would remain passive while this were doing?—even its women and children would fight for their beloved curate, and what horror! should any of those innocents perish through——"

She hesitated: she had touched her grandfather in his most vulnerable point by thus expressing her certainty—a certainty too, which, on deliberation, he must have felt convinced was well founded,—that should his life be assailed, or should he fall, the lives of many might be greatly perilled, and even sacrificed, in an attempt at either rescue or revenge. There was a silence for some moments, and when the old man resumed, it was in a voice broken and agitated by contending emotions.

" You said well, my child; should any of those innocents fall, awful would indeed be my responsibility."

" My dearest grandfather, I said not so."

" But though you said it not, Mary, it was in your thoughts—could I think that there was a chance—and yet——" He rose, and again walked to the window: the position of the sun told that sunset was drawing nigh. He shook his head doubtingly. " It is now too late: they will already be assembled, and—I dream not of such danger—go call Edward Merton, my child; I have that to communicate to you both which must allay your fears—and quick, Mary, for it is time that I was going."

The old man, no other than the ejected curate of Linton, Mr. Talbot, left alone, trod and retrod the apartment for a minute or two with hasty and perturbed steps. His mind at length seemed made up.—" Should their fears be realised," exclaimed he aloud, " and, from what Merton and others have told me, they have much to rest upon, there is the secret passage, of which all are ignorant of save myself. I will place a trusty spy at the entrance of the gorge ere the foe can be on us—surely we shall have full time to escape. God knows I would not have proceeded in this matter, but for the means of escape which he vouchsafed to me."

His granddaughter at this instant re-entered the library, accompanied by a tall, elegant young man, the Edward Merton of the foregoing short dialogue. He advanced hastily towards Mr. Talbot, and was about to speak, but the curate, by a quick sign, intimated his desire to be heard first. The young man bowed and acquiesced.

" My children," said the reverend gentleman, " I can well imagine you must think it strange that I, with all my long-cherished and expressed feelings in regard to the promotion of peace, should be now so obstinate in my refusal to postpone this meeting; but I have, I think, one sufficient reason for my present conduct, and without which I would not have proceeded; for though firm in my general reliance

on the protection of my Maker, yet do not his commands authorise, in my opinion, nor would his arm defend, the thrusting any into danger, unless for some great good which could not be effected without so doing. You know well the Martyr's Cave, but know not, I imagine, one vital circumstance, as regards us, connected with it. In that cave I discovered, some time since, a secret trap-door opening upon subterranean passages, which lead, for some hundred yards by winding ways, far out on the sea-shore. It was by mere accident I made the discovery. I myself have traversed the passages. The way is easy and safe, and will, God willing, insure us a speedy and safe removal from the attacks of our enemies, should they indeed molest us."

An exclamation between surprise and gratification burst from the lips of his auditors.

"Still," proceeded he, gazing affectionately on his granddaughter, "though I may, without presumption, I think, assume there is no danger, still I feel reluctance, my dearest Mary, to your going. You are the sole offspring of my only child, and your poor mother, when dying, committed you to my especial care; and now, thus in the young spring of life, should aught happen to you—and you too, Merton—there is weakness, perchance worse than weakness, in my not wishing you to run the risk which I may, though unwittingly, be preparing for others—still I would that neither of you went,"

"Name it not, my dearest grandfather."—"Name it not, my dearest sir!" exclaimed both in a breath.

"For myself," added the young man, "'twould be past thought to conceive my cowardice, should I remain behind—but for Mary——"

"For Mary!" interrupted the enthusiastic girl, "she will most certainly accompany you. There now appears to be no danger—should there be—should there be death—" and her voice sank almost to a whisper, and her cheek paled through emotion, "Mary Vernon will not shrink from death in the company of those dearest to her."

No more was urged on either side. The curate and Edward Merton agreed as to the placing some one at the entrance of the gorge. Merton himself wished to take the post; but this Mary would not hear of. It was resolved to set out immediately, that they might be at the cave as soon as possible, in order, prior to the opening of the meeting, to inform the congregation of the means of escape, and to explain it thoroughly, so that, in the event of their enemies attacking them, there might be no confusion or delay. The trio now separated to prepare for their speedy departure, and while they are accoutring I will let just drop a word or two about Edward Merton, showing, though in a very brief manner, as befits the briefness of my tale, who he was, and how he came to be on such very familiar terms with Mary and Mr. Talbot.

Edward Merton was the only child of an old loyalist officer, who fell in the first campaign between Charles and the Parliament. The young Merton was then a cornet in his father's troop, and continued serving in it during the whole of the contest, rapidly attaining, through his skill and valour, to the rank of captain. Towards the close of that unhappy and sanguinary strife, the young captain was, with many others, taken prisoner in a bloody engagement fought not many miles

from Linton, and being tried by a court-martial shortly after, was, with several of his brother officers, condemned to be shot. By a lucky chance for Merton, the gentleman who, as we have seen, so befriended the distressed curate Mr. Talbot, was in court when sentence was passed on him and his companions. The name of Merton sounded familiar to his ears. In by-gone days he had possessed a well-loved friend of that name. On inquiry he found the young loyalist captain to be his son. He immediately interceded with the head officer of the tribunal for his execution to be deferred, and finally, with some difficulty, he obtained a full pardon for Merton. An invitation to his house succeeded, and at length, having no children of his own, and the young loyalist having neither parent nor relation, he proposed to him that he should reside entirely at his dwelling. This most affectionate offer was not to be refused; it was accepted by Merton with gratitude. The young captain often paid visits to Linton, and in the course of his trips there became acquainted with Mr. Talbot. A most tender friendship eventually sprang up between them, strengthened by the most deferential respect on the part of the junior towards his venerable friend.

When Mr. Talbot was ejected from his cure and received into the house of their mutual patron, together with his granddaughter Mary, young Merton, could he have forgot the state of his unhappy country, would have been supremely happy. He had already formed an attachment to the curate's lovely relation, and which that gentle girl returned in its full extent. Neither Mr. Talbot nor young Merton's kind benefactor threw any obstacle in the way of their mutual desires, so that with them, at least, the course of true love ran tolerably even. One drawback, emanating in their own little circle, however, troubled Merton much, and that was the assemblies at the cave. He had a sort of presentiment that something dreadful would occur from their being held. Knowing as he did too well the savage and almost mad passions of the saint-like Obadiah Faithful and his followers, he used his most strenuous endeavours, urging and entreating Mr. Talbot to discontinue them, but in vain; the curate felt he was performing a sacred duty, and refused most positively to comply with his young friend's requests. So matters went on till the day preceding the evening of our tale, when Merton ascertained, without a doubt, that the worshippers at the cave were to be attacked the following night. He told this to the curate, begging him, at least, to have the meeting postponed. But Mr. Talbot, though admitting in some degree the likelihood of what was told him, remained strangely obstinate. The next day, and within five hours of the meeting taking place, Merton heard the news of the preceding evening confirmed and even strengthened. He resolved again to speak to the curate, and almost to force him to abstain from visiting the cave; but in case his utmost exertions should prove fruitless, and Mr. Talbot should be bent on going, he urged upon all the villagers who could by any means procure them in that short interval, to obtain arms, and, if not hearing further from him, to take them with them to the assembly on the young captain's return home. The scene we have already described, followed by the unexpected explanation, took place. He therefore considered

it cruelty to press the poor curate any more, relying on the means of escape, which rendered it impossible, if due watch were kept at the entrance of the gorge, for their enemies to be at the cave ere they had escaped.

It was sunset—beautiful and glorious—as the reverend Mr. Talbot, his granddaughter, and Edward Merton, set forth for the Martyr's Cave—the reverend gentleman mounted on a sure-footed nag of his host's, and Mary and the young Merton walking by his side. Mr. Talbot was in high spirits, pointing out to the notice of his companions each fair or striking charm of nature which they passed. The distance to the cave was about two miles, and their course to it lay through a highly picturesque and romantic part of the country. The curate, and indeed the others, had traversed the same path fifty times before, and were perfectly familiar with its every feature; but on the present occasion all seemed, and especially the curate, as though the way they pursued were entirely new to them—as though its many beauties had then first broke, fair strangers, on their sight. It might have been that the evening was peculiarly lovely, and lent a more than common charm to each object of gaze—a more than common capability of enjoyment to each gazer; it might have been that each felt a degree of excitement, in regard to the coming meeting, which each thus gave vent to in the shape of joyous and elevated spirits.—"Behold," said the curate, "the varied grandeur and loveliness of this scene!"

They had just arrived at an opening on either side of the forest glade through which they were then passing. Some fifty yards to their right, and more than two hundred feet beneath them, lay glistening in the far distance the mighty all-boundless ocean, its waves dyed in the last gorgeous tints of sunset. To their left, a wide expanse of country, rich plains, undulating slopes, and deep-descending valleys, streamlet, and lake, and hill, and forest, and dark mountain, in all rich variety of aspect and beauty, lay stretched before them. "It is a bright and blessed spot," continued the venerable man, "this land of our birth, blessed above all countries, perhaps, in the diversity of its scenery, the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its air,—in its almost entire exemption from all those fearful natural phenomena, so destructive in many other equally fair portions of our globe. There are lands where scenes of higher majesty prevail, where Nature exhibits herself on a grander scale, clothed in a more striking and subduing form; but the dwellers in such lands are exposed to ills the most of which we wot not of, save by report—to the volcano's stream of devouring fire—to the gloomy earthquake, engulphing thousands in one tomb—to the terrific whirlwind—the dread thunder-storm—the withering simoon—the deadly and sweeping plague—the fierce attacks of the brute creation—where—where is the nation's thankfulness for all these good things—this exemption from so many evils?—Treason and bloodshed, irreligion and hypocrisy, cover the land in one dark and unbroken cloud. Yet do I wrong in saying thus: many are the blue spots appearing in that cloud, and, by God's blessing, they shall increase till the foul darkness be chased away, and our country, once again, its church restored, its monarch reinstated, shall shine forth in its pristine splendour."

The old man spoke the last words with considerable emotion, and his eyes lighted up with the soul's bright anticipations. Alas! could he have foreseen the career of the prince for whose restoration he ever prayed, in very bitterness of heart he might well have mourned over his profligacy and debasement—over the almost consequent sins and disgraces of the people.

They arrived at length at the entrance of the gorge leading to the cavern, and were met there by a few villagers waiting their coming, and by them greeted with great show of love and respect. The curate dismounted, his nag was tied to a tree, and leaning on a stout peasant, and closely followed by his granddaughter, Edward Merton, and the rest, he commenced the rather difficult task of making way, over the loose and slippery stones, and in some places through the prickly shrubs and brambles, to the place of meeting. The length of the gorge, the breadth of which averaged about six feet, was a full quarter of a mile, and terminated, as has been before stated, in a lofty and spacious cavern on the verge of the cliff. The side which was to seaward had, from some cause or other, been partly thrown down, causing a large and rather dangerous aperture. The fear of any accident had, however, been guarded against, many years before the era of our tale, by fixing strong wooden bars across the opening, far enough apart to admit of light passing through in sufficient quantities to illume, though dimly, the cavern. When Mr. Talbot and his party arrived at its mouth, which was almost hidden to the ground by overhanging shrubs and creepers, they found the whole congregation without, ranged on either side of the gorge, which here widened for a few yards to the width of some ten or twelve feet. Mr. Talbot was again greeted with the most unfeigned expressions and demonstrations of respect and love. After a few inquiries and kind speeches in regard to themselves and families, he entered the cave. A rough, high-backed sort of rustic chair stood in the centre for his use; two low stools on either side of it were placed for Mary and Edward; ponderous stones or logs of wood sufficing for the rest of the congregation.

After resting for a few minutes, the curate arose, motioning to his auditors to remain still seated. He then briefly alluded to what they were all doubtless well acquainted with—the probability of their foes in Linton disturbing their worship that evening. He explained to them the reasons he had for not having postponed their assembling on that account, viz. the means of escape which were known to him. He hoped all would yet pass over on that occasion as formerly—that their enemies would leave them unmolested. If, however, it should not be so, he exhorted them to remain firm at the crisis. He then explained to them the mystery of the trap-door, and advised the immediately sending some one to the entrance of the gorge, there to keep watch, and give instant notice of any hostile approach.

A dozen of the young men instantly started forward to offer their services. The most watchful and agile was picked out, and warned, as he valued the safety of the assembly, to keep a good look-out. The real business of the meeting then commenced. The whole congregation arose. The services of the episcopal form of worship were regularly gone through, after which Mr. Talbot, prefacing his discourse by

a short prayer, proceeded to expound to his auditors a portion of holy writ.

Meanwhile sunset had some time passed. The moon had risen, and through each opening of the cave poured in a full stream of silvery and soft light—her pale beams resting on the aged curate, and playing over the features of his nearest listeners, lending to the centre of the cave a light clearer than that of noonday; while, by the strong contrast, its unlit portions wore the pall of darkest midnight.

On the present occasion Mr. Talbot was even more impressive and animated than usual. He had the air of one who felt his time was short upon earth, and that, ere that time was spent, much labour was required of him. Suddenly, in the midst of a most beautiful and affecting description of the blessings flowing from a pious life, a sharp ringing sound was heard to run along the gorge, and in another instant to echo through the cave. The speaker stopped short. The half-uttered sound yet lingered on his lips, when a second, much nearer, and more distinctly defined report once more rang almost deafening along the gorge, filling the cave with its stunning reverberations. Now could there be no mistake—it was clearly the report of a musket.

The curate seemed for the moment excessively agitated, and clutched instinctively at Edward Merton for support, but recovered himself by an effort. No one uttered a word, or moved a step—a spell seemed to chain each foot, to tie each tongue—'twas a terrible yet but short suspense. The quick steps of some one running were heard without the cave. The boughs overhanging its entrance were pushed hastily aside—their scout entered—a loud shriek burst from the women and children—his cheek was ashy pale—his eyes starting from their sockets—his whole features grimly convulsed—death was plainly on him. Like a drunken man he staggered towards Mr. Talbot: all made way for him—his arm waved wildly in the direction he had come—his throat heaved and swelled with an almost supernatural and dreadful effort to speak: the fierce struggle was but momentary—one dark gush of gore shot foamingly from his mouth—a gasp—and the arm dropped—the features collapsed—one fearful spasmodic shudder shook his frame, and he fell heavily to the ground, a corpse, almost at the very feet of the horror-striken curate.

Again there arose a fearful shriek from the women and children, mingled this time with a low yet deep and thrilling exclamation from the men. For Mr. Talbot, he stood as though completely stupified. To Merton such scenes had been rendered too familiar; he felt there was not an instant to be lost—already voices might be heard nearing the cavern. Stooping down, he hurriedly whispered a few words to Mary Vernon, who, by her countenance and manner, expressed the greatest horror and distress; he would have spoken to the curate, but plainly saw at that instant it would be worse than useless; so, turning to the congregation, in a cheerful voice he exhorted them to be firm. He then drew around him immediately those who had been enabled to provide themselves with arms, and arranged them just within the cave, so as to form a barrier against the foe. Meanwhile the trap-door had been opened, and the women and children were being made to descend, much against their will, as quick as might be.

The voices in the gorge now sounded nearer—it was evident their enemies were approaching, though slowly, as being sure of their prey. Merton's arrangements occupied but a few minutes, and being over, he turned once more towards the curate. He was still standing gazing fixedly on the body of the scout, which, in the hurry and extreme excitement of the moment, had been left unheeded. His granddaughter was clinging to him, pale as death, yet endeavouring, by words and gestures, to lead him from the spot. Two of the eldest of his flock were likewise with him, striving, with the greatest distress imprinted on their aged features, to rouse him from his stupor, and turn his gaze from the dead.

When Merton approached, Mr. Talbot raised his eyes to him, and then again dropped them on the corse. "My dearest sir," said the young man, "this is but unavailing sorrow—it cannot profit the dead, and is most hurtful to you. This poor fellow should have been removed," added he, looking to the elders. They had essayed the task, but were unequal to it, and the rest of the congregation were too busily employed in forwarding the escape of those dearest to them, or too earnestly attentive to the commands of Merton as to their arrangement for repelling the foe, to aid them. Edward Merton called to two of the young men, who, lifting the body, disposed of it in one of the dark corners of the cave. The curate did not oppose its removal, but followed it with his eyes, as though unable to root them from it. When he could see it no longer, one heavy long-drawn sigh escaped his bosom.

Words at length issued from his lips, but they were terrible ones. "Edward—Mary—the blood of the innocent is on my soul, and surely shall the Lord require it of me. I feel already the dark curse—here, here!"—and he smote his breast convulsively.

"Grandfather, if you would not kill me—me, your own Mary—talk not thus," exclaimed the terrified girl; "see, the whole congregation are disturbed."

"These are wild words, pardon me, my dearest sir," said Merton; "but you surely do yourself most grievous wrong in thus speaking. The blood of that unhappy man rests with his actual destroyers; and though I would not judge the dead, I may say, partly with himself, as doubtless he must have slept upon his post, and so not only risked the lives of all here, but forfeited his own."

The curate shook his head mournfully, and somewhat doubtingly. "It may be—it may be," slowly answered he, "and God pardon me if I have spoken aught rashly and unadvisedly; but fearful, ay, very fearful and dark thoughts have been busy with me."

The shock, which had been too heavy for him to bear, had now in some measure passed, and turning away his head he wept. The crisis was now fast approaching—footsteps resounded not many yards from the cave. Merton again addressed Mr. Talbot: "The women and children have been all lowered through the trap-door, my dearest sir, and the congregation wait but for you and Mary to follow them. The foe is even close at hand, and we lose time."

"Lose it not on my account," hastily rejoined the curate. "Go, Mary, if you love me, go—and you—all of you. It is I whom they

chiefly seek—I alone will meet the cruel men. Go, I beseech—I command you," added he, with vehemence. "Let not my eyes be witness of one more such sight as they have already witnessed."

While he yet spoke, a stir took place at the entrance of the cave—loud voices burst upon their ears—all eyes were turned towards the spot: in another instant the shrubs and creepers overhanging and indeed concealing it were violently torn down, and the stern, fanatical countenances of Obadiah Faithful, and of some thirty others, appeared gloomily on the threshold in their stead. There was a sudden and involuntary movement among the followers of Merton, and the sharp click of a firelock or two was heard; but the passiveness of their enemies, and the strict injunctions of the young captain not to proceed to hostilities except in positive self-defence, kept down their awakening passions. Both parties remained, therefore, for a while gazing on each other—looks fierce and threatening were exchanged, but no further demonstration of immediate attack took place. Obadiah Faithful at length, accompanied by a starch, puritanical-looking man, well known to all there as a most unrelenting foe and persecutor of the loyalists, and holding a commission as one of the magistrates of the county, stepped a little in advance of the rest, and after casting a most malignant scowl over the glowing and determined countenances but a few yards distant from him, half turning to his companion, exclaimed in a tone of bitter and somewhat disappointed ferocity, "Behold the fair fruits of the tender mercies of our leaders. Malignants, armed and eager for the death of the faithful, longing to dye their right hands in the blood of the elect, spring up in every corner of the land; and here, in the very bowels of the earth, do they hold their dark meetings, and plot to overthrow the reign of the Lord's anointed. But, though our guardians sleep, yet will we be up and doing the good work."

He once more fronted the congregation; and the magistrate, in a harsh, drawling voice, demanded, in the name of the Parliament, the persons of those most grievous and determined malignants, Henry Talbot and Edward Merton, to be delivered up to him forthwith, on pain of the whole assembly being adjudged traitors, and suffering the penalties of such. There was a dead stillness succeeding these words, and then a slight stir ensued in the ranks of the loyalists. They opened, and the Rev. Mr. Talbot, leaning on Edward Merton, and clung to by his affrighted granddaughter, advanced slowly to the front.

"Behold Henry Talbot," said the now collected and intrepid old man, "ready for you to work your worst on. But for all these, let them depart in peace. Blood of the innocent has been spilled already—enough has been done to make answer for at the great account. Once more, I am ready—on me alone rests the guilt, if guilt it be, of our assembling—on me alone be the punishment."

On the instant confused cries arose from the congregation. "No surrender of our brethren to the fanatic dogs—they will slay them as they did but now the poor orphan lad—we will die all for our beloved curate—down with the crop-eared Puritans!"

Several pushed hastily forward and surrounded Mr. Talbot and his

companions—muskets were levelled to the aim—the rattling and gleaming of steel—the half-uttered and deep threat—the rapid shuffling of feet—all gave evidence of immediate and fierce contest. The stern voice of the puritan captain resounded through the cave, "Men of Israel, forward—up and to the battle—down with the accursed Amalekites—smite and spare not."

One shot fired, one blow struck, and all hope of saving bloodshed was at an end; in that moment Mr. Talbot seemed endued with more than the strength and fire of his youth. He broke forcibly from the grasp of those who were hurrying him away—he threw himself between the opposing parties. His emphatic gestures—his indignant yet beseeching looks—the almost supernatural tones of his voice—stayed them in the very onset of their wrath. "Hold, madmen, or let your first shot, your first stroke, be dealt on me."

Both sides retreated a little—the one from respect, the other from an almost undefined feeling of fear for the manner and appearance of the speaker; and both, perchance, after a moment's pause, influenced by a consciousness of the terrible results which must flow from a contest between parties armed with such destructive weapons, and having to combat in so defined a space. The curate now turned to his flock: "My children," said he, in tones strangely contrasting with those of the previous instant, so subdued were they and sorrowful—"my children, what impiety would you commit?—here, in the very spot but now echoing with your prayers and praises to the God of peace, to raise the cry of bloodshed, and to rush against the lives of your fellows? Heaven forefend you should plunge your souls into such damning sin. The showing thus your love to me, your zeal for my safety, would prove, instead of my joy, my heaviest misfortune and curse. I go readily with these men—I have been guilty of no crime but praying to my God in the way I have ever been used. Fear not, therefore, for me; and though we meet here no more—though we now part, perchance never to meet again on this earth, yet have I good hope that an hereafter shall join us, thenceforward to be eternally united."

Merton, who had himself striven, but vainly, to appease the tumult, now came to the side of the curate, and addressed himself to Obadiah Faithful, who yet, with his sword drawn, his pistol ready cocked, glared upon his opponents like some wild beast preparing for the spring, "Captain Faithful, I would know from you explicitly with what crimes you charge myself and this worthy man."

"Hearken to this promoter of treason," roared out the infuriated captain, "hearken to the smooth-tongued assurance of this son of Belial! With conspiring against the Lord's people—such is our righteous accusation—with striving to bring about the return of Charles Stuart, that limb of the arch-tyrant and murderer—with ——"

"This our assembling here has nought to do with such designs," fiercely interrupted Merton; "our purpose is plain to those who are not blinded by their hatred or fanaticism, or who are not resolved to impute to us motives which they themselves at the time are convinced

are false as——" The voice of the curate sounded in his ears—Merton checked himself—"Our meeting here is for prayer."

A bitter sneer curled the lip of the puritan. "Do you meet in such guise for prayer?" He pointed scornfully to the armed forms fronting him.

"None know better than Captain Faithful the reasons for their coming thus armed. But in fine, for myself, I need not tell you, sir, that I hold you and the cause you uphold in equal detestation, and would with joy see the whole crew of traitors to their king served with far worse measure than they most bloodily meted to him; and were it not for potent causes, I would not tamely give up my person to you now, but die sooner, trying my good steel on you and your godly band. I speak, remember, my own sentiments in the matter, not those of the congregation."

"Your sentiments will of a surety be prematurely lopped, young man," rejoined Obadiah Faithful, with a savage scowl, "else is there no power in the headsman's axe. But I will be merciful, yea, abundant in mercy—letting this assemblage of traitors depart in peace, content with the surrender of their arms, and of the persons of yourself and this most reverend and godly divine."

The magistrate at this instant touched the arm of the grim puritan, and whispered somewhat in his ear; a sort of malignant smile of triumph passed across the hard features of Obadiah Faithful, and turning a little aside to his companion, a low conversation ensued between them. Whether the saint-like captain's most merciful disposition towards the assembly was in reality sincere or not, it matters nothing, as in either event it was doomed to be entirely frustrated. Mr. Talbot, during the short dialogue between Merton and the roundhead, had been standing close to the former, ready to check any ebullition of passion on his part.

The conversation being finished, he turned again towards his flock, and was in the act of bestowing on them a farewell benediction, when, from the back of the puritans, whether by accident or design, whether intended for Mr. Talbot or not, a shot was fired. The ball whistled past Merton, who was then standing a short distance from the curate, striving to calm in some measure the violent grief of poor Mary Vernon, and struck Mr. Talbot full in the right side. He uttered a sharp cry, threw his arms convulsively up, and staggering forward, fell heavily.

"God of heaven, they have killed him!" shouted Merton, springing wildly forward.

Mary Vernon saw her grandfather fall—she heard Merton's exclamation as he left her—she attempted to follow him, it was in vain—one long, piercing shriek burst from her, and the next instant she lay on the dank floor of the cave without sense or motion. It was as though she had been struck by the same ball that had laid one so dear to her, low for ever. So entranced was Merton by the bleeding object over which he was hanging, so bound up in the very hell of passions boiling within his breast, that he scarce was conscious of this second shock, and Mary Vernon was borne away without appearing to attract his slightest notice.

A yell of execration, after the first moment of stupor, had burst from the loyalists at the fall of their beloved curate; but now a death-like stillness was on them, as they waited for the last sigh to escape from him ere they took stern vengeance for the deed. Mr. Talbot groaned faintly at intervals, but gave no other evidence of life. At length a slight shiver ran perceptibly through his frame; his eyes opened at first wildly, and then solemnly and affectionately he gazed on Merton: his lips parted, as though he were about to speak. Merton bent still closer over him—one short sentence, one beloved name only reached his ears, "Revenge it not—Mary!"

The mouth closed—a slight expression of pain passed across his features, but that was momentary. His eyes were turned towards heaven—heavenly was the smile that then lit up the countenance of the dying saint. It grew fainter, till one short sigh, and it passed away, and with it the last breath of the curate of Linton. For one moment young Merton knelt on—for one moment pressed his burning lips to the forehead of the dead. But no impression had the dying words of Mr. Talbot left on his heart. Had an angel descended from on high, scarcely could the celestial visitant have dissuaded him from revenge.

"Revenge it not!" shouted he, starting up; "though the sentiment was well fitted for its speaker, yet it is not suited for Edward Merton, nor is it suited, I trow, for the feelings of nine-tenths of this world's occupants. Bear hence the honoured corpse," added he, turning to his men, and lowering his voice; "quick with it to the secret passage, but bid the women take good heed that Miss Vernon see it not."

He passed his hand hastily across his brow. The mention of that name seemed to sting him. "Mary!" muttered he to himself; surely, since that dread shot, I must have been mad, thus to have forgotten her. Methinks I heard she had fainted! Could it be that worse—God of heaven! she is not dead!" He gazed wildly around. "Mary Vernon!—speak—tell me—lives she? or——"

"She lives!" replied one who had just ascended from the secret passage—"she lives! but still remains senseless, though we trust shortly for her recovery."

"God be praised for this!" ejaculated the young man; "and yet, though it is horror to say it, better, perchance, she should never recover, but die even thus. But now it is no time to think of such things. The murderers are yet unpunished, and their standing there is a reproach on us for tardiness. Back—back to the secret passage!" said he, addressing the elder; "back! and all who have not arms with you be instant in your departure, for, while you tarry, the work of just vengeance is delayed. And now, men," shouted Merton, "be firm, and remember your curate—his fate will be yours, and deservedly, if you fail in avenging it on his assassins."

During all this time the puritans had remained entirely inactive. Their leader had evinced very little emotion on the death of Mr. Talbot, and that little showed itself by no marks of sorrow or concern, but, on the contrary, by an evident smile of grim satisfaction passing over his savage features. By no sound or movement, however, did he display any further interest in the scene; and it was only when Merton

had risen from the body of the slain, and commenced giving directions to his followers, that Captain Obadiah Faithful, too, on his side, commenced in good earnest marshalling and haranguing his party.

"Saints of the Lord!" thundered the fearless puritan, his appellation of his men sounding as strange mockery in the ears of those who gazed on their repulsive and grim appearance—"saints of the Lord, now hath the time long appointed arrived—now are these foes to the faithful delivered into your hands. The long devoted slave of the Babylonish harlot has been cut off before your eyes; still before them rage the deluded ones of his will, thirsting, even as the Philistines of old, for the blood of the true children, whom if ye spare, surely shall it come to pass with you as with Saul, that cursed king."

The full deep voice of the young loyalist captain now sounded, bidding the men bring the muskets to the aim. The command to fire was simultaneously given on both sides. The result was terrible. Not a man in the front rank of either assailants but was killed or wounded, with the exception of the rival leaders, who by almost a miracle remained unscathed. No second fire was given: the most threw away their muskets, and rushed headlong in with pike and sword. The struggle was now hand to hand. It was desperate and deadly—neither side dreamt of retreat—neither asked nor gave quarter. Ere the fight began, the trap-door had been closed and fastened down. The shrieks of the women below, who could hear the conflict raging over their heads, now rose deadened on the ears of the combatants, like the wailing of departed spirits. The puritans, who were ignorant of the cause, were at first rather startled by such sounds, and superstition began to be alive. But there was no time for conjecture, no time for fears of disembodied souls, when each man found himself pressed by a fierce embodied one, able and eager to make him, himself, a departed spirit. The increasing noise too of the conflict, the clashing of steel, the heavy and incessant rushing tramp of feet, the shouts and execrations of the combatants, the groans and cries of the wounded and dying, combined almost effectually to smother the shrieks of those below. It was a sad sight to look upon that ruthless and sanguinary contest. The night winds sighed their deep dirge over it—the sea wave joined with its melancholy murmur, and the fair moon, as though saddening at the scene, cast but a dim and sickly light throughout the cave. Still the conflict raged with untiring fury; more than half the combatants had fallen, and many were the ghastly and disfigured corses that lay strown around.

Edward Merton had as yet been foiled in his endeavours to encounter the puritan captain, who, through the whole of the struggle, had manifested the most fearful strength and courage. In the first rush the leaders had been widely separated, and the contest being carried on in so confined a space, considering the large body of men engaged in it at the commencement, had precluded, for some time, the possibility of their meeting. But as time wore on, the fight rested with a far fewer number; the combatants fought no longer in a dense mass, through which there was no piercing—a freer space appeared, and Edward and Obadiah Faithful met at last. For an instant they

glared on each other with looks of the most determined hatred; the next, and the long heavy sword of the puritan descended like a tempest upon the young loyalist. The blow was dexterously parried and returned with interest. Many desperate passes and cuts were made on either side, but without much effect, till Merton, who was a most accomplished swordsman, after many a baffled effort, by a skilful double feint contrived to throw his adversary completely from his guard, and to lunge him straight through the body. Captain Faithful uttered a deadly execration, and reeled a pace or two backward; but, though mortally wounded, enough of strength remained with him to make one last desperate effort. He threw himself towards Merton with one bound, aiming at the same time a most fearful blow at his head. No skill of the loyalist could evade the shock; but though his own sword was driven from his grasp with its stunning force, fortunately for him that of the puritan broke in Merton's attempted parry, short off at the handle. Uttering a cry of baffled rage, ere Edward could recover himself, Obadiah Faithful seized him by the throat with the convulsive energies of the death-gripe. In the struggle they had approached close to the wooden rails, mentioned before as guarding the aperture broken in the cave to seaward. Against these the puritan now fell, dragging Merton with him. Somewhat weakened and decayed with time, the bars could ill withstand so sudden and violent an assault. With a crash they burst asunder, leaving the huge frame of Captain Faithful suspended over the yawning abyss, chiefly by the grasp he still held with one hand on Merton's collar. A sickening feeling came over the young loyalist, He attempted in vain to free himself from Obadiah Faithful's almost throttling gripe; he felt he was slowly, yet certainly, being dragged over by the weight of the dying man. He would have called for assistance, but the knuckles of the puritan pressing against his throat prevented him. His followers appeared too strenuously engaged to observe his situation, or at least to afford him aid. The desperate hold which he had taken on part of one of the remaining bars was fast giving way; another minute, and he would have been hurrying to a fearful death. The eye of his antagonist glared cruelly and even fiendishly on him, rejoicing in his agony. A suffocating sensation came over him—his brain swam, his strength failed him—he was falling, when a shout rang in his ears—a powerful arm was thrown around his waist. The gleam of steel flashed before his eyes—the grim convulsed visage of the puritan suddenly receded from him; he felt himself drawn back, and sank, half-choked and fainting, into the arms of his preserver.

During the long and deadly combat between Merton and Obadiah Faithful, the struggle between their followers had raged with unabated fury, though each moment gave perceptibly the advantage to the loyalists, who now considerably outnumbered their opponents from better fortune in the almost blind slaughter that took place for some time after the first onset, and from the defection of several of the villagers on the side of the roundheads, who left them towards the close of the engagement, and retreated up the gorge. The puritans gave way slowly and doggedly, disputing every foot of the ground. By good chance for Merton, one of his men, who had been wounded

in the contest, after following his companions a short distance, who pressed hard on the retiring foe, feeling rather weak through loss of blood which still flowed from his wound, returned to the cave, and arrived in time to see his leader on the point of being dragged over the precipice; he hastened forward, and was but just soon enough to save him from destruction.

It is not our intention to dwell on the harrowing spectacle the cavern now presented; the dying and the dead are no such pleasing objects as to be thrust needlessly before the mind's eye of the reader; such details can but be repulsive as the scene of misery they would describe. Nor do we purpose depicting the anguish of those who had lost husbands, fathers, children, in that bloody struggle.

Mary Vernon had remained insensible during nearly the whole continuance of the fray, and was found still in an almost unconscious state by Merton when he descended to where she lay, supported in the arms of two of the women. The sight of him, however, in some measure recalled her to herself: her first burst of grief was terrible; and Merton for some time almost feared for her reason. He at length succeeded in calming somewhat the frantic vehemence of her sorrow, and leaving her, he once more ascended up into the cavern. There he had a hard and painful task to perform; but so well were his directions obeyed, and his example imitated, that within an hour from the cessation of the conflict the dead had been piled reverently on either side of the cavern, till such time as they could be decently interred. The wounded had been attended to as far as was practicable, and rude litters constructed for their conveyance to Linton, whither the whole party were now prepared to go, with the exception of Edward and Mary, and three or four stout peasants, who volunteered to carry the corse of Mr. Talbot to the dwelling-house of his late kind patron and benefactor. A wailing and sorrowful party they were, who in the stillness of that summer night wended their slow and funeral course along the gloomy and narrow pass of the gorge. Of their friends and relatives, a considerable number—of their enemies, more than one-half—were left lying cold and stiffening in their gore in the Martyr's Cave. The magistrate had fallen by the first volley, and his body had been found buried under a heap of the slain. The few puritans who had escaped were reported by one sent to observe their motions by Merton, previous to the setting out of the party, to have taken a course leading directly away from Linton, and to have disappeared at length in the windings of the road. On the loyalists arriving at the mouth of the gorge, the two parties separated—the one proceeding straight for Linton, and Merton, with Mary and the peasants, bearing the body of Mr. Talbot, taking the contrary direction. We follow neither one nor the other, nor interest ourselves further in their welfare. We might relate, doubtless, had it formed part of our design, of alarms and rumours of troops marched to Linton for the purpose of quelling the dangerous rebellion against the commonwealth, which fame loudly and widely trumpeted had broken forth. We might tell of Merton's narrow escape from the hands of certain roundheads sent to take him prisoner for his rebellious acts—of his retreat to France

—of his return thence after a few years' lapse—of his marriage—and with whom. We might tell, I say, of all these things, and acquit ourselves in their narration, we question not, to the entire satisfaction of ourselves and readers, but for our predetermined plan, which we hold it best to account as irrevocable by us as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

SONG.

MY DARK-EYED ZULETTE!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

MAID of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In my long hours of sorrow without thee,
I never found one that could make me forget
The charm that is ever about thee:
On the beautiful maids of my country I gaze,
But they wake but a passing emotion;
Oh! thou hadst the love of my happiest days,
The first fruits of my young heart's devotion.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
In the dreams of my slumber united,
I meet thee again, where so often we met,
When my spirit was gay and unblighted;
When beneath the sweet shade of the orange we roved,
And the fountain of Inez * shone brightly,
In the beams of the moon, that to look on I loved,
As it guided my steps to thee nightly.

Maid of Evora! my dark-eyed Zulette!
Is thy heart still as faithful as ever
To the joy that we felt when in secret we met,
And the pangs that it cost us to sever?
When I watched thy sweet looks, as I saw thee depart,
When thy last fond adieu had been spoken,
Had I thought 'twas thy *last*, ah! surely my heart
In the grief of that moment had broken.

* A fountain in Portugal, called "the Tears of Inez," in compliment to the beautiful and ill-fated Inez de Castro.

A JOURNEY SOUTHWARD FROM DAMASCUS.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

"Quand on voyage dans la Judée, d'abord un grand ennui saisit le cœur; mais lorsque passant de solitude en solitude l'espace s'etend sans bornes devant nous, peu a peu l'ennui se dissipe, le soleil brulante, l'aigle impetueux, le figuier sterile, toute la poesie, toutes les tableaux de l'Ecriture sont là, chaque nom renferme un mystere; chaque grotte declare l'avenir; chaque sommet retentit les accens d'un prophete et d'un Dieu."—CHATFAUBRIAND.

Village of Salahieh—Environs of Damascus—Caravans—Dromedaries—Bedouin Arabs—Moslem women—Idiot—Superstition—Conjurors—Gipsies—Artous—Sahsah—Night adventures—Pilgrims—Kanneytra,

Nov. 11th.—It was one of those bright cheering mornings so frequent in this climate, when I arose at an early hour to prepare my departure for Tabareeah. The birds were singing joyously among the numerous trees which surrounded our mansion, and the murmuring noise of the different fountains was varied by the light breeze, which ever and anon blew the falling water in a sparkling shower upon the marble pavement. Some time had now elapsed since our first arrival at Damascus, and I was loath to leave its beautiful and luxuriant environs, its delicious baths, bustling bazaars, busy khans, and all the luxuries and novelties in which this interesting oriental city so greatly abounds. Every day in Damascus the attention of the stranger is directed to something new, some striking scene, or some strange oriental characteristic—while the agreeable environs, the beauty of the scenery, the shade and the waters, and the blue cloudless skies of this sunny region, contribute to render the sojourn at this "Queen of Eastern cities"—this "eye of all the East," most delightful.

At ten o'clock my muleteer made his appearance with some lean, half-starved mules, and a chesnut horse. He was a short stout-made man, with a long beard, fierce curling moustachios, and his visage was darkened by the suns of more than sixty summers. The green turban which he wore on his head marked his sense of his own consequence and dignity.

It was soon discovered that the mules were not strong enough to carry all the luggage, and some recriminations took place between my servant and the muleteer; the former chattered away with all the liveliness and vivacity of a Greek, while the speech of the latter was conducted with tremendous brevity. The luggage was somewhat ponderous; on one side of a mule was slung my bed, with all its appurtenances, and this was counterbalanced on the other by a provision chest, containing various European delicacies and luxuries for the long journey before us.

Whilst the preparations were being completed, I strolled into the

large courtyard of the neighbouring house to take leave of my old Damascene friends, and of the wicked pretty little Arab girl, who had so often teased us by mimicking our peculiarities.

It was past eleven o'clock when we left our venerable and half-ruined mansion in the village of Salahieh, the property of a descendant of the once far-famed Abubek'r, and sallied out into the broad magnificent road leading to Damascus, the great highway from all the countries northward to the ancient imperial city of the Caliphs. I slung the reins over the pummel of my Turkish saddle, and walked along the broad causeway, under the grateful shade of the magnificent walnut trees, to the northern gate of the city. The late rains had refreshed the soil, and the luxuriant vegetation, which everywhere surrounds Damascus, looked greener and more beautiful than I had ever before seen it.

This road is constantly thronged with groups of people on foot, on donkeys, mules, horses, and dromedaries; and at different hours of the day scenes strikingly characteristic of "the land of the East," and of desert travelling, are generally presented to the eye of the curious stranger. Towards evening, as the sun is gradually withdrawing himself behind the distant blue mountain-peaks of Anti-Libanus, various groups of wild and swarthy Bedouins on the deloul, or fleet-riding dromedary, who have tracked their path through the long and wearying desert of El Hammad, from the banks of the Euphrates, march onwards, and, with their little wild and picturesque cavalcade, may generally then be seen slowly emerging from the eastern end of the long street of the village of Salahieh, accompanied often with some women and children, enclosed in a species of small cradle perched on the lofty hump of a dromedary; the dark unwashed visages of these ladies are exposed to view, and present a barbarous, and (unless the parties be young and pretty) a most ugly and forbidding aspect; their countenances and bare arms being tattooed with large blue marks and stripes; their noses pierced through, and set off with an iron ring, somewhat in the same style as farmers in England adorn the snouts of their pigs, and their wrists and arms surrounded by amulets and bracelets of polished iron. The men who accompany these caravans, though small in stature, look active, lively, and intelligent. Although Mussulmen generally shave their heads, yet these let their hair grow, and encourage a long curling lock of hair on each side of the face, which is much prided and nurtured with great care. The costume of these people is simple, and infinitely more striking and picturesque than that of the Fellahs, or settled Arabs of Syria; their vest of unbleached cotton is fastened to the waist with a leathern strap; the abbah, a cloak with short sleeves, is thrown gracefully over them, or, in lieu of this, a simple piece of unbleached cotton is wound round the body, with one end thrown over the left shoulder; their legs and arms are bare, their feet unencumbered by shoes; they walk with an easy grace of carriage, and their lightness and activity are frequently displayed in their leaps from the dromedary to the ground, and from the ground to the dromedary.

The scanty caravans of travellers, which have come from the direction of the sea-coast, present a less striking and picturesque appear-

ance. The stately deloul, or riding dromedary, with his load of from two to three persons perched on his back, is here exchanged for the lean horse with broken knees, the rough, dirty, ill-formed mule, and the heavy marching dromedary, loaded with a mountainous heap of dry fodder, or with a vast and cumbrous pile of boxes and packages of merchandise; they are all tied one to the other, and at the head of them a grotesque figure in a sort of short blue gown, with a bald head, surmounted by a white turban, bestrides a humble jackass. After passing two of these cavalcades on my way down to the town, I met a group of women enveloped in white cotton veils; they were attended by a black slave, clothed in scarlet, and holding a white wand in his hand. He was an eunuch, charged with the custody of his master's harem, and he was then conducting the fair creatures away from the confined and heated atmosphere of the city, to breathe the pure air, and pluck the fruit of his master's garden on the banks of the Barrada. The women seemed young and finely formed; they were dressed in richly figured voluminous trousers, which were partially visible. I caught also a glimpse of the faces of two of them, pale, but remarkably fair, and their jet black eyes had that irresistible expression imparted to them which the inside of the eyelid tinged with *koh'le* universally gives to a deep black eye. The slave passed with his women between me and the wall in a haughty and commanding manner, striking his slipper with his white stick, and regarding me with an air of defiance, and a look of haughty contempt. I passed on, pitying his condition. Many of the women here, I have observed, when they are away from the town, take no great pains to conceal their faces, but let the face-veil hang negligently and gracefully down on one side of the head, and on the shoulders, which is no doubt done for the purpose of enabling them to inhale the odour of the orange blossoms, and of the jasmine in the gardens. I have, at different times, observed a great many very beautiful faces, more particularly in the burying-grounds on Fridays, where the women go to indulge their grief, and dwell on the memory of departed friends.

Just before I arrived at the gate Keisan, I met with a Syrian damsel whom I had often encountered in my rambles about the environs of Damascus, accompanied by an old woman. Being a handsome dark-eyed girl, and of a frolicsome disposition, she was one of those who always dispensed with the veil when she could do so without suffering in the good opinion of her observant countrymen. I ventured to walk for a considerable distance with her towards the city, and, as she was a christian woman, my presence was submitted to on her part without fear of the dangerous consequences to her character which would have been entertained by a genuine Moslem lady. The red slipper on her foot distinguished her from the disciples of Mahomet, but in all other respects she was clothed in the attractive costume of Eastern females, little of which can, however, be seen out of doors, for the richly-figured voluminous trousers, the shintée, the sal'tah, and the far'roo'dee'yeh, are all enveloped in a loose walking dress. Some of the women, however, when away from the town, display a considerable quantity of these graceful under-garments, and among them this Syrian damsel had oft before been remarked by me for the

grace and beauty of her costume, the embroidered kerchief around her waist, and the short richly-worked vest, which leaves the bosom perfectly uncovered, except by a thin gauze shirt. I made my servant, who had for a long time been a resident of Damascus, come and join our party, in order that we might present a less conspicuous appearance, and we all proceeded, laughing in a most un-oriental manner, down to the banks of the river. What a contrast do the stillness, silence, and repose, hanging about an Eastern city, present to the noise, bustle, and uneasy excitement of our towns in England! Here we are no longer disturbed by the din of carriage-wheels, and the clanging of the iron-shod hoof over the stony pavement; the long string of dromedaries, and the moving cavalcades, pass with noiseless tread over the sandy, dusty roads. The bright dazzling sun, the calm atmosphere, the motionless trees, and the slow, stately march of the Orientals, as they pass lonely and silently onward,—all impress the mind with the idea of quiet and repose, which is here greatly heightened by the constant murmuring sound of the different rivulets watering the gardens. The groups of men and cattle, lazily sleeping under the shade of the trees, the humming of insects, and the solitary Arab, lying on the ground, smoking his pipe,—all present a dreamy, sleepy state of existence. The current of my thoughts, before we arrived at the gate, was diverted into a less pleasing channel by encountering one of those poor miserable objects which are here regarded with a feeling of superstitious reverence by the Arabs, and are allowed to outrage all decency by their disgusting appearance in public. It was a poor idiot, who is in the habit of hovering about the gate and environs of the city. He was crawling along on all-fours, without a stitch of clothes on his body, and was waving his head from side to side, and making frightful noises with his mouth. With a distorted countenance, shaded by grisly locks of uncombed hair, and with the vacant stare and dull unmeaning eye of stupid idiocy, he presents himself to the gaze of the numerous females passing and repassing along the suburbs, a perfect monster in human shape. By the better class of Moslem women he is regarded with a feeling of pious horror, and by the lower orders as a saint, "a favourite of Heaven." "His soul," say they, "is absent from the body, and in communion with the spirits of the other world, whilst the material frame, devoid of reason, wanders among ordinary mortals here below." Instances have been given me of all feelings of womanly delicacy and modesty having been overcome, and public decency outraged, by the superstitious reverence borne by some of the weak-minded lower orders of females towards these poor idiots.

On reaching the northern gate of the city, we turned to the right, and skirted along the walls, under the wide-spreading branches of numerous fruit-trees, to the central stream of the river Barrada, which we crossed by a small stone bridge. I ordered a halt under some trees by the road-side, and commanded the muleteer to procure me another mule for the journey. My servant requested to be allowed to go into the bazaar, to purchase a pair of saddle-bags, and I was shortly left alone to my own meditations.

In a small green meadow just below, stretching along the left bank

of the river Barrada, celebrated in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments as the spot where Shumsee ad Deen pitched his tent, and chastised the pastrycook, several of the awkward squad of Ibrahim Pasha's army were being drilled and exercised to the sound of martial music. As I sat on the bank, I watched the various interesting groups that passed by, on their way to the small gate leading into the town just below me. Now the gardener, with his long string of donkeys laden with fruit, was heard urging on his beasts with loud cries, and now the water-carrier, with his well-filled skins, was shouting in praise of God, and by the rattling of a tin cup was inviting the passers-by to purchase some of his precious element. Ever and anon some prancing donkeys, covered with lofty embroidered saddles and gay housings, came cantering along with fat laughing girls, enveloped in wide-spreading voluminous habits; they had a leg thrown on either side of the horse, after the manner of men, and their feet and ankles were enveloped in slouching ill-looking yellow boots. Behind these, flourishing long sticks pointed with steel, came the urgers of the donkeys, an ill-looking-race, blear-eyed, mutilated, and disfigured by the dire ophthalmia, which here commits such frightful ravages among the lower classes of the population.

The boys and girls of Damascus, who have been untouched by this disease, are generally most beautiful, although pale and delicate. I have often observed the most beautiful little girls, with the full deep dark eye, tinged with that liquid melting softness so irresistible in a woman: but if one regards a child here with more than ordinary attention, the greatest alarm and indignation are excited, particularly if the observer be a ya'oor, or infidel, all of whom are universally suspected of evil intentions. The women in such cases are in the greatest state of agitation; they call upon the prophet, and upon the name of God, "the most merciful," "the most bountiful;" and taking the poor child home, they make use of all sorts of cabalistical ceremonies, burn feathers and alum, and recite passages out of the Koran, to disentangle it from the baneful influence, and from the disasters supposed to be attendant upon the "*evil eye*"—"the gaze of the envious." Fond mothers are particularly teased and fretted by the fear of the evil eye; their natural affection for their offspring makes them fancy that every one who throws a passing glance at their dear child, must be regarding with "an eye of envy" their possession of so precious a treasure.

"*Al'lah la yoo'heesh min'nah,*" said a grotesque figure coming up to me, "*May God not make us desolate by thy absence,*"—and I straightway recognised a famous conjuror who had oft delighted the neighbourhood with his tricks and his follies. "*May God's countenance be towards thee,*" said he, "*and may thy day be happy*"—laying his right hand on his breast, and then raising it to his lips and forehead. The man was one of those strange wandering characters who pretend to a skill in magic, and to the arts of divination and sorcery. He was followed by a Jhug'aree, or one of the gipsy women, who tell fortunes, practise the art of tattooing, and circumcise children. Opening a goat's skin, containing feathers, painted eggs, shells, and bits of glass, *Le-lla'h ya'mohshiee'*, "For the sake of God! O ye charitable," said

the dark visaged lady, "that which is unknown make we manifest, and the hidden things of futurity make we intelligible to the understanding." I was in no humour, however, for the tricks and deceits of these mountebanks. An entire hour had passed away, and neither my servant nor the muleteer had yet made their appearance. The two mules were rubbing their noses together under a fig tree, and my horse was impatiently kicking down a mud wall with one of his fore feet.

"I am seeking from my lord a cake of bread," said the conjuror; and taking a small snake out of a bag, "God preserve thee, my dearest!" ejaculated he, and forthwith popped it into his mouth, and then pretended to draw it out of one of his ears. A skewer was next produced, which he was about to thrust through his tongue, when I threw him a piastre, and away he went. It was past noon ere my servant and the muleteer made their appearance; I was in no very placid temperament of mind at the long delay, when I was further discomposed by the appearance of a wretched, miserable, ill-treated animal, in the shape of a black mule; both its knees were torn and lacerated in the most frightful manner, they were swollen to twice their ordinary size, and were covered with matter and flies.

It was a horrid sight, and I rated the muleteer sharply for his cruelty, and his impudence in bringing so poor and miserable an object to me, in lieu of a stout baggage-mule. The manner and bearing of this class of men are most provoking and insulting to the understanding. No sooner did I object to the animal, than the muleteer swore it was the best of the four; although it walked lame and trembled upon its legs, he swore it would march as far and was as strong as any of the others. I vowed I would not proceed with so miserable a beast, but would rather return to Salahieh.

"If you do," quoth the muleteer, "you must walk there, for I shall unlade the mules and continue the journey, as my man-servant is gone in advance with another party who are mounted on my horses."

"You shall not move from the spot," said I.

"I will," quoth he, "Inshallah,—please God."

With that he began to lay violent hands on the straps and buckles, a movement which I, however, soon repressed with determination, and the muleteer then, with a look of the most perfect resignation, sat himself down on the opposite bank with an ejaculation of "*Allah hierim*"—"God is merciful—place thy reliance upon God;" and pulling out his pipe and tobacco bag, he prepared to smoke.

It was long past midday, and we had a six hours' ride before us; the muleteer was immoveable, so I was obliged to give way, and consent to have a small portion of our load placed upon the back of the poor lame mule, on the understanding that it was to be changed for another when we arrived at *Sahsa*.

Mounting on horseback, I rode through the environs of Damascus, along the green lanes, between the rich gardens, and under the waving foliage, which was beautifully variegated by the autumnal tint. It was a lovely day: on our right extended the bold range of the Djebel Ruak, bounding the plain to the north, and rising above a pretty foreground of wood and trees, while around extended groves of the apricot, the quince, the apple, the cherry, the walnut, and the plum, &c.,

watered by fine fresh streams, and planted with various kinds of vegetables. We met, however, with a great contrast to this, on emerging from the circle of cultivated ground which surrounds Damascus. We then saw before us a barren uncultivated country covered with stones, and at once passed from the rich gardens to a bare, lifeless, stony waste, bounded by the faint blue outline of distant mountains; behind were the populous city and the delightful environs, in front a lifeless void. To the southward we observed two or three bright green patches chequering the surface of the dreary district; they were small circles of cultivated ground surrounding some distant villages, and to the westward the scenery was diversified by the lofty summits of the Gebel Sheikh, the highest point of Anti-Libanus, which were whitened with snow. We had various misfortunes whilst traversing this tract of country, and our poor black mule, as I had anticipated, tumbled down upon its lacerated knees, and rolled over on his back in pain and agony: so miserable an object I had never before seen.

In two hours we arrived at the small mud village of Artous, which is surrounded by extensive gardens and groves of trees. We passed through a large district of cotton, and halted to water the horses at a small stream which irrigated the land. Just outside the village, we observed a large encampment of Egyptian soldiers, who were on their march from Egypt to the north of Syria; they appeared to be fine men, and were busily employed in kindling fires and cooking their dinners. We continued onwards through the same monotonous solitary country, which, towards sunset, became varied by a few green patches of cultivation and a few thinly scattered villages, some flocks of sheep, and a drove of oxen feeding in a marshy plain. The tints on the distant mountains, and the lofty summits of the Djebel Sheikh, whitened with snow, presented a striking scene. As we passed onwards, however, nought but a monotonous barren district, covered with stones, extended in front, the cheerless aspect of which was soon shrouded from view by the approach of night. We followed the course of a rivulet; below us was a deep ravine and precipitous rocks; leaving this, we appeared to be traversing a wild heath, across which danced several lights, and we heard occasional loud shouts: they came from Bedouin Arabs, who were driving their flocks and dromedaries home to their camp. In a short time a line of mud walls and a few trees in front were pointed out by the muleteer, as the village of Sahsa. We passed through a narrow gateway in the mud walls, and we forthwith proceeded to the sheikh's house, where, after a parley with an ill-featured man and a dirty Arab woman, we were allotted, by the authority of the sheikh, a small mean mud house, in which to pass the night; it contained two rooms with mud floors, in the corners of which were heaped up piles of Indian corn. Two or three villagers and an old woman came to assist my servant in making the fire and eating the supper. My bed and carpet were spread upon the earthen floor, and we prepared to secure the door, which had no fastenings, ere we retired to rest. After searching for some time, we found a long stout pole, which was shored up against it so as to prevent it from being opened. About midnight I was awakened by a loud rattling, and the sound of voices speaking in an under tone,

Several attempts were made to get the door opened without effect, and as I knew it was well fastened, I thought it best to remain quiet, but prepared for any emergency. The whisperings and the pushing at the door continued for about ten minutes, when the parties, apparently frustrated in their purpose, took their departure, and all was silent. Some time after I was again suddenly awakened by a loud noise; the former party seemed to have returned with an accession of strength, there was a loud talking, pushing and battering at the door; I now jumped up and shouted, threatened, and battered away with a stick in my turn, and with such effect that the people very quickly went away, and left me undisturbed the rest of the night.

Nov. 13.—This morning I instituted an inquiry into the cause of the night's disturbance. "They were people who wished to pay their respects to the effendi," said one villager; "or," said another, with a greater show of probability, "they might have been strangers in quest of a night's lodging." "No," said an old man, with a long white beard, who walked up to us with great dignity; "it was neither the one thing nor the other; the sheikh put the effendi into my house, and when I came home late at night, I could not get into my own dwelling, for the door was fastened; so I went to some of my neighbours, and we tried to break the door open, but we could not, and I have been obliged to sleep in a neighbour's house the whole night; and that is the truth of the matter."

There are here at Sahsa a mosque and a small khan for travellers. The village consists merely of a collection of mud huts, and may possess a population of some hundreds, who are dirty, ill clothed, and poor. All the women have the inside of their eyelids dyed black; they have polished iron rings round their ankles, bracelets and amulets round their wrists and arms, a dirty bit of linen falls from the crown of the head over their shoulders behind, and their single long blue garment, open at the bosom, displays their unattractive persons in no very delicate manner. The men have a more picturesque appearance; they wind a striped scarf round the body, one end of which is thrown gracefully over the shoulder: under this they wear a blue coarse cotton or linen garment, strapped to the waist with a leathern strap; they have neither breeches nor stockings, and many of them no shoes. They appear an idle, lazy race, sauntering listlessly from door to door, or squatting on the ground, smoking their pipes. Some of the little children are in a state of perfect nudity; pale, dirty, and disgusting, with matted, uncombed hair, and eyes unwashed and filled with dirt. The women seem to take no pride in keeping the children clean.

We left the village at an early hour for Kanneytra, seven hours distant. The sheikh was kneeling on a carpet in front of his house, with his face turned towards Mecca, saying his prayers; and several of his people, in different quarters, were following his example. It was a lovely morning, and our muleteer informed us that we should shortly overtake a party of people, consisting of a papa, or Greek priest, and a Damascene lady, with her husband and a little boy, whom he was likewise conveying to Jerusalem on his horses and mules; and who were in front, under the care of his man, having passed the night at Sahsa.

We crossed the rocky plain, called Necker Sahsa; and some little heaps of stone, near the mule-track, were pointed out as the graves of travellers who had been murdered. In an hour we came to a swampy district, and passed a small stream, called the Meghannie, by a bridge. The vegetation in the more fertile districts seemed quite revived after the late rains; the grass, which a week before appeared quite dead, now shot forth its young green blades. We crossed a volcanic district, which reminded me of the scenes of desolation about Mount *Ætna*; jagged masses of black lava were scattered about in different places, between which was a rich, black mould, just such as is seen about the base of the great Sicilian volcano, but possessing none of its fertility. In an hour we overtook the Damascene lady and her maid, or companion, both closely veiled; her husband was a little, round, good-humoured looking man, with a sabre nearly as tall as himself slung to his side, and a little grisly beard, that stuck out from his chin, nearly at right angles with the rest of his body. He saluted me very civilly as I rode up, "*Salaam aleikoom*," "Peace be with you," quoth he; to which I forthwith replied, "*Aleikoom salaam*," "On you be peace." And the Greek papa made me a most reverential bow, placing his hand on his breast with great humility. He was dressed in a pilgrim's dress, and was making the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There were two other humble pilgrims on foot, who had joined the cavalcade for company and protection. It is the usual plan for travellers, going the same way, to join company, a necessary and useful precaution formerly, when the country was so unsettled; and a plan at present, which, although sometimes disagreeable, is yet useful, as giving the stranger an opportunity of conversing with the natives on the state of the country; and who, however they may be oppressed, express their opinions with a freedom not ventured upon in continental Europe.

The country was everywhere uncultivated, and the Bedouins pasture their cattle over the unenclosed lands, paying a tribute to the governors of the district.

In three hours from Sahsa we crossed a tract covered with the dwarf valonea oak, a pleasing change from the bare shrubless country. Not a single house, nor a single dwelling, had been seen the whole morning, but about mid-day, to the right of the road, we espied a dwelling, which, on inquiry, I was told was a *ruined khan*. Everything is in ruin, or going to ruin. Now that we had joined the travelling party, I found that our pace was much slower, and I soon began heartily to tire of my fellow travellers. The Damascene lady was old, fat, and ugly; all this I discovered, notwithstanding her veil. The female slave, who rode on a mule behind her, was no better, and in her lap she carried a cross-grained, squinting child. I therefore rode on, little interested about the one or the other, and passed the Greek papa, who was always saying his prayers or telling his beads. The country in every direction presented a strangely wild and desolate aspect; not a dwelling was any where visible, and not one human being besides ourselves had hitherto been in sight the whole day; not a single tree decked the surface of the land; rocks

and stones, a few bushes, and some wild herbs, alone extended themselves over the solitary landscape.

At two o'clock we came in sight of Kanneytra, and crossed a comparatively pretty district, thinly scattered with trees, and covered with the dwarf oak. We crossed a common of green grass, and passed the sheikh of Kanneytra on horseback, who, with his attendants, was going out *hawking*. He was habited in a bright scarlet cloak, and a white turban enveloped his head. One of the attendants held a beautiful falcon perched on a stick, and confined by a string; the head of the bird was covered with a mask, having two holes for the eyes.

To be continued.

THE FESTIVAL OF LOVE.

BY R. SWAINSON FISHER, ESQ.

στεφανους μεν προταφοιτι.

Now the rosy chaplets wreathe,
And around our temples breathe;
Now we drink; in transports gay
Now we laugh dull care away!

Now a pretty-ankled maid
Down the dance doth lightly tread,
Shaking as she trips around
The tall thyrsis ivy-bound—
To the *lyre*, with matchless grace,
See! she swims th' enchanted maze!

Now in concert with the fair,
Hark! a youth of flaxen hair,
As she lightly trips along,
Pours a sweetly breathing song,
Beating still in amorous glee,
The soft *pectis* wantonly—
All is love and symphony!

See! and in the crowd appear,
Cupid, god of golden hair!
And Lyæus, ever young,
Mingling with the festive throng;
And fair Venus, queen of kisses,
Nuptial joys, and midnight blisses!
In the dance they all engage—
Lovely e'en to crabbed old age!

ANACREON. Ode vi. edit. Barnes, 1721.

THE PIRATE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

In February, 182—, I was lieutenant of the good ship Pallas, Captain Arnaud. The Pallas was a large three-master belonging to my father, by whom she was freighted and despatched for the Gulf of Mexico.

As we neared the latitudes of Bahama, we experienced some gales from the north-west, which were sufficiently violent to announce the approach of a storm; but these intimations created us the less uneasiness, because the gales were in favour of our course, and caused us to make unusually rapid way.

There is always great danger of striking on the rocks in approaching Bahama in blowing weather, and as son of the owner I did not hesitate to advise the captain to alter his course, and bear up for St. Domingo. To do him justice, he twice attempted to do so; but the weather growing rapidly worse and worse drove us far out of our course, and to westward. Towards evening, when the weather had considerably improved, we found ourselves in sight of the isles Berris and Abaco. Here it would have been our most prudent course to have taken shelter until the following morning; for, though the wind had greatly abated, the horizon was exceedingly heavy and threatening. Unfortunately our captain's prudence was by no means his most remarkable virtue. "Go ahead!" was his motto under all circumstances and at all times; and though he was allowed to be as good a seaman and as active and brave a man as ever boxed compass, he was so utterly and incurably reckless, that, previous to this voyage, he had lost no fewer than three vessels, and, much as he was respected for his better qualities, it was with difficulty that he could persuade seamen to ship with him.

I had the middle watch that night, and though I must confess that I was not entirely pleased with the aspect of the heavens, I saw no appearance of any immediate and alarming danger.

When I was relieved from the watch the wind was not particularly heavy, but the horizon had for some time been more and more threatening. I went below with no pleasant anticipations as to the weather we should experience, as will be seen by the entry I made in the log, under the head of *Observations*. "Great symptoms of an approaching tempest in the north-west; sea very heavy; standing on in the same course."

As I entered my cabin the captain sang out, "Well, Daumont, how's the weather?"

"Faith, captain, I don't half like it; the breeze keeps falling, the north-west is as black as ink; but, in obedience to your orders, I have kept all sails set as you left them."

"And very right too, Daumont; we have all the need in the world to make the most of the little wind that we have remaining. If

there does come a stiffish breeze from the north-west, it will not last above ten minutes; it's the fair weather wind of these latitudes; but you are a veritable *always furl all*, my dear boy! You'll be more liberal of canvass, and more sparing of clews, when you have sailed a few years longer, and feel less inclined to make all snug every time you see a black spot in the horizon!"

"To say the truth, captain, if I had made all snug now, I think I should have only acted wisely."

"Bah! never fear. What says the lead?"

"Three and a half, captain."

"And you have left word with the officer of the watch to bring up, if it goes to two and a quarter?"

"I have, captain."

"All right; and now for a good hard-working sleep. Good night!"

And so saying, he shoved over to his other side, and went to sleep, as confident in the safety of the good ship as though she had been riding at anchor, or heaved down in dry dock for repairs; while I, very far from feeling any of his security, threw myself into my cot without taking off my clothes, and, in spite of my fatigue, was unable to sleep. In about an hour afterwards I heard the sails flap against the masts, the ship rolled heavily, and it was clear enough to me that we were in a dead calm. I hastened on deck: the night was pitch dark.

"I have reefed topsail and mainsail," said Sarlat, the officer of the watch, "and made all ready to come to anchor; for if we have not a storm from the north-west, I never saw a storm—that's all."

"I think exactly as you do, and you had better rouse out the captain."

Alas! brave, active, and skilful as the captain unquestionably was, our gallant ship was in a position that defied even his exertions to save her from destruction. The storm I had anticipated arose with even a more terrible rage and power than I had pictured in my worst fears. Our sails were torn out of their reefs, and blown to ribbons in a few minutes; our rudder, chains and all, was carried away, and the mizen-mast went by the board with a tremendous crash, killing in its fall the captain and several of the crew.

During the whole remainder of this most awful night we were driven about in deep darkness, and at the mercy of the wind, which blew from every point of the compass by turns. At length we struck, and the daylight which dawned just after showed us that our wreck lay upon a sand-bank, projecting far into the sea from a sandy and sterile island, on which we could discern no signs of vegetation, save some rank grass, dotted here and there with slender and sickly-looking aloes, and which I took to be one of those desert and mischievous isles, to which the Spaniards have given the name of *Los Roques*, and on which so many good ships have been cast away.

Upon this dreary island I and the ten survivors of the crew succeeded in landing, with a very scanty supply of food and some brandy, only a short time before the Pallas went to pieces.

As I was now the highest in rank, my first care was to serve out a

ration of food and brandy, and to enforce my order that no one should touch a drop of the latter beyond the small quantity allotted to him. I feigned a confidence which I was far enough from feeling, and gave the men the most positive assurances that their sojourn in this miserable place would be but a very brief one.

About mid-day the wind abated, as I judged it would; for it seemed impossible that so furious a storm as that by which the Pallas had been destroyed could hold out much more than four-and-twenty hours. As soon as the storm had subsided, we employed ourselves in planting one of the masts which providentially had been washed ashore, and attached part of a sail to it, to attract the attention of any vessel that might chance to pass within sight of us. This done, we made ourselves the best shelter we could, and sought refreshment in sleep; sad, indeed, as we thought of our wrecked vessel and our unfortunate captain and messmates, but thankful that we had succeeded, after so much peril and suffering, in gaining such a shelter as was afforded by this sterile island.

Again and again we saw morning break in hope, and night fall in a disappointment approaching to despair; on the fourth morning, to our inexpressible delight, the man whose turn it was to look out hailed us with the welcome cry—"A sail! A sail within a mile of us!"

How vain would be any endeavour to depict the agony of mingled hope and fear with which we all watched every manœuvre of the ship; and the rapture of joy with which we saw her suddenly alter her course and bear down to us, having evidently descried our signal!

Having gradually taken in her sails, she cast anchor as near the island as she could approach with safety, and sent off a boat for us.

She proved to be an American, bound for New Orleans. Her captain welcomed us upon his deck with the frank and hearty cordiality for which the manners of his nation are so remarkable, and, setting sail towards evening, we bade adieu to the scattered wreck of the ill-fated vessel which had borne us from the shores of Europe, only to cast us, bruised, helpless, and almost despairing, upon a desert isle.

On board the American we received the kindest and most liberal treatment; and though we were much annoyed and delayed by contrary winds, we were safely landed on the eighth day at New Orleans.

New Orleans is undoubtedly one of the handsomest cities it has ever fallen to my lot to look upon, though I have, in my time, visited many. Its streets are wide, and furnished with excellent pavements, and in every direction limpid streams of water carry coolness, and preserve that cleanliness which is at once so important and so rare in warm countries. The houses, of an elegant style of building, have, for the most part, attached to them richly furnished shops, attractive equally for their brilliant goods and the beauty of the women who are found there.

To a Frenchman this city is especially attractive, for everything that he sees or hears serves to remind him of that country whose very name calls up so many and such delightful reminiscences. The

street in which he takes up his residence has a French name, his host is from France himself, or, at the very least, of French parentage; and if he wish to fancy himself suddenly transported back to his beloved Paris, he has only to find some excuse for making his way into a Magasin des Modes, or some other temple of luxury.

But I must not dwell more at length upon the aspect of this city of beauty, and of luxurious enjoyment.

The French consul received me and my companions in adversity most kindly on our arrival at New Orleans; and on our depositing with him sworn statements of our misfortunes, means of support were allowed to us until some opportunity should offer of our returning to France. I had not been long in my state of enforced idleness at New Orleans, however, before I was enabled to dispense with the pecuniary aid of the consul; for I found out one of my father's wealthiest correspondents, who warmly pressed me to avail myself of both his purse and his credit.

It is with no small shame and regret that I feel myself obliged to confess that at that period I was passionately, I might almost say insanely, attached to that most pernicious and fascinating of all the evil pursuits of extravagant youth—gaming. This has been the primary cause of some of the worst miseries I have experienced.

My companions, being only too happy to give their services as seamen for their passage to France, and their subsistence during the voyage, speedily left New Orleans. But, freely supplied as I was by my father's correspondent with whatever money I asked for, I could not persuade myself so soon to quit the scene of so much gaiety and luxury. Banquets, balls, and the theatre, occupied the majority of my waking hours; and these and the gaming-table consumed immense sums of money, which, intimately connected as were my father and his correspondents at New Orleans, I did not for a moment hesitate to draw from the latter on the credit of the former. At length, however, even the liberality of which I had so many proofs was fairly tired out by my profuse and senseless expenditure. At first the worthy correspondent merely admonished me by the coldness of his tones and the gravity of his countenance; but, at length, perceiving that my extravagance continued wholly unchecked, he reproached me with my folly, and plainly told me that he considered he should act with gross injustice towards my father, if he continued to supply me with money to throw away in such vicious and injurious pursuits.

Certainly New Orleans is as bad a city as a gambler can find upon the face of the earth. At almost every step he takes, he sees the doors of a gaming-house standing invitingly open, and the gambler is by no means remarkable for his ability to resist temptation.

Though I had lost immense sums, I continued to play on; for, with the true fascination of a gambler, I confidently expected that some sudden and miraculous change of fortune would not only repair all my losses, but also repay them with interest. Having obtained a fresh supply of money from our correspondent, and been reproached by him with even more than usual asperity and plainness, I mentally resolved to try my fortune with the dice once more, and, whether winning or

losing, never again to ask a single coin from my kind friend. I was too young and giddy then to perceive that, in seeking to wean me from my bad habits, he showed even more kindness than he showed in his liberal advances of money.

On the very day on which I made this resolution I was walking along the Fauxbourg Marigny, reflecting with anything but pleasurable feelings upon a heavy sum which I had lost on the preceding evening, when I saw written on a sign that swung in the wind before a tolerably respectable looking shop, "*Lorenzo, Perruquier Coiffeur.*" Anything for a change! So I entered to have my hair dressed.

The shop, to my great surprise, was crowded, and that, too, by men who did not look as though they were much accustomed to employing a hairdresser. The countenances of most of these men had a singularly suspicious expression, and their air was that of banditti; their appearance rendering them the more strikingly repulsive, from their being decked out with extremely expensive attire. At the time, perhaps, I did not pay so much attention to the contrast between the natural traits and apparel of these men: subsequent events have only too vividly impressed it upon my mind.

I took a seat on entering the shop, and its master hastened to attend me. He was a man of about the middle height, and stout without being excessively so, and there was something singular in his glance, which never for a moment fixed itself upon the person to whom he spoke; his lips were thin, and, when he was silent, very strongly compressed; his nose small and pinched, his complexion very dark, and his accent Brazilian. Such was the attendant who invited me to follow him into a private apartment—a compliment which I did not doubt was paid to my gentlemanly appearance. As he proceeded to operate upon my hair he said, "I rather think I have had the pleasure of seeing el signor before to-day?"

"Me! And where may you fancy that you have seen me before now, Master Lorenzo?"

"Why, I rather think I stood close to you at a gambling-house last night."

"Very possibly," returned I, drily; "it is such a nuisance to meet elsewhere the low wretches with whom we associate in those dens of iniquity and ruin."

After a very brief pause he continued, "El signor is a stranger here, I think?"

"Exactly so; but don't twist my hair so confoundedly."

"A thousand pardons! and el signor is a sailor?"

"Umph! perhaps so!" answered I, still more drily than before, for I began to suspect that this inquisitiveness boded me no especial advantage.

"Oh! I could have sworn to that from some words you spoke last night. But do not for an instant imagine that I have asked the question to gratify an idle curiosity; quite the contrary—it is for your own benefit that I have spoken. You are a foreigner; that you have played with extremely ill luck I have myself seen, and there is no ship here at present bound for Europe. Now I fancied that, putting all these circumstances together, it was by no means unlikely

that a good berth in a good ship, commanded by as good a seaman as ever trod the rattlins, might be as agreeable an offer to you as one could well make. But pray excuse me if I have made a mistake."

"O, no apologies—no apologies, Master Lorenzo; but, instead of wasting time upon them, pray let me know who is this extremely smart seaman, and whither he is bound."

"He is one of my nephews; and he commands an excellent brig, bound for Pointe à Pitre *vid* Havannah. Being himself a Frenchman, I know that he is very desirous of having as many as possible of his crew of that nation. If you will speak with him I am sure he will give you your passage for your services, and once at Pointe à Pitre, you will have no difficulty in getting a passage to Europe."

"And in what quality can I be shipped by your nephew?" asked I, paying more attention to my informant than I had at first deemed it worth while to bestow upon him.

"Ah! there is the difficulty, for, to say the truth, I doubt if you can be shipped otherwise than before the mast."

"The devil! Nevertheless I thank you for the offer, and, to say the truth, I may very soon be happy to accept of it. If so, where can I find your nephew?"

"He is now up the river; but if you return here in five or six days, you will not fail to meet him."

"Good; and now what have I to pay?"

"O," replied he with a singular smile, "as we shall meet again, we shall have time enough to talk about such a trifle as that."

"Good!" returned I again, and taking my leave of him, I walked out.

As I strolled along, I reflected upon the offer he had made me. True, it would be no pleasant thing for me, an officer, to serve before the mast, and that too in some beggarly merchantman, manned by blackguards probably, and no less probably commanded by a lubber; but at all events it would be an evil of no long duration. On the other hand, the countenance of my informant was so unprepossessing! The nephew of such a man must be a very undesirable shipmate, and how much more undesirable a captain! Yet, when all was said, what concern had I in the beauty or deformity in the countenance of a perfect stranger? No doubt, his nephew, finding some difficulty in getting a crew together, had offered him a commission upon every man he could engage. What more common? Once more, then, I was resolved to tempt the blind goddess; I could but lose all the money I had left; and then hey for novelty—before the mast!

For two whole days I played with unvarying success; on the third day I was in one single hour stripped to my very last sixpence!

Notwithstanding the concentration and fury with which, during this luckless hour, I devoted my attention to my game, I could not help remarking from time to time the singular appearance of a man who stood opposite to me. Athletic, almost colossal in frame, he had a hardy, stern countenance; and his dark and flashing eyes were shaded, almost buried in his bushy and overhanging eyebrows. What chiefly drew my attention towards this man, however, was the indifference with which he seemed to look upon a goodly pile of gold

which stood before him on the table. How, thought I, should I have been enraptured to have won a tithe of what, now that he has won it, he seems to think scarcely worth taking up! Apparently he was as much interested by my losses as I by his gains; for, whenever I for a moment looked up, I was sure to find him looking at me. His lips wore a smile of pity, or, as I thought, of contempt, when my last coin was staked, lost, and swept away by the banker's rake; and when, in despite of my utmost endeavours to appear unmoved, my countenance, no doubt, pretty eloquently expressed my rage and disappointment. At this moment another player approached this man, and spoke to him; and in this other player I at once recognised my acquaintance, Master Lorenzo, of the Fauxbourg Marigny. What were the words he uttered, I of course knew not; but from that moment he to whom they were spoken stared at me more stedfastly than ever. I was at that time tolerably choleric and sudden, even in my very best moods; and it will easily be supposed that, having lost my last coin, and thus placed myself under the disagreeable necessity of becoming, no matter for how short a time, a common sailor, did not by any means tend to improve my temper. From being surprised at the stranger's scrutiny, I at length became annoyed; and being a good deal more than half inclined to make his impertinence the subject of a quarrel, I stared at him in return, and maintained my gaze with the same kind of perseverance which he had shown. As if he perceived my drift, he shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and turned his back upon me. On his doing this, I quitted my place at the table, resolving to call him to account on the instant; but before I had taken three steps towards him, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, and, turning hastily round, was accosted by Lorenzo.

"I am delighted to find you here," said he, "for I can now introduce you to my nephew. He also is here."

"Thank you, thank you; I shall be at your service in a minute; but I must first have a word with a very impertinent person."

"Ah! have you been affronted? But perhaps you only fancy so; for I dare wager you have not been so lucky to-day as you were yesterday and the day before."

"It may be so; nay, I am sorry to say it is so; but pray how do you chance to know whether I won or lost yesterday, when you were not here?"

"O!" replied he with a smile, "that makes no difference; I know a good many things that I do not see. But hold, here comes my nephew, and you and he can make your bargain at once."

"What! is that your nephew?"

And as I somewhat sharply uttered these words, I felt but little pleased with the prospect of being compelled to associate with the man whom, but for Lorenzo's detaining me, I should at that very moment have been endeavouring at least to chastise.

The nephew being now quite close to us, Lorenzo, instead of replying to me, turned to him, and said, in a rough tone, and examining me from head to foot—

"O! is this your sailor, Lorenzo?"

"The same, Stamar."

"He has rather too much of the dandy about him to be worth much as a sailor."

Annoyed both by his words and the manner in which they were spoken, I replied, "Dandy or not, I know my business; moreover, I shall not engage myself unless I see fit, so that a little more politeness on your part may not be quite thrown away."

"O! you take offence rather quickly. Undoubtedly I can only have your services if you think fit; so let us come to business at once. Will you ship with me, ay or no?"

I did not like this man's appearance, and his insolent and sneering manner stung me to the quick; but it was absolutely necessary, now, that I should work my passage; and what need I care about the manners or appearance of a man with whom I should have only so brief an acquaintance? My resolution was taken; and I answered him in the affirmative.

"Good," said he; "frankly said, and a bargain soon struck. And now for terms. You will go on board to-morrow. You will easily find my brig, which is moored by herself in the offing. We shall sail three days hence; besides your passage and provision, I shall give you wages at the rate of twenty piastres per month, for which I shall expect smart seamanship and plenty of work; and as I judge you are pretty well cleared out, why here are two months' pay in advance."

"Handsome treatment, I must confess, captain," said I; "but is it distinctly understood that I shall be free to quit your brig as soon as we reach Guadaloupe?"

"Undoubtedly!" replied he, with one of those strange smiles which so often curled his lips, as well as those of Lorenzo; and wishing me good day, he quitted the room. As he went out I distinctly heard him say to Lorenzo, "I doubt it's but a so-so acquaintance you have made for me." At the time, the only meaning I could attach to these words was, that the captain expected but little nautical skill from a man fashionably dressed, as I then was; and without bestowing any farther thought upon him or his opinion, I once more approached the table, hoping in this last attempt to regain my losses. Fortune, however, had smiles only for my opponents; and, when I at length left the house, I did so without a single fraction of the two months' pay which had been advanced to me by Captain Stamar.

On the following morning, at an early hour, I presented myself to my father's kind and liberal correspondent, and announced to him that I had obtained a berth, and was about to return to Europe.

"So much the better," said he; "for the life you have led here must have been as ruinous to you, as I can sincerely say it has been distressing to me. With whom do you sail?"

"Captain Stamar."

"Captain Stamar! Do you really mean to sail with him? Why, the man is, according to all accounts, a most daring smuggler; and though he has hitherto escaped, he will undoubtedly be taken some day. In Heaven's name, who put it into your head to sail with such a man as that?"

I was somewhat puzzled how to frame a reply to this question: it

will easily be believed that I did not choose to tell him that I made my bargain with the smuggler in a gambling-house, and had no other recommendation to him than that of a brother gambler. I confined my reply, therefore, to repeating that I had engaged with Captain Stamar, and added that I had even received an advance of pay, and that I should sail with Stamar only as far as Guadaloupe, whence I was quite sure to get a passage to Europe.

"God send that no ill may befal you, my young friend," replied the excellent old man. "You have acted foolishly in engaging with such a man; rather than you should have done so, I should almost have preferred your continuing your follies here. However, it seems past remedy now, so it's useless to say more about it."

Shaking hands with the worthy man, and cordially bidding him farewell, I hastened to the river, and took a boat to go aboard the good ship the Shark, Captain Stamar.

She was a brig well known, and easily recognised by any one who had once seen her. Never have I seen the craft that excelled her in beauty. Gracefully as some free and wild ocean-bird did she ride upon the waters. The long red line of her portholes swept with an aërial grace from stem to stern, and her stem was so sharp that the bowsprit seemed rather to terminate than to join it. A seaman could see with half an eye that she could either make fight or show her stern to an enemy, as her commander might think preferable, in a style every way befitting the name she bore. I could have gazed for a whole moon upon her as she lay almost even with the water, her masts slightly leaning astern, her sails furled without a rumple over her slender yards. On getting alongside I found only two men aboard; the master, named Cardic, and a sailor named Peters.

"Holla! what do you want here?" demanded the master, as I sprang upon deck.

"I have engaged with Captain Stamar, and by his orders I have come aboard."

"I know, I know," replied the master merrily; "and, so as you are here, why here you must remain. Here, Peters, here's a new messmate for you."

The master was a short square-built man, with very light gray eyes, a monstrous expansion of mouth, a swarthy but beardless face, and a head altogether somewhat more than three times as large as one would have expected to find bestowed on so dwarfish a body. Altogether he was an exceeding oddity.

Peters, the sailor, to whom the master had announced me as a new messmate, was an American of huge size, and no less strength; he was pretty nearly as red in the face as he was on his head; he spoke French with great fluency and correctness, and had altogether something very superior in his language and manner to the class of men to which his station assimilated him in costume and condition.

After he had spoken a few words of welcome, he abruptly said, "But what the devil led such a man as you to ship yourself in such a craft as this?"

Peters's countenance, though at times it looked ferocious enough, was naturally frank and open; and I did not hesitate to tell him can-

didly all the circumstances that had led me to engage with Stamar; and I concluded by saying that, having since heard that the captain was rather prone to free-trading, I was not sorry that I had only engaged to remain on board until we should make Guadaloupe.

As I said these last words, Peters burst into a long, loud, and almost convulsive laugh; then, as if suddenly checked by some painful thought, looked at me with a saddened and pitying glance, and returned to the work which he had left only to speak to me when I was announced by the master.

On the third day the captain came aboard. I had noticed, but without paying any particular attention to the circumstance, that the hatches of our hold were constantly kept battened down; what astonished me far more was, that now that we were on the very point of weighing anchor, our crew numbered only seven men, the captain being included. Surely, thought I, we are but a scanty crew to navigate such a vessel as this. Peters had by this time become my oracle, and to him I addressed myself for an explanation.

"Are we to sail in ballast, then?" said I to him, "and are we to take in no more hands?"

"Yes, and no, Monsieur Daumont!" said the master, before Peters could reply; "the lading has been complete for some time past, and a ship like this wants no men to work her. Lord love you, she'll sail in the wind's eye of her own accord any day in the year."

And so saying, the master went giggling away, not doubting that I should receive his nonsense as it was intended; to wit, as a hint to mind my own business and ask no questions.

As we were weighing anchor, a boat hailed us and ran alongside. In her sternsheets lay a man who was to all appearance lifeless. Leaving him to the care of their steersman, the two rowers, fellows of sufficiently forbidding aspect, boarded us and addressed themselves to Stamar.

"We have only been able to find one of 'em," said they, "who is in the boat alongside."

"Good; let him come aboard."

"Yes, captain; but as he was rather fightable, we have been obliged to stun him before we could persuade him to come with us."

"Ah! such trifles will happen. Hoist him aboard any how, and there's your money."

So saying, he threw them a heavy purse; the poor devil who had been so roughly persuaded out of his wits, was rudely hoisted on board; in a few minutes more we were under weigh, and by evening were well out at sea, with a smart breeze whistling through the shrouds.

Just as the evening began to deepen into nightfall, we made a change in our course which caused me great surprise, and not a jot less anxiety. The captain had almost exactly reversed our course, and we were rapidly and evidently making for land. From this I judged that my father's worthy correspondent had spoken only too truly, in calling the captain of the Shark a smuggler, and I fervently, though only mentally, invoked the saints to preserve me from any dangers which might attend his present enterprise. To the no small increase

of my doubts and anxieties, Peters, usually so friendly and communicative, was now evidently anxious to avoid being alone with me, and, even when he was so, would give no direct answer to my questions.

Towards the middle of the night I was aroused from a light and troubled sleep by a noise upon deck. I had quitted the watch very nearly three hours; and now, when I silently and stealthily went on deck, I was astonished at seeing that every sail was furled, and that we were riding at anchor at but a short distance from shore. At least a dozen large boats lay alongside us, from which a number of men were leaping on board the Shark. That these men were smugglers I at once conjectured; and I was confirmed in this opinion on seeing them hoist on board several long black packages. To add to my fears and to my regret at forming one of Captain Stamar's crew, I could see abundance of cutlasses and axes, which the new-comers threw upon the deck with a loud clatter, and which I thought a somewhat singular sort of merchandise to be thought worth the risk and trouble of smuggling.

Peters approaching me just at this time, I seized him by the button and questioned him.

"Peters," said I, "what is all this? What means all this jolly row? Why have we come to anchor again so quickly? above all, who are those men, and what are they doing, or going to do, here?"

"O! they are reading your riddle for you. Of course you can see how matters stand with us now," replied he, with a laugh.

Anxious to shut my eyes to the worst part of the truth as long as possible, I answered in a tone of assumed carelessness—

"Perhaps I am not far wrong in guessing that he who told me that our captain is a smuggler, did not greatly deceive me?"

"A smuggler! faith, you may safely say that, and a trifle more! In France, I fancy, they call smugglers of our captain's stamp, skimmers of the sea, rovers, and so on. Yonder you may look upon some very pretty samples of the sort of merchandise which Stamar chiefly delights in smuggling—pikes and pistols, cutlasses and boarding-axes! And now, Daumont, short as our acquaintance has been, I like you well enough to give you a bit of advice, which you will find it to your interest to attend to. You are one of us, without a chance of escape or rescue; take matters pleasantly, therefore, at least as far as appearances go; obey orders, even if in doing so you break owners; ask no more questions, even of me; strive all in your power to reconcile yourself to our way of life; and take my word, founded on my own personal experience, that your conscience will very soon reconcile itself to your making one of the crew of as gallant a pirate as ever rode upon the blue waters."

Having thus spoken, Peters abruptly left me to my reflections. And bitter indeed they were! My fate, aided by my folly, had reduced me then to the very lowest rank of humanity. I *was* a pirate; how soon might I not be compelled to share in the pirate's crimes—to aid, as well as witness, the pirate's unsparing and devilish cruelty! Oh, with what horror I looked forward to a life of crime—which would probably only be terminated by a death of ignominy!

Despair, like necessity, is the mother of invention, and the very excess of my misfortune inspired me with boldness to attempt to escape from it. The boats which lay alongside of us were at that moment completely emptied of their crews. Hastily concealing in my bosom the most important of my papers, and especially those which would serve to prove my identity, if I should find it necessary to my safety to do so on reaching land, I glided cautiously from the bow into the nearest boat, and, folding my body and limbs into the smallest possible compass, concealed myself under one of the benches, confidently hoping that I should be rowed to shore unperceived. In this situation I passed nearly an entire hour in a perfect agony of suspense. At length the men made their appearance.

"Good luck, Captain Stamar, good luck to you! We shall soon have another glorious rouse together; unless, indeed, you chance to dance a rigadoon at the yardarm, with a two-inch rope for a partner!" cried one of them.

"Devil a bit of that!" shouted the master, in reply; "rather than it should come to that, our captain and his crew will take their last drink with the dolphins."

Two of the strangers now leaped into the boat in which I lay so comfortably, and, as I flattered myself, so securely, concealed, and one of them proceeded to cast off the painter. Before he could do so, however, his companion said,—"Avast there, what the devil bundle is this under my bench? Have we forgotten one of the bags of powder?"

"Well thought of," replied his companion; "let us see."

And as he spoke he dealt me a violent kick on my ribs, and then laid his huge dirty hand upon my face.

"Devil take me if it is not a man!" he cried, as he made me rise from my recumbent posture. Slipping from his grasp I laid hold of the Shark's shrouds, and gained the deck. Here I was clutched in the iron grasp of Master Cardic.

"All right," cried he to the men in the boat, "it's Monsieur Daumont, one of the innocent sheep we caught down yonder."

"If I had fairly got hold of that sheep," replied the fellow, in a tone of anger, "I would have so sheared his wool as to teach him better manners for the time to come."

The captain was at this time pacing aft, in company with a man whose gait and figure I fancied I had noticed somewhere else. Dragging me aft, Cardic said, "Captain, here is Monsieur Daumont, who has been hiding in one of the boats, intending to give us the slip."

Stamar was too deeply thinking of more important matters to attend to such a trifle, and he continued his short quick promenade, without deigning a single word of reply. His companion, who was less preoccupied, or more malignant, stepped up to me; and I was literally struck dumb with astonishment on recognising in him Lorenzo.

"You must have been more than half silly to hope to escape in one of those boats," said he, with an infernal sneer; "moreover, even if you could make your escape, you would act very dishonestly in doing so, for we have advanced you two months' wages, you know. However, I have not time to reason with you just now; so I'll take the

next best means of convincing you of the impossibility of escape. Master Cardic, you have such things as irons on board, I think?"

"Ay, ay, lieutenant."

"Very good; just accommodate El Signor Daumont with leg-fetters and hand-bolts until to-morrow. By that time he will most likely have recovered his senses, and I will give further orders."

And the *ci-devant* hairdresser, Lorenzo, now, to my great wonder, lieutenant of the Shark, walked coolly aft to rejoin the captain.

Being unable to find suitable irons on the instant, and being equally unwilling to lose much time, the master had me tied securely hand and foot, and I was then thrown under the bowsprit, to keep company with the poor fellow who had been hoisted aboard in a state of insensibility just before we sailed in the morning, and who had ever since remained in the same state of unconsciousness. Orders were now given to make all sail, the arms and chests of powder remaining on the deck; and the remainder of the night passed peaceably enough; though, to me, most uncomfortably, both as to feelings and anticipation.

At daybreak the hoarse voices of Stamar and the master roused out all hands. When we sailed on the previous morning, I could only reckon, as I have already said, seven men; our captain was surely a clever man, for a full two hundred now mustered upon his deck. Among these I immediately recognised some of the richly-dressed and rascally-visaged worthies whom I had noticed in the shop of Lorenzo, when, for my sins, I was first unfortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

When the muster was at an end, the master came forward, and set me at liberty—so far, at least, as freedom of limbs was concerned; and then shouted loudly in the ear of my unconscious companion. He had by this time somewhat recovered from the effects of the liquor with which he had been plied by his kidnappers, and of the blows they had dealt him on the head, when, in the violent but helpless anger of intoxication, he had endeavoured to resist them, and the master's stentorian voice roused him so effectually, that he sprang up in haste, and struck his head a very severe blow against the bowsprit, exclaiming, "Ay, ay, sir—ay, ay! But what's the use of calling me? I'm dead!" Then, looking about him with a most rueful and bewildered air, he went on—"The devil! why I verily believe I'm at sea; and yet, when I went to bed, I'm very sure that I was at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, with my messmate, Joseph Marty!"

Loud peals of laughter replied to the *naive* speech of Joseph Marty's messmate.

"Well," said the facetious master, "if you went to sleep at the grog-shop of Peter Kandrin, you have awakened in the hotel of Captain Stamar; and you are no small gainer by the exchange. You fellows who are standing about there, grinning and showing your teeth enough to frighten my honest friend here, away with you to work. And now, my bo, what name did your friends call you by when you were in Peter Kandrin's grog-shop?"

"Brissac," replied the poor fellow, who, by this time, trembled in every limb.

"Well, then, Monsieur de Brissac, allow me to inform you that you are on board of one of those swift sailers which take the liberty of boarding everything that comes within sight, for the mere sake of making polite inquiries as to quality and value of cargo. Do you take me? Are you a seaman?"

"I flatter myself I am," replied Brissac, who was still too much bewildered to understand the master's ironical description of the character and pursuits of the Shark and her crew.

"Then if you flatter yourself so far, just oblige me by going to the foretop, and giving me a slight specimen of your ability at shaking out a reef."

In a few minutes after this odd interview between the facetious master and the kidnapped sailor, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe and the stentorian tones of the master's deep bass voice summoned all the crew aft, where they were addressed by the captain.

"Messmates," said he, "as regards the greater number of you, this is not the first time that we have cruised together under the red flag. Except one or two among you, you all know me and my way of enforcing obedience to my orders. Our rules I need not stop to repeat: as for the punishments of the Shark, they are soon learnt." Pointing significantly to the long steel-barrelled pistols which gleamed in his belt, he continued, "As for our battle-cry, it will be henceforth, as it always hitherto has been, "Death and plunder!"

"Death and plunder!" echoed a confused multitude of hoarse voices, and the blades of poniards flashed as they were brandished above the heads of the excited freebooters.

"I hope," continued Stamar, "that I have no need to remind you that we must scuttle our ship and sink with her rather than be taken. And now, my lads, to work. Let everything be put in order upon deck and below as soon as possible, and every gun be got into good working order. Triple rations to every man, if all's done by to-night."

Three hearty huzzas followed this brief speech; and so well was the day employed, that the triple rations were fairly earned, and as punctually served out that evening. That single day's labour had given the brig a truly piratical and no less formidable aspect. Twelve carronades occupied a double row of portholes, and a long swivel of most formidable calibre turned on its axis a-midship, menacing at will each point of the horizon. Every man now received his small arms, cutlass, and boarding-axe. As Lorenzo gave me mine, he said, with an ironical grin, "I hope, Signor Daumont, that you will make admirable use of this little brace of pistols and the other pretty playthings with which we are so generous as to trust you."

I made no reply; but a far less keen observer than he might have seen, in the involuntary fierceness of the glance which I gave him, for whom I destined the contents of my pistols, should the day ever arrive when I could use them at my own pleasure. From that moment, without other explanation than that given by our mutual glances of hate and defiance, each knew the other for an enemy whose detestation could only cease when one or both of us should cease to live!

In the course of the day I contrived to speak privately with Peters, who now became a little more communicative upon the details of the situation in which we both were placed.

The crew, I now learned, was composed of some of the vilest off-scourings of almost every civilised nation under heaven, the Americans and French, however, being by far the most numerous. Peters himself filled the important and confidential post of gunner; and was especially and exclusively entrusted with the service of the long swivel which, in ironical allusion to the tremendous noise produced by its detonation, Stamar had christened "The Mute," or "Dumby." To have done with details, Peters informed me not only that I was, as was only too evident without his information, one of a pirate crew, but also that I was in the power and under the orders of a pirate whose equal the whole world could not produce, whether for daring, skill, luck, seamanship, or devilish and unsparing cruelty. A blessed situation for a tolerably humane and honest man, and *ci-devant* officer of the legitimate marine of *La Belle France!*

When Peters had arrived at the end of his yarn, which, in fact, was but little more than a mere confirmation of what I had already either observed or divined, I could not suppress an expression of surprise at a man, so superior as he appeared to be, voluntarily associating himself with such a set of coarse and brutal ruffians as the officers and crew of the Shark.

"Pardon me," said he, "voluntarily is not the right word; you do me injustice, though, of course quite unintentionally, by using that word. I have *not* volunteered into this infamous as well as perilous service. I have been partly dragged and partly deluded into it; and I continue in it because there is no way of escaping. Fretting would not make my case a bit the better as to the present, or the more hopeful as to the future; so I endeavour to take things pleasantly —as I would strongly advise you to do henceforth! For my part, though I have sometimes brought to bear rather too effectively on the poor devils of merchant ships, I have never dipped my hands in any other blood than that of my *dear shipmates*, and that chiefly when they have been a little too ferocious in the fulfilment of their mild and moral duties!"

The triple ration promised by Stamar was eagerly and jovially enjoyed. Some of the crew added a plentiful supply of spirits, which they had brought aboard with them. As the glass passed round, harmony and good-will rapidly took their departure; and I was shortly obliged to be witness to one of those scenes of bloodshed and carnage of which subsequently I saw so many.

Monsieur Brissac, like most Gascon sailors, fancied himself a rather more than middling orator, and was not the least in the world inclined to let slip any opportunity of displaying his abilities in that way. Moreover, having in the course of the day shown that he was a thorough seaman, he had found himself so high in the good opinion of his rude companions, that he was on even better terms than usual with himself—a fact which would seem incredible to any one aware of the usual vanity of Brissac, but not aware of the elasticity of a vain man's self-approving fancy.

Urged on partly by his copious draughts of ardent spirit, and partly by his self-complacent mood, Brissac talked for ten and gesticulated for twenty. To most of his companions his volubility was only a

subject for surprise and merry mockery; but it unfortunately happened that one among them, a Kentuckian of gigantic proportions and of a most brutal temper and ferocious aspect, became weary of Brissac's increasing foolery and chatter, and vainly endeavoured to bully him into silence. His remonstrances grew louder and more authoritative, as he took deeper and more frequent draughts of ardent liquor, and he at length rose from his seat, and, looking fiercely at Brissac, exclaimed—"*Will* you hold your tongue, you infernal babbler, or will you not?"

"Eh!" replied Brissac, with the silly smile of a man who is just drunk enough to fancy that he can persuade people to believe that he is perfectly sober, "eh, eh! are you talking Chinese to me? *Morbleu!* why your countenance is as red as a cock's comb! Upon my soul, I could almost suppose that you are in a rage!"

The pirates present at this scene, most of whom happened to be Frenchmen, received this drunken sally of the verbose Gascon with loud and reiterated bursts of laughter. Excited still farther by the laughing of his countrymen, and not for a moment suspecting that they laughed rather at than with him, Brissac prepared to pour forth a new torrent of jocular nonsense, but was prevented by the Kentuckian, who, no longer able to bridle his drunken rage, seized a quart of hot liquor, and dashed it, vessel and all, full in the Gascon's face.

"*Mort de ma vie!* I am blinded!" cried poor Brissac, with a really frightful shriek of rage and agony; and, seizing a dagger, he rushed upon the Kentuckian shouting, "Brigand! assassin! you shall pay dear for your brutality!"

The Kentuckian stood on his defence, and in a second a deadly battle ensued between them. The French sailors, seeing that the Gascon had all the worst of it, endeavoured to drag him away; several American sailors, being at the same time attracted to the spot by the outcry, took part with their countrymen, and a general and fierce fight took place. Jugs, bottles, and glasses were upset and crushed beneath the feet of the furious combatants, and even the appearance of the master, who laid about him very heartily with a heavy and knotted rope's end, had not now, as generally it had, the effect of putting an end to hostilities.

Brissac and the Kentuckian, separated, as if by mutual consent, from all the other combatants, fought with a most fiendish and deadly animosity. Now up and now down, they struck, kicked, wrestled, and cursed each other with an unction and volubility indicative of long practice. Suddenly, while rolling and writhing on the ground, in a struggle more fierce than any that had preceded it, the combatants were seen to recoil from each other, and at the same instant Brissac exclaimed in a voice of horror and torture—"The vile brigand!—he has killed me!—he has worse than killed me—he has torn out my eye!"

Poor wretch! frightful as his words were, they were only the literal truth. The Kentuckian had deliberately and savagely watched his opportunity, and perpetrated upon poor Brissac this diabolical mischief.

By this time the outcry had reached the ears of the captain, who hastened to the spot. Knowing by long experience that it is a far

more easy matter to make angry men feel pain than to induce them to listen to reason, Stamar, without troubling himself to essay the latter process, betook himself with exceeding earnestness and vigour to the former. Armed with a handspike, he distributed his crushing blows with a most determined impartiality; some half dozen or so of the furious combatants being thus laid weltering and helpless, the remainder deemed it most prudent to allow their heels to save their heads, and peace was restored almost as suddenly as it had been disturbed, "which plainly showed," as the facetious master was afterwards heard to affirm, "that a strong arm and a heavy handspike are extremely valuable in a row."*

* To be continued.

THE EXILE'S VISIONS OF HOME.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A VISION of green woods and sunny braes,—
A vision of bright waters and fair fields,—
Of primrose paths, and lonely hedgerow ways,
Orchards and huts—such as the woodman builds
Among the autumnal forests!—Memory strays
To England, and through Fancy's glass discovers
The treasures of the past—the wealth of days,
Whose time misspent around me, ghostlike, hovers—
Chiding, with grave rebuke and solemn tone,
For wasted seasons, now for ever gone!

A vision of home-gardens, rich and rare,
Flowers on the stem and fruits upon the bough,
And glad eyes glancing from redundant hair,
And frank young voices, true and mirthful *now*,
Too soon to learn craft's lesson, sorrow's strain,
Taught in that cruel school—the WORLD!—Around
I look on scenes I ne'er may see again,
Save *thus* in fancy. Yonder hill, tree-crown'd—
That moor remote, where mosses gaily show
Brown, orange, lilac tints, blent in one gorgeous glow!

And there are forms beloved, with gentle eyes,
And hands that welcome me with pressure kind;—
O! let me sleep for ever,—never rise
From the rapt dreams, which thus my senses bind!
But Truth—that slowly, sorrowfully steals
Through the strange dazzling mists of blinding Error—
Arouses me to watchfulness, reveals
The far-off land I pine in—and in terror
I shut my eyes,—but shut my eyes in vain,—
Fancy hath fled, and shattered Memory's chain!

Madras.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.[1]

BURNS.

The story of Burns is as familiar as his poetry; his habits and opinions shine undisguisedly through his verse. The mention of his name brings his manly character and figure at once before us, overtopping the scene like his own fine sketch of Edinburgh Castle—

> " There, watching high the least alarms,
> The rough rude fortress gleams afar. '

We had a long and memorable conversation lately with the poet's eldest surviving son, who was about ten years of age when his father died, and who remembers him distinctly and affectionately. This gentleman was. after Burns' death, placed by some friends of the family at college in Scotland, and from thence was transferred to a situation in the Stamp-office, London, in which situation he continued clerk until within the last few years. He retired with an allowance of 120*l.* per annum, in obtaining which he was aided by the active generosity of Lord Brougham, then chancellor. Mr. Burns now resides in the town of Dumfries, where his illustrious father closed his brief and glorious, but troubled career. This gentleman says that full justice has not been done to the poet's ardour of study and intense desire for knowledge. He was an incessant reader—of history, politics, poetry, and whatever else fell in his way. His mind was ever in action, burning, blazing on, in its rapid course, " to that dark inn, the grave." Burns had, by his father's fireside, or in moments snatched from severe toil, *mastered the first six books of Euclid.* He had also taken instructions as a land-surveyor, and his son possesses his measuring-chain, a link or two of which is sometimes begged as a relic of genius. He kept up his acquaintance with the French language, of which he had gathered a scanty knowledge by a fortnight's attendance before harvest on his early and kindly preceptor, John Murdoch, at Ayr. The poet's son seems fond of pointing out the favourite walks and scenes of his father on the banks of the river Nith. The ruined Abbey or College of Lincluden, which stands in a solitary spot, where two waters meet, about a mile and a half from the town, was one of his chosen haunts. It is surrounded with soft swelling green mounds, the remains of a bowling-green and flower garden, and some old ash trees. " On one of these little knolls," says the son, " I have often seen my father stand, while he told me to play about till he wished to return home. On this spot he could command a view of both the Gothic windows of the chapel, through which the sky and trees seem a perfect picture, encased in a massive frame—and it was here, after a long midnight reverie, that he composed his " Vision."

[1] Continued from p. 33.

"As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply."

When we visited this spot, the ash trees were bare, and the winds howled through the old ruins; we forgot the monks and nuns that once tenanted the place, but the poet stood visibly before us in the light of genius, and so he will stand to many a future generation, ennobling the scene with associations unknown before.

Mr. Allan Cunningham has given a graphic description of the poet's death, in the midst of misery and distress. "On the fourth day," says the biographer, "when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face—and expired." Burns' son, who saw his father expire, says this is a pure romance—Mr. Cunningham must have been egregiously misinformed. The poet was too much crippled by disease, and too much enfeebled, for such a strange exertion. He lay a helpless wreck, his mind wandering in delirium. His last words were—"That d—d rascal, Matthew Penn"—an incoherent ejaculation, prompted probably by some dread of the law and a gaol—for Matthew Penn was an attorney, and the poet was a few pounds in debt. Alas! we may say with William Roscoe—

"'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends,
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes."

Burns, a few days before his death, begged five pounds from Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, and ten pounds from his cousin, James Burnes, of Montrose. His haughty spirit was crushed and broken—the iron had entered into his soul. Yet let us say, in justice to those friends who saw the poet daily, and should have ministered to his wants, that Burns' situation, horrible as it was, must have been made yet more gloomy and terrible by his imagination. His family knew nothing of these applications for money till after the poet's death, when two bank drafts—one for five pounds from Thomson, and the other for ten pounds from Mr. Burnes of Montrose—were found among his papers. They had never been used.

Let us also correct a trifling error of Mr. Cunningham, in justice to Mrs. Burns, who had a native taste and delicacy of feeling on many subjects, far above her station and opportunities. "Though Burns now knew he was dying," remarks Mr. C., "his good-humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up

and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bedside—'Alas!' he said, 'what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking.' *He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation.*" Burns did not present his pistols to the physician; but a few weeks after his death, his widow, knowing that the relic would be appreciated, sent them to Maxwell as a memorial of the poet, and a token of her gratitude.

It is in the county of Ayr that we must look for the chief localities of Burns, and for traces of his early musings. The most imperishable of his lyrics consecrate the banks of his native stream. We have followed his steps from the cottage in which he was born, to Tarbolton, where he became a freemason and a poet. The books of the mason lodge yet remain, and no man could be more devoted to the mystic craft than brother Burns. He is recorded as having been present at almost every meeting; he often presided, and the minutes are signed by him as chairman. Near the lodge is a thatched, one-story cottage, in which Burns established a debating club, and where he shone as "a bright particular star" among a few wandering rustics. His mind was now developing itself, and his genius found a vent in these humble scenes of distinction. But close by was the abode of Highland Mary, and Burns' soul was touched with new and deeper emotions. Mary was but a poor dairymaid, in the proud castle or Montgomery. She was, however, eminently lovely and virtuous, and the young poet met her daily among scenery of the most beautiful description. The castle stands on a high bank, wooded and precipitous, and at the foot of it murmurs a stream, half hid by foliage, near which the lovers used to meet at *gloaming*, or twilight. A thorn tree is still pointed out as the trysting-place—

> "Who that has melted o'er his lay,
> To Mary's soul in Heaven above,
> But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
> The landscape and the livelong day
> That smiled upon their mutual love?"

This was the day on which Burns and Mary parted. They stood on each side of a small brook; they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. The lovers never met again; Mary fell a prey to disease while her vow was yet fresh upon her: the poet mixed in many scenes; he burst into distinction; mingled with the high-born and the illustrious, and removed, with other ties, to scenes far removed from the wooded banks of the burn of Faillee and the river Ayr. Yet never was the day or the scene forgotten. Years afterwards, when he resided in the vale of Nith, Burns' wife watched him, one evening in September, striding up and down slowly, contemplating the starry sky. He fixed his eyes on a beautiful planet, "that shone like another moon," and he poured out his soul in impassioned verse.

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest;
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

This is the most beautiful and touching passage in all Burns' life. His after-loves were of the earth, earthy, but his passion for Highland Mary was as pure as it was fervent and lasting. It dawned upon him at the most susceptible period of life; it let in enchantment upon those scenes and objects which he had previously looked upon with coldness or aversion; it gave a finer tone of humanity to his whole moral being. Let us not admit the dictum of Byron, that "the cold in clime are cold in blood," since in peasant life, among the woods of Ayr, was nursed in solitude and obscurity a passion as deep and thrilling and romantic as the loves of Tasso or Petrarch, and immeasurably beyond those of Sidney and Waller. Sacharissa and the fair ones of Arcadia must yield to the dairymaid of Montgomery Castle!

When Burns' fortune assumed a darker complexion, and his temper was soured by disappointment and neglect, the constitutional melancholy to which he had been ever prone gathered force, and he delighted in stern and desolate scenery. Amidst the gaieties and splendour of Edinburgh, he had dark forebodings and dismal thoughts. We have heard old John Richmond of Mauchline (with whom the poet lodged and slept *in a garret room* in the Lawnmarket) state that, on returning from the routs of the nobility, the poet would throw himself gloomily on his bed, and beg his friend to read him asleep. In later years he sought the woods, delighted, in a cloudy winter day, to hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. "It is my best season for devotion," he writes; "my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'" In another letter he says that the first of January, or New Year's day, the great carnival of Presbyterian Scotland, where Christmas is little celebrated—the first Sunday in May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the *beginning*, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the *end* of autumn, these had been, time out of mind, a kind of holiday with him. What follows, has been repeatedly quoted, but we cannot resist transcribing the passage. What would we not give for a similar declaration from Shakspeare?

"I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I never view and hang over without particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the pass-

ing accident? or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

This noble passage is conceived in a spirit of poetry which Burns seldom reached, and never excelled, in the fetters of rhyme. Something of the same meditative and philosophical spirit is found in his tender lines on scaring wild-fowl on Loch Turit, and in his verses written in Friars Carse Hermitage. The religious opinions of Burns were early tinged with Socinianism, if not Unitarianism. His father had written a little manual of devotion for the use of his family, (which we believe still exists in manuscript with Mr. Gilbert Burns' descendants,) in which he inclined to the Arminian doctrine. The poet was thus led from infancy to look with some distrust on the rigid Calvinism of the Scottish church. Afterwards he associated with some heterodox ministers of Ayrshire, at a time when "polemical divinity was putting the country half mad," and his feelings, prejudices, and predilections all tended to fix upon him the peculiar heresy or belief to which we have alluded. It continued with him through life. When in his latter days he praised Cowper's "Task," he excepted its "scraps of Calvinistic divinity." The opinion of the country people was, that the whole Burns family were believers in the unpopular creed of Socinus. There still lives an old man named Humphrey, who has found refuge in a poors' house in Ayrshire, on whom Burns wrote a coarse epigram—

"ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

"Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bletherin' b—ch
Into thy dark dominion!"

The aged polemic was a stone-mason, and built Burns' outhouses at the farm of Mossgiel. He is now in his eighty-second year, but lively and acute, and still ready for a theological argument. The occasion of the above lines he describes in terms like the following. "I saw Burns one day coming towards me on the road from Mossgiel, and I began to consider what I should say to him, for there was nobody in the whole country side was a match for him at an argument. I had been reading Quevedo's "Visions of Hell," and so when the poet came up to me with his usual question, 'Weel, Jamie, what news?' I said there was strange intelligence from the lower regions —that there was a controversy among the condemned spirits, whether they should keep on the *auld deil*, or prefer, in his place, a certain wild poet of Ayrshire: the elderly part of the assembly were for keeping on the 'auld deil,' but the younger ones, who knew the poet's writings, were keen for appointing him to the command! Burns laughed at this; he called me a bletherin' b—ch, and soon after wrote the verse." We tried to confine this old man to Burns' history, but he wandered into polemics, and could only speak vaguely

as to the poet's wildness, his Unitarianism, and his unrivalled powers of conversation and debate.

We need not say much of Burns' politics. He was at first a Jacobite, and afterwards a Jacobin—two very dissimilar characters. The first was a boyish whim, that had its seat in national partialities, and in the poetical feeling of sympathy for departed power and greatness. "A stranger filled the throne," and Burns did not inquire whether the will of the people and the cause of good government had placed him there, or whether it was acquired by usurpation. When the French Revolution burst upon the world, many generous spirits were touched by the spectacle of a great nation throwing off the manacles of ages, and vindicating the native rights of man. Burns caught the flame, and spread it among his countrymen. His "Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," and other songs, were kindled at the new altar. He was then fallen from his high estate in the town where he lived; he dwelt carelessly among men, and had ceased to entertain or express respect for power and authority. The world was not his friend, nor the world's law; and the bitterness of his solitary hours, the comparative penury of his fireside, no less than the daring flights of his genius, disposed him to listen eagerly to the oracles of French freedom. He lived to see that bright morning set in blood and darkness, and in his last hours he turned again to the old fabric of the constitution. On his deathbed he also counselled one of his friends and neighbours "never to doubt as to the religion of his country." Thus on two of the most important of human considerations "the boy was father of the man," and the man returned to the hopes and feelings that had inspired him when a boy.

From early habit and necessity, Burns composed his poetry chiefly in the open air. The sun, lighting up the woods and rivers, inspired him with joy and gladness, and with the true materials of poesy before and around him, and in his heart he needed not the incentive of books.*

* Burns' obligations to previous authors, or to his contemporaries, were very small. He took the plan of some of his pieces from Ferguson, for whom he entertained an undue admiration, but this scarcely impeaches his originality as a master. A few casual resemblances we have traced. For example, the image in the "Address to the Mountain Daisy,"

> "Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
> Full on thy bloom,"

is undoubtedly taken from Young (Night Thoughts, book ix.)

> "Final Ruin fiercely drives
> Her plowshare o'er creation."

The beginning of the inimitable song of "Duncan Gray"—

> "Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
> Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
> On blythe Yule night when we were fou,"

resembles the opening of a very old ballad —

> "Robyn's Jock came to woo our Jenny
> On our feast even, when we were fou,"

The first line in the "Address to the Deil" is as follows.—

> "O Thou! whatever title suit thee."

While he held the plough, or scattered the seed along the furrows, he was at liberty to "mutter his wayward fancies," and shape them into verse. It was thus that he composed his "Mountain Daisy" and the "Mouse's Nest." Even "Tam o' Shanter," which would seem to have been the inspiration of flowing cups and merry nights, was written out of doors, to the murmurs of the Nith and the waving of the woods at Ellisland. His solitary rides, as an exciseman, were converted to the same service, and if he *crooned* over a song, or conceived a happy idea in his elbow-chair, he was never satisfied till he had sallied out, stick in hand, and completed the sketch in the true study of nature.

"The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!"

Hence, Burns' rural and woodland descriptions are true as nature itself. Such images were ever present to his mind, and rose unbidden to his tongue and pen. When he commemorates the death of a friend, he indulges in no undertaker-like catalogue of mourning weeds and trappings of woe: he does not, like Milton, call on the Sisters of the sacred well from the seat of Jove, to join in his grief; but he invokes all nature—the rivers, forests, hills, and plains—and all the seasons.

"Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay green flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost."

Pope—and Burns was well read in Pope—apostrophises Swift, in the "Dunciad," in the same strain—

"O Thou! whatever title please thine ear."

We rather think, though we cannot now turn to the passage, that the fine simile in the "Holy Fair," of the hares "hirpl'in down the furs," is to be found in Montgomery's "Cherry and Slae." Thomson has an exquisite picture of hares and other game in a snowy winter—

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants."

Burns has an equally excellent miniature sketch of natural history, morally applied, in his elegy on Tam Samson, the keen old sportsman, buried among the heather—

"There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest."

James Hogg wrote opposite this picture, "Match that who can!" and we repeat the Shepherd's challenge.

Nor, in this exquisite elegy, are the humbler objects of external nature, so well known to the poet, overlooked.

" Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strong, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells, o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every glassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
Come join my wail."

These were the tools with which the poet worked—the authorities he consulted—the pandects he followed and obeyed. We have sometimes marvelled what sort of a poet Cowper would have been, if his lot had been cast in Scotland. Would the northern *burns* have inspired a different strain from the brooks of England? Would he have sung of Bruce, and Wallace, and *Scotch drink*, as he sang of Wolfe, and Chatham, and ladies' employments, and sober tea-parties? Thomson did not wholly forget Scotland in England—Campbell is still full of it. James Montgomery was born in Ayrshire, but he owes nothing to Scotland but his birth: he had not time to inhale the spirit of the mountains, and his Muse is wholly English. Wordsworth would have been a sort of Ossian, if born in the Highlands—wandering up and down, lamenting the decay of chiefs and clans, a firm believer in the *second sight*, and celebrating solitary mountains and valleys, overhung by mists, roaring waterfalls, and the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes!

Having, at the commencement of this sketch, alluded to Burns' eldest son, we shall here subjoin a pleasing and spirited copy of verses by that gentleman, on the accession of Queen Victoria. Poetical talent is seldom hereditary, but we believe our readers will admit that at least a small portion of Burns' lyrical genius has descended to his son.

" THE GATHERING OF SCOTLAND.

Air—'*The Campbells are coming.*'

" Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen!
Oh, come ye to welcome our gallant young queen!
Of the blue-bell and gowan, and thistle so green,
Oh twine ye a wreath for our gallant young queen!

Let the lion of Scotland wave bright in the gale,
With the cross of her glory all stainless and pale;
Let them shine o'er our hills and our valleys so green,
As they shone o'er the sires of our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, &c.

With the spear of his fathers the Johnstone shall ride,
The spears of the Border shall gleam at his side;
The Flowers of the Forest in pride shall be seen,
The men of Buccleuch, round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, &c.

The Gordon shall march through the mist and the dew;
And Douglas, the noble, the tender, and true;
The Græme and the Ramsay the battle shall glean
With the swords of their fame for our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, &c.

Mac Garadh* his banner with pride shall display,
With its well-crimson'd buckler of Luncarty's day;
Argyll and Breadalbane in might shall convene
Clan-Dermid's bold race round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, &c.

Like the mist of Ben Nevis, that darkens the glen,
The clansmen shall shadow the heather again;
The swords of their chieftains in light shall be seen,
Like the sunbeams of war, round our gallant young queen.
Oh, come ye, &c.

The fir on our mountains in triumph shall wave,
Our mountains where wander the free and the brave,
With the oak of Old England, majestic and green,
True Liberty's tree, o'er our gallant young queen!
Oh, come ye, &c.

* Hay, Earl of Errol. "Mac Garadh, son of the hedge," afterwards changed into the more courtly and Norman appellative, "De la Haye, of the hedge." Mac Garadh, the husbandman, and his two sons, stopped the flight of the Scottish army at the battle of Luncarty, and led them back to a glorious victory over their Danish invaders. After the battle, the gallant husbandman and his two sons were brought to the Scottish king, with their shields covered with blood. In memory of their ancestor, the Earls of Errol bear a bloody shield in their coat of arms.

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

No. I.

BY A SOLICITOR.

In the learned professions there is more of the mechanical than the uninitiated believe. Patients and clients often attribute great skill to the physician or lawyer, when neither has done more than follow a prescribed rule; in fact, the appearance of address in the despatch of business frequently arises from its being a matter of routine which required none;—as in railroads the great speed attained is owing to their level uniformity. Still the law has its romance, its "Causes Célèbres," its comic scenes; there are "curiosities" of legal as well as of "medical experience;" and no one can practise long without encountering these occasional singularities. Sometimes they struck me at the time, and were noted down in fragments as they occurred, leaving it for the task of an idle hour to collect the *disjecta membra*, and mould them into form; sometimes they passed unnoticed until "after events cast their brightness behind," and showed how strange in reality were the scarce remembered occurrences of the past. An instance of the latter class will be found in "The Skeleton of Lincoln's Inn."

THE SKELETON OF LINCOLN'S INN.

A short time ago, public curiosity was excited by the discovery of a skeleton in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. The workmen found it under the pavement of a constant thoroughfare, and, from the appearance of the bones, a medical witness on the coroner's inquest conjectured that the body must have been interred in this strange situation at a very distant period. The singularity of the circumstance recalled to my recollection an old journal I had somewhere by me, strangely harmonising in its contents with this recent discovery; and after a strict search among red tape parcels and tin boxes, I succeeded in disinterring the rusty brown leather folio from beneath a heap of defunct wills, settlements, and causes. "The author is dust, his steel pen (if he had one) is rust, and his soul is with the saints we trust;"—I shall therefore use a surgeon's privilege, and cut up his remains without ceremony. Poor Smith was quite a Richardson in the minuteness of his details; a sort of man who never went up stairs three steps at a time; fair and softly was his motto, and everything small or great is set down with conscientious regularity. However, considering the subject of the narrative, a *skeleton* of Smith's Journal is all that can be expected.

It seems that a family of the name of Sheppard had been owners of a small farm, near the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. There were tablets in the parish church to sundry John "Shepheerdes,"

as far back as 1620; the neighbours considered them indigenous, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country; and they themselves were not a little proud of their ancient descent and immemorial possession of the soil. During the civil wars the family suffered greatly for their stanch loyalty to the king, and on various other occasions losses and debts fell heavy on their small patrimony; but they never failed, in a few years, to render the family honours as bright as ever, besides keeping the dirty acres undiminished by a single rood. The "Shepheerdes," in the beginning of George III.'s reign, held the same land and the same station in society as they had done under James I. Common sense and steady industry were the characteristics of the whole race, nor had it ever been known to produce either a genius or a rogue.

John Sheppard, who succeeded to the farm in 1754, was a fine specimen of his tribe,—square-built, fat, and ruddy faced, sturdy as an oak, and honest as the day. But in one respect he differed from his ancestors; he was fond of book-learning, and the neighbours shook their heads at this departure from family customs. Honest John, however, not only read himself, but taught his children to do so; and those who disapproved of the innovation were not the less ready to take advantage of his acquirements whenever occasion offered. The consequence was, he became the oracle of the place, and raised the fame of the Sheppard's *usque ad astra.*

His eldest son and heir, John the twentieth, was a chip of the old block, a fac-simile of his father. Alice, a goodnatured, kind hearted country-girl, and Harry, both many years younger than John, completed the family circle.

Whether some men are born criminals, or whether a certain amount of evil is apportioned to every family, leaving the individual assessment to be determined as chance directs, is a question on which we need not enter here; but certainly, considering the high characters which the Sheppards had so long sustained, and the unaccountable viciousness which Harry, the youngest son, displayed from his very childhood, it does seem as if in him the sins of his tribe had been accumulated, like those of the Jews on the yearly scape-goat.

It was well for Mrs. Sheppard that her fidelity was above suspicion—no flattering nurse could bring herself to call the boy like his father; the difference was too gross, and the compliment too doubtful to hazard. As he grew up, his ugliness increased; to a small body and sunken chest were joined limbs of disproportionate size; his face was broad, and spread at the jaws like a cat's, his complexion sallow, and his hair a sandy red; offering a complete contrast to the square-set form, brown hair, and hale appearance of a true Sheppard. Smith gives a long catalogue of Master Harry's mischievous doings, which seem to have astonished his sober mind by their reckless audacity; however, as he did not become acquainted with the family until 1778, we may pass over all this part of his journal.

In the spring of 1778, Harry Sheppard had been detected carrying off a young fawn from the Forest of Dean; the matter was likely to prove serious, and the old man, having broken his arm by a fall, despatched John to London to get advice from the lawyers. On his ar-

rival, after a five days' journey, he made his way to Mr. B.'s chambers, at No. 7, New Square, Lincoln's Inn; and here it was he first met with Mr. William Smith, who then occupied the high situation of clerk in Mr. B.'s office. During the three weeks John was in town, Smith did him many little services, and the honest farmer pressed him so warmly to come down to Gloucestershire, that in the following August the lawyer's clerk got leave of absence for a month, and left the flaunting town for —— Farm.

At this period Alice was a rosy-cheeked blooming girl of nineteen, and Harry one year younger. Now, when a cockney is companion to a pretty country girl for a whole month in the bustle and festivity of harvest-time, it is a matter of course that he should fall desperately in love; and Mr. Smith was far too regular a man not to follow the usual routine. Unfortunately old Sheppard had several standing jokes about lawyers, by no means of a complimentary cast; and these, which Smith always construed literally, contributed to increase that diffidence as to his reception in the character of a suitor which the high standing of the family had originally produced. With Alice herself he stood on favourable ground; his ignorance of country matters gave her the pleasure of instructing him, while his acquaintance with a town life invested him, in his turn, with the character of teacher; so that he enjoyed at the same time the favour shown to a pupil, and the respect paid to a master—of all situations the most propitious.

However, from the causes above mentioned, he never told his love, but returned to his office, his pen, and his high stool—"the same, but O! how different," from the steady machine-like being he had left them. A year rolled by, during which his only intercourse with Alice was by an occasional message conveyed in letters to her brother, or some little present by way of keepsake; but in the following winter Farmer Sheppard died, leaving the farm to his eldest son, with bequests of money to Alice and Harry.

It is a maxim that the king never dies, and the Sheppards seemed to possess a similar prerogative; for though the individual might disappear, there was always a successor, with the family name and the family face, to keep up the old house and the old customs as before. To Smith, however, the change was material. During a Christmas visit, whilst Alice was cast down by the first real sorrow she had ever known, he completely won her heart, and avowed his own attachment. In due time the head of the family was consulted, and his approbation obtained, on condition that no marriage should be thought of until Smith's salary should be raised from one pound to thirty shillings a week. The sums left to Alice and Harry were two hundred pounds each, being the whole amount of the old farmer's savings; and the new John Sheppard, who carried his notions of honesty to an extreme, insisted on paying both bequests immediately, notwithstanding Alice's inexperience and Harry's known bad habits.

The latter no sooner got possession of the money than he broke out at once into every species of dissipation. Fairs, bull-baits, gaming-booths, race-courses, became his constant haunts, and of course his riches soon made themselves wings and flew away. In a few months

he was penniless; but not choosing to give up a life of riot, he applied to Alice at different times for money, which her easy goodnature never thought of refusing. Indeed, she very simply believed his promises to repay her, and kept the whole matter a secret even from Smith, until her little stock was so much diminished that she thought herself obliged to mention it. The journal contains a copy of her letter.

"Deere William,

"This comes to you by John Hopson's cart, whiche takes his oates to London, and will tell you when he goes back, if you have anything to send. It is fine spring wether here, and the chesnutt buds is beginning to burste, and the young lambes comes very fast, and I wish you saw the green wheat in the six-acre and the croste, it is coming on so beautifulle. Brother John is busye all day ploughing, but he wishes you well. Deere William, I am not easye in my mind; it is a secret, and you must not telle; I would have told you before, only I didn't want anybodye to know. Poor brother Harry is in trouble; he come to me last Friday was a weeke, and saide he should never see me again; him and another had a fighte, and Harry beat him very much, and the doctor says he may die of it, and the constables is out after Harry to put him in jail; and he was so downe-hearted, and saide he should go to Bottanye-bay unlesse he gave them forty pounds to say nothing about it. Deere William, I hope you won't be vexed at me for to help poor Harry. Brother John is hard to him for his idle wayes, and he has only me to comfort him; and how shockinge to think of his going to jail! Deere William, I hope you are well, and will come downe to us soon, and write me about Harry; and this is all I have to write you,

"Deere William,

"From your loving

"ALICE SHEPPARD."

On receiving this letter Smith sent a kind reply, being quite aware that no remonstrance could fortify Alice against Harry's applications; but at the same time, disregarding her injunctions of secrecy, he acquainted her brother with the whole affair. Inquiry was made, and when it turned out that Alice had already given more than half her little fortune to supply Harry's extravagance, the rage of John Sheppard was beyond all bounds. He could not but feel that his own imprudence was partly the cause, and therefore his anger against Alice was soon appeased, on her consenting to replace the remainder of her money in his hands; but on Harry's first appearance at the farm, he blazed out in a fury of passion, abusing him in the most unmeasured terms; and as the other replied with equal virulence, the two brothers parted in bitter animosity, Harry swearing a deep oath that he would never darken the doors of —— Farm again.

For a month after this quarrel, affairs went on as usual. Harry had disappeared, and nothing was known of his movements, but it was generally believed that he had gone to the American colonies, or enlisted as a soldier. This state of happy ignorance was soon to be dispelled

by a fearful reality. Early in May, a Bow-street officer arrived at the neighbouring village, and inquired for —— Farm. His business was soon told; Harry Sheppard was in custody on a charge of burglary, and was to be tried in about a month at the Old Bailey; the officer had by some means discovered his native village, and came to make inquiries into his connexions and character.

It was a great blow. The farmer was staggered for a time, but soon recovered his sturdy bearing; he resolved at once to assist his brother to the utmost, and Smith was immediately directed to procure the best professional aid, and to provide a lodging for himself and Alice during the proceedings. Whether his motive was regret for the harsh treatment which perhaps had led to the crime, or concern for the family honour, we will not too curiously inquire; it is enough that in this extremity he did all in his power to assist the unfortunate prisoner; and a few days before the trial he and Alice set out for London, followed by the good wishes and honest sympathy of their homely but hearty neighbours.

Here the journal contains a minute detail of legal proceedings, not particularly interesting. I shall, therefore, pass on to Harry's trial, which took place on Friday, June the 2nd, 1780. On that day the farmer and his sister remained at their lodging in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in a miserable state of nervous apprehension; while Smith attended in court, and sent accounts how matters were going on. During the morning messenger after messenger arrived; the trial had commenced—the prisoner's witnesses were called—the judge had begun to sum up, &c., but these messages contained no cheering hope of acquittal, and only served to increase the torture of suspense.

Five P. M.—Smith arrived. The first glance at his face was enough; Alice burst into tears, and hurried out of the room, while John Sheppard turned very pale, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, walked away to the window without saying a word. In fact, the proof was so conclusive that the jury had returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

Two hours passed away in silence. There was no consolation to offer, and indeed calamities of this kind produce a sullen despondiug feeling which rejects all sympathy. Suddenly their attention was aroused by a great noise in the street, and on looking out a crowd was rapidly assembling, most of whom wore blue cockades in their hats, and shouted "No Popery!" "Down with the Papists!" "Gordon for ever!" &c. In ten minutes the street was filled with a dense mass of people, evidently bent on mischief, and from their watchword of "No Popery," their object appeared to be the Catholic chapel, two doors above. The crash of glass showed the work of destruction was begun; then came a hammering of sledges, interrupted by huzzas from the populace, as door after door gave way. The interior of the handsome little chapel was defaced in an instant, the altar and images broken to pieces, and the vestments torn and trampled under foot amid the jeers and yells of the rioters.

Our little party had become alarmed at the violence of the mob,

but thought it safer to keep close than to venture out, until, by the volumes of smoke that rolled down the street, they found the chapel was in flames. The next house soon caught fire, and as the crowd blocked up the streets in front, the only way of escape was through the yard at the back of the house. Fortunately they found a pair of steps in the area, by means of which they passed over several walls without difficulty, and reached a paved court leading into Portugal Street, through which they easily made their way into Lincoln's Inn. Smith's employer being out of town, they took refuge in his chambers, not a little amazed at the tumult which had burst on them so unexpectedly.

Saturday.—Sentence of death was passed on Harry Sheppard, with three other criminals, and the four were ordered for execution on the Thursday following. All else was forgotten by his unhappy relatives, and this and the following day passed over in a state of gloomy wretchedness easily imagined.

Monday.—Smith visited Newgate, and found Harry in the condemned cell. He was in a reckless, savage temper, and loaded his brother with the bitterest imprecations. After some hesitation, he agreed to see Alice on the following day: of her he spoke with something like affection, regretting the loss he had occasioned her more than anything besides. On his return, Smith fell in with a crowd pouring into Smithfield, to destroy the Catholic chapel there; and from some of them he now learned, for the first time, the excesses committed by Lord George Gordon's followers. A government proclamation of five hundred pounds reward also caught his eye; many shops were closed; and an air of apprehension prevailed, as if some fresh outbreak were hourly expected.

Tuesday.—In the morning Alice proceeded to her melancholy interview. She remained with Harry nearly two hours, but what passed is not known. All questions on the subject only called forth a fresh gush of tears; she was evidently quite unnerved by the dreadful idea of her brother's execution; and John Sheppard at length gave up the attempt, and leaving her to Smith's care, went out to wander about the streets in a fit of restless misery.

Six P. M.—The farmer returned in haste with intelligence that the riots had broken out again with great violence. Mr. Justice Cox's house in Great Queen Street had been destroyed; Lord Mansfield's house, in Hart Street, Bloomsbury, was said to be threatened; and a great crowd was at that moment rushing down Holborn, shouting "To Newgate!" and swearing they would release all their comrades imprisoned there.

At this last news Alice started up, and looked eagerly towards her lover; he reddened; pulled up his collar, and turned inquiringly to Sheppard. The latter shook his head doubtingly. "They can't do it," he muttered; "and besides, it's a dangerous job to meddle with."

"O John!" said Alice, sobbing, "pray, pray go; perhaps you can help him out of that dreadful place; they will not hurt you; and if poor Harry could but get away this once—do, do go!"

"Well, Bill Smith, what do you say to it?" inquired the farmer; and Smith (who only wanted some one to take the lead) immediately

assenting, they left Alice in the chamber, and set out on their expedition.

From Lincoln's Inn to Holborn they scarcely met a person, and all the lower windows were barred up as if the town had been entered by an enemy; but on reaching Holborn, they found it filled with people, all hastening in the same direction; and, falling in with the tide, they were hurried along with the rest to the corner of Newgate Street. There a second mob, from Smithfield, made the press so great, it was impossible to penetrate further, and they turned off into a narrow alley, which led out of Snow Hill directly opposite to the main gate of the prison; and through this passage they gradually made their way into the Old Bailey. The leaders of the mob were parleying at that moment with a stout man, who stood over the great gates, and was said to be Akerman, the keeper; he was evidently refusing to comply with their demands, and a loud yell from the multitude, followed by Akerman's hasty retreat, under a shower of stones, soon showed that the negociation had failed.

A number of porters, coal-heavers, &c., now began to batter the outer gate with heavy sledges, relieving each other in regular gangs; others attempted to scale the walls with ladders taken from the fire-engine depôts; the window-glasses were dashed to pieces, and the iron bars bent in all directions: no resistance was even attempted, and there was nothing to stop the rioters except the massive strength of the building. How long this would have baffled them, is hard to say; but some of those on the ladders having thrown burning sticks and bundles of straw through the windows of the keeper's house, the flames burst out in all directions, and a few of the boldest men, forcing an entrance, threw out all the furniture into the prison-yard, and piling it up against the gate on the inside, soon let in the main body of the assailants.

Between the prison itself and Akerman's house stood the chapel; and here again they had recourse to fire, for which the pews and pulpit afforded ample materials. The dry wood burned fiercely; the roof burst into flames, which the wind drove right on the prison walls; and though, from their solid construction, they might have escaped uninjured, yet the heat became so insupportable, that the keeper, from a sense of humanity opened all the doors, and allowed his prisoners to save themselves as they could. Out they rushed to the number of about three hundred, half frantic with excitement and the suffocating heat; the yells, the exulting cheers of the mob, were deafening; the prison dresses were torn to shreds, and the half-naked men carried off in triumph on the shoulders of their comrades.

Smith and Sheppard, who had got into the yard with the crowd, anxiously awaiting the result, now recognised Harry among the liberated convicts: but what was their disappointment when he flatly refused to go with them. "It is our turn now," he said, with a savage oath; "they would have had my blood, but I will pay them for it yet." And throwing his prison jacket in John Sheppard's face, he caught up a half-burnt stick, swung it over his head with a shout, and dashed off to join the foremost rioters.

The two looked at each other in blank dismay; it was of no use to

follow, and they could only return to Alice with the news that Harry was out of prison indeed, but only to add new crimes to those of which he was already convicted. Still there is comfort in uncertainty; and Alice, grieved as she was at his reckless conduct, yet felt a load removed from her heart, and gladly exchanged the lifeless despondency of the past for an active anxiety as to the future.

Wednesday.—"The city in a worse state than ever. Soldiers, magistrates, police, all seem paralysed; the mob do what they please, even sending notice beforehand to the places marked for destruction; terror and confusion are at their height. It is said that the Bank of England is to be attacked, and the whole of London burned to the ground!"

* * * * *

It was indeed a dreadful day. The shouts of the rioters began to be mingled with the reports of musketry; fires were blazing in all directions; rumours of the most alarming nature everywhere prevailed; and at length the excitement became so great, that Smith and Sheppard could no longer withstand their desire to see what was going on. Alice made no objection, probably from a lurking hope that Harry might yet be rescued; and the pair once more set out on their adventures about seven o'clock in the evening.

The first place they made for was the Bank, but on the way a scene presented itself which beggars description. The distillery of a Mr. Langdale, on Holborn Hill, had just been plundered by the mob, and then set on fire. Thousands of people in every stage of intoxication reeled about the street, shrieking, roaring, swearing, in the madness of outrageous drunkenness. Some lay insensible, five or six together, their faces inflamed, their eyes wide open, and breathing with a noise like a smith's forge; one man they noticed on his face in a puddle, sending up at each respiration a gurgling bubble through the black mud; women half-naked, and screaming with phrensied excitement; children, old men,—all were swilling down spirits in enormous quantities; while the drunken carnival was horribly lighted by the blue flames from the burning distillery. A sudden rush carried them down the hill to Fleet-ditch. A large vat of gin in Langdale's premises had burst, and poured among the crowd all in a blaze. Hundreds were dreadfully scorched, but their writhings from pain only drew shouts of laughter from the brutish rabble: the stream of burning spirits set fire to a dozen houses, as it rolled down the Hill and spread into a fiery lake over the hollow at the bottom. The mob scattered on every side before "its ruinous path;" but one boy, a lad of twelve or fourteen, stupified with drink, instead of turning aside, kept staggering on in the middle of the street: he was caught in an instant, and down he fell on his hands and knees, screeching for help, as the burning gin rose about him two feet deep.

A woman—it must have been his mother—instantly made a desperate effort to save him; tearing off her dress to the knees, she ran barefooted into the fiery pool, and raised him up by the arm; but his burning dress immediately caught hers—she blazed up, plunged forward, and fell! A moment after her face rose above the surface with an expression of excruciating agony, as if the flaming gin were rioting in

her entrails; the next, mother and son were beyond all human suffering.

Sickened, horrified, but powerfully excited, the farmer and his friend hurried on. Everywhere the work of destruction was going forward; but the sharp firing at the Bank showed that the military had been called into active service. Any attempt to penetrate the dense crowds in this quarter seemed perfectly hopeless; they turned off, therefore, through St. Paul's Churchyard, and made for Blackfriars' Bridge, from which reports of musketry were occasionally heard. The toll-house on the bridge had been demolished at the beginning of the riots, and the materials now formed a regular barricade, behind which stood a party of thirty or forty soldiers. In the area, fronting the bridge, and in all the side streets, an immense mob was assembled, swearing to murder every red-coat in the kingdom. They seemed to have few firearms among them, but now and then a shot was exchanged with the military.

Our two friends managed to get up into a window-sill at the corner of Thames-street, a position of no small danger, but which afforded a full view of all that was going on. The foremost rioters were a few yards in advance, covered by carts and trucks from the fire of the soldiers; and by the stir and marshalling of men it seemed that a rush on the barricade was to be ventured. Presently Sheppard jogged Smith's elbow. "Look," said he, "look,—d'ye see that man behind the second cart? It's him! I'm sure it's him," repeated he, as the other expressed a doubt whether the blackened mudded figure he pointed at was really Harry Sheppard. But there was no time to speculate. On a given signal, three of the covered carts were swung round, and forty or fifty men made a dash at the bridge. Two or three shots, followed by a sharp volley of a dozen muskets, drove most of the assailants back at once; but a few reached the barricade and began to use their pickaxes, when, finding themselves deserted, they attempted to rejoin their comrades. The soldiers, mounting the barricade, now fired with fatal effect upon the fugitives; two fell dead on the spot, and many more were wounded, among whom was the man on whom John Sheppard had fixed his eye. He was the last to retreat, and before he had gone ten yards a corporal took deliberate aim at his back: the bullet evidently hit him; but apparently the wound was slight, for he ran on with great speed and disappeared in the crowd. Convinced that it was Harry, the farmer, followed by Smith, endeavoured to force through the mob, and ascertain the fate of his unfortunate brother.

In the mean time Alice was a prey to the greatest anxiety as the uproar increased around her, and the thought of the danger to which her brother and her lover were exposed. Eight, nine, ten, and still they did not return. Unable to endure the suspense, she left the chambers and wandered up and down the stone stairs, seeking rest and finding none. A window on the attic story, opening on the roof, caught her eye; she got out, and saw with amazement the scene of destruction beneath. In Lower Holborn more than twenty houses were blazing in one great conflagration; separate fires seemed to spread over the whole city, some throwing out a bright crimson light,

others huge volumes of black smoke, irradiated at intervals by a rush of red sparks like some colossal firework. The sky, the roofs, church towers, St. Paul's cross and dome, the surface of the distant river, all were tinged with the same red glare. On every side she heard the crash of falling walls, the reports of musketry, and above all other sounds the roar of the mob, now rising into fierce shouts, now sinking into a portentous hum like the muttering of a coming storm. She felt dizzy and bewildered; the walls seemed to totter under her; and retracing her steps with some difficulty, she re-entered the solitary chamber in an agony of terror.

Hark! Something strikes the back-room window. There again!" She ran thither "Alice!"

"O is it you? Thank God! thank——"

"Out with the light! out with the light!" was the startling answer; "and here, catch this, and tie it to the bed-post—quick."

Before her trembling fingers had completed the fastening, the lumbering bedstead was dragged along the floor, and scraping off the mortar with his heavy shoes, the farmer half climbed, half scrambled in.

"Now, Smith," he whispered in the same hurried tone; "round with the rope, and stand by."

There was a heavy strain;—a dark mass rose up against the opening;—it was dragged or pushed through—a man climbed in after it, and the window was closed.

For a time nothing was said; the men seemed exhausted by their efforts; and the pause continued until broken by Alice's hysterical screams. It was in vain that John Sheppard urged her to silence; her feelings were excited beyond control, and Smith was obliged to carry her into the next room, and stifle her cries with his handkerchief. The farmer soon joined him.

"I have laid him on the bed," he whispered, "but he's quite dead, and what is to be done I do not know."

"Mr. B. will be here to-morrow," returned Smith, "and then concealment is impossible."

"We must bury him to-night then somewhere; stay you with her, while I go and see for a safe place."

In a quarter of an hour he returned. "I have found a spot that will do," he said, "under the passage by the Stamp-office, two doors above. Is there any chest here we can have for a coffin?"

"That trunk," replied Smith, pointing to one not four feet long.

"We must make it do. She is quiet now, and there is no time to lose; so bring it along." But when it came to the point, and the corpse was to be packed up in the chest, they both held back from the task. "It must be done," said John Sheppard, setting his teeth hard; he walked about the room for a while, and then turning short to the bed, lifted the dead body, pushed the head and shoulders into the box, doubled up the limbs, forced the lid down upon them, and turned the key. "It's done," he said to Smith, who stood by, looking very pale.

Leaving Alice weeping and helpless as a child, the two men provided themselves with coal-hammers and shovels, and stole along the

area, up to the side of the passage by the Stamp-office. A number of planks were lying against the area wall, and by arranging these in a slope, they were able to work under them without fear of discovery. Carefully forcing out the bricks, they laid them aside, and worked out the inside earth, carrying it away in bags and hiding it in the coal-hole. After some hours' hard labour, frequently interrupted by the watchmen going their rounds, they made an opening large enough for the trunk; with great difficulty they managed to bring it down and force it in; the bricks were then built up as before with a plaster made out of the old mortar and clay; the loose earth was carefully swept up, and everything replaced so well, that no suspicion ever lighted on the felon's grave until the present time, after an interval of more than fifty years.

Our extracts from the journal may now be closed. The suppression of the Gordon Riots is matter of history, and needs no mention here; but perhaps it may be satisfactory to know that John Sheppard returned to —— Farm, where he long upheld the character of his race, —never mentioning the name of his unhappy brother, nor appearing conscious of his fate. He insisted on repaying Alice the whole of her original dowry; with which, some time afterward, she married our worthy journalist, who on that occasion left Mr. B.'s chambers, and set up as a law stationer. Their after-life was calm and easy, though Alice long grieved over Harry's melancholy end, and never could enter the narrow passage without a shuddering thought of the bones that lay below.

SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

No. VI.

THERE comes a gleam of other days
  Across life's dreary way;
Whene'er upon thy smile I gaze,
  And mark its sunny ray,
And joys that never can return,
Like phantoms rise from memory's urn!

So when the sun has left the sky,
  A ling'ring track is seen,
To show the twilight wand'rer's eye
  Where late his path has been;
And crimson streaks o'er heaven are cast,
Reflecting back the radiance past!

THE COURTIER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.[1]

BY MRS. GORE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lord Lovell, forgetful that the doors of the closet were kept by the usher and page in waiting, and that another formal-looking individual, in flowing peruke and suit of sable velvet, stood in attendance without, involuntarily moved towards the door as attendant upon Lady Lovell's rapid passage. A word from the King recalled him to himself. Instead of commanding him to escort the lady to her carriage, or see that her people were in attendance, his Majesty commenced a string of interrogatories touching Sir Richard Lovell—his health, happiness, prospects, and intentions.

"How comes it that the old knight hath never visited us since our return?" demanded Charles.

"Your Majesty hath, perhaps, too openly resented the importunity of needy cavaliers," replied Lovell. "Sir Richard could not presume to pay his court without an express invitation."

"An invitation! when I knew not whether to address it to heaven or hell, or the intermediary stage!" cried the King. "Since the old man gave no signs of life, I was bound to conclude him dead. *He*, at least, could not return the compliment. Old Dick was scarcely ignorant of the existence of a man called Charles the Second."

"Nor your Majesty of the fidelity of his service to Charles I. The general is proud and susceptible, and fancies that some slight portion of the favour lavished by your Majesty upon Buckingham, Rochester, and Buckhurst, might be spared to the memory of his brother."

"He is right," said the King, with a countenance suddenly overcast. "Between the claims of the dead and living, and my own scarcity of time and means, I seem to be converting more friends into enemies by neglect, than enemies into friends by favour. In this case atonement is happily in my power. Prythee signify to Sir Richard Lovell my desire of immediately renewing acquaintanceship with so old a friend. Or stay—it is my own hand that must repair my fault." And hastening to the table, the King rapidly indited a few lines expressive of the goodnatured regrets by which, at that moment, his fickle nature was inspired. It was a comfort to him when Lord Lovell, in respectfully taking leave, pledged himself to have the letter conveyed to his uncle.

"All then is well. At length—at length—all will be happily arranged," cried Mistress Corbet, when Lady Lovell, on her return home that evening, communicated to her attached friends the singular incidents which had befallen her, and the strange misconceptions perplexing the mind of Lord Lovell.

[1] Concluded from p. 149.

"So far, at least," replied her ladyship, trying to calm back her excited spirits into their habitual repose, "that my lord is convinced of the utter malignancy of the reports affecting my reputation."

"And of the unsoundness of the plea affecting your ladyship's estates," interposed the worthy Enoch, to whom the quashing of a costly lawsuit afforded one of the happiest features of the case.

"'Tis neither of suits nor duels I am thinking," persisted the good governante. "*These* are transitory evils. *I* look to the permanent happiness of my child. Lord Lovell avows his repentance and betrays his passion, and years of domestic comfort are in store to repay the mortifications of your girlhood."

"From whence are they to arise?" calmly demanded Lady Lovell. "Is it to suffice, that the man who for twelve years hath aggrieved and insulted me, shall cast his eyes upon the house I have governed with prudence, to render me tardy justice? What knoweth Lord Lovell of me to-day more than yesterday was to be known, had he deigned to take cognisance of my conduct? And for the passion wherewith you compliment me, behold and admire what were his sense of justice towards his wife, had the fair face which his sickly fancy despiseth been, as he supposes, that of the Lady Lovell, rather than of her gentle friend? Alas, dear mother, my vanity may have cause to triumph in these recent events, but my peace of mind is scarcely less shadowed than before."

"Trifle not, dear lady, with the relentings of Providence," interposed the demure auditor, who had never before pretended to play the admonitor with his patroness. "The evils we have so long deplored are passing away. Lord Lovell avows himself sensible to your merits—sensible to your charms—and—"

"Long and severe must be the probation which avouches his stedfastness of purpose and feeling, ere I give ear to the suggestions of either my friends or my heart," replied Lady Lovell, mildly, but decisively. "My self-respect, no less than the dignity of my sex, is involved in this thing."

"Make no rash resolves," cried Mistress Corbet, dreading some irrevocable resolution. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil. Lord Lovell's contentious opposition hath driven you perforce into your fitting sphere. You are appreciated, loved, worshipped, by those to whom you had otherwise remained a mark of derision."

"Of what import to me is the favour of the court?" exclaimed Lady Lovell, impatiently. "To-morrow (if the matters connected with this abandoned plea may be so speedily wound up) I shall return to Lovell-house, to the retreat for which, till my right of possession was invaded, I knew not half my attachment. Henceforth my life will be the calmer that I am secure from the malpractices of my husband; but with this impunity begin and end the advantages resulting from my harassing visit to the metropolis."

On the morrow, however, long ere Enoch Shum had gathered up his documents, and scattered forth his disbursements preparatory to departure, arrived the good general to tender to his niece's appeal a reply no longer needful. It was with difficulty Lady Lovell could

obtain his patient attention to her assurances that an *amende honorable* had been already made by her lord, that he had withdrawn his accusations and allegations, that the duel and the lawsuit were quashed for ever. Still Sir Richard burned to wreak upon the offender the explosion of his wrath, to revile him for having stolen ere daybreak from his gates, to reproach him that neither kinsmanly eloquence nor sack-posset had sufficed to attenuate his stubborn heart. To calm the veteran's irritation, Lady Lovell acquainted him with the compunctious visitings of King Charles's conscience on hearing mention of his name; and though, at first, the old man pished and pshawed away the tale, and to every further allusion to the regard avouched towards him by his sovereign replied by a torrent of invectives against the ingratitude and fickleness of the Stuarts, he expressed, in the sequel, an earnest desire for a few minutes' colloquy with his nephew; and, since decorum forbad that Lord Lovell should be invited into a mansion tenanted by his wife, it was settled that a link should forthwith attend Sir Richard to his lordship's lodgings at Whitehall.

The only particulars connected with her recent arrangements, which Lady Lovell saw fit to withhold from the rash old gentleman, were the curious blunders entertained by her wayward lord touching the identity of a consort.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late, she did not choose to expose herself to Sir Richard's railleries, touching the passion she had excited in her own person, and cooled in that of another; and he accordingly reached his nephew's domicile, divided between anxiety to learn the discourse held concerning him by the King, and to promote some expectancy of eventual reunion between the wedded pair.

But though on the first point his resentments were speedily mollified by Lord Lovell's recital of the letter indited by his Lord the King, his nephew's obstinate opposition to all proposal of further accommodation with his wife stung him to the quick.

"I admit," cried the young lord, "that she may be as you describe her—gentle, modest, wise—all that wives and women ought to be. Full justice, public and private, am I willing to render to Lady Lovell. But, as regards the tribute of my affections, sir, I am bound to protest that my fancies are engaged elsewhere. I have seen the woman, unto whom, were she poor in every gift wherewith your lady niece aboundeth, I would still dedicate the earnest tribute of my affections."

"And where are we to look for this all-peerless dame?" demanded Sir Richard, with a sneer. "Is it some Statira of the playhouses, or—"

"I know no more, sir, than yourself," cried Lord Lovell, "and make it even a point of conscience to refrain from inquiring. Maid, wife, or widow, *my* pretensions were alike fruitless, and I spare myself the vexation of defeat."

"You do wisely, Arthur," sternly replied his uncle; "for it were fitting retribution that you learned, by experience, to appreciate the bitter pangs of unrequited love! If, however, the wanton to whom you have pledged the worthless gift of your attachment——"

"Speak heedfully of her, sir, or speak not at all," interrupted his lordship; "I pledge my life upon her worthiness. She is only too fair—too pure—too all excelling, for the place and company in which we have been fated to encounter."

Thwarted by the young man's pertinacity, Sir Richard returned to the question of the King. Although the royal message had crossed him on the road, Lord Lovell assured him that were the secret of his arrival in town to transpire at Whitehall, his absence from court must be interpreted into wanton disrespect.

"The King holds a levee to-morrow, previous to his return to Hampton," observed his lordship. "It were as well that we both attended, in forestalment of misreport."

"I am unprovided for such a ceremony," said the General, doggedly. "My uniform lies moth-fretted at Dickon's Fort. Wait till I am fitly accoutred to parade, like old Ormond, the old age of a General of Charles I., in presence of the gimcrack court of Charles II."

"To-morrow, sir, or never!" was the impetuous Lovell's reply. "On the day following, I sail from Harwich to Helvoetsluys. Bound to no spot of earth, I would fain visit the cities of the empire, and forget, in hurriedness of travel, the curse that desecrates my hearth. There are matters stirring on the Danube which tempt me to trail a pike in Hungary, rather than mope away my days in obscure poverty, mortified by the gibes and bravery of more prosperous courtiers. To-morrow, sir, at noon, (since I may not wait upon you under the roof of one who for all our sakes shall never be insulted by my presence,) I shall entreat you to take me on your way to Whitehall, that for the last time the two last of our house may abide together in presence of their sovereign."

It was observed with regret by Lady Lovell and her little household, that during the remainder of the day the General appeared harassed and dispirited. It was idle to attribute his discomfiture wholly to the fatigues of his journey. Vexations were evidently weighing on his mind. The mingled feelings with which he was prepared to enter the presence of the King, for whom he had suffered wounds, imprisonment, insult, confiscation, were gradually concentrating into a resolve to appeal to his Majesty's authority against the self-expatriation of Arthur Lovell.

The over-wearied veteran retired to rest early, and rose late. Such preparations as the time would admit were hastily made by Lady Lovell for his appearance at court; and rich point and sweeping plumes threw a grace over the tarnished doublet of the proud old soldier.

"I must have my cavalier of Lovell-house do honour to his lady-love," said his niece, as with a melancholy smile she fastened on his sword-knot and scarf. "Thou art the only knight, dear uncle, I am fated to arm for the field. But, thank Heaven, to *thee* I can in all reliance of spirit say, 'Go forth, and prosper.'"

Avoiding the display of having her equipage in attendance to convey her uncle and lord to court, Lady Lovell had provided a coach of rich but simple appearance, into which Sir Richard threw himself in a fit

of distemperature that might have better become the arrival of a cart purporting to draw him to Tyburn Fields.

"This is a sorry errand," was his peevish musing, as he entered the narrow street in which Lord Lovell had taken up his residence, in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Hall. "God send the fellow keep me not waiting. I am in no mood for further harassment or care."

But, so far from keeping him waiting, a message was delivered by his lordship's Italian valet to Sir Richard's lacqueys, entreating that the General would proceed without delay to court; "Lord Lovell, having been unexpectedly called out of town, was unable to have the honour of bearing him company."

"This is some damnable evasion! I read a lie in yonder sneaking varlet's looks!" exclaimed the general, tumbling forth from the coach. "Show me to my nephew's chamber, sirrah! Either Lovell hath *not* left town, or he hath left his service to me in writing."

In utter consternation, the man now entreated Sir Richard to forbear from forcing his way into the house.

"What mischiefs are a-foot, that I may not enter?" cried the general, threatening annihilation to the terrified Neapolitan. "Is your lord under arrest, or in assignation, or mad, or drunk?"

And pushing aside the trembling Mateo, he pursued his way towards the chamber in which on the previous day he had visited his nephew. But at the door stood a grave-looking personage, calmly interdicting all access to the room.

"A bailiff, by all that's damnable!—I guessed as much!" cried the general, crushing the crown of his rich beaver by the vehemence of his gesticulation.

"The surgeons are at this moment examining the wound," observed the stranger, in a solemn whisper; "should it be declared mortal, the duke, your master, must instantly speed into concealment; for already 'tis known that this duel hath been persisted in despite his Majesty's absolute interdiction; and, on his lordship's demise, a price would probably be placed on the head of his grace of Buckingham."

The agitated, the almost convulsed aspect of the old gentleman instantly avouched that so far from being an emissary of the duke, sent to watch the course of events in the habitation of the dying man, he was a near kinsman or friend of the sufferer; and rashly as the surgeon's mate had previously announced the worst to Sir Richard Lovell, did he now admit him into the chamber.

Three professional men were around the bed, one of whom was engaged in a cautious removal of bandages from the side of the sufferer. Faint and exhausted as he was, Lord Lovell turned his head at the sound of his uncle's irrepressible exclamation of horror. "Forgive me," said he, feebly extending his hand. "I trusted that the unlucky affair which weighed yesterday upon my hands would have been so adjusted as to leave me this day at your disposal. To-morrow I was to have quitted England! What matters it to any living soul that my journey is to be of wider limit? My last act hath been an act of atonement. Buckingham hath retracted his slanders."

"Fie on a reparation obtained at such cost as this!" cried the old

man, clasping his hands; and the surgeons, seeing him incapable of the smallest self-control, insisted on removing him from the chamber during the ensuing operation.

"Will he die?" demanded Sir Richard, in a low stern voice, when, at the expiration of half an hour, the chief surgeon issued gravely from Lord Lovell's chamber, and traversed the apartment in which he had taken refuge.

"My hopes are slighter than they were this morning," replied the professional oracle, without moving a muscle of his countenance; "nevertheless art is powerful; nature is great against us, but art——"

"Be ——— in thy company!" cried Sir Richard, disgusted by his callous sententiousness;—"will he die?" reiterated he, seizing the arm of the operating surgeon, who now followed the steps of his superior.

"The present danger is not imminent," he replied, perceiving that his commander-in-chief was out of hearing. "His lordship's constitution is vigorous. If his mind can be kept calm, and his body free from fever——"

The entrance of No. 3 and his instruments warned the second in command that he was overstepping his functions. But Sir Richard's worst apprehensions were relieved. The case was not altogether hopeless. Clasping with emotion the hand of the merciful chirurgeon who had scorned to increase his own importance at the expense of the feelings of a fellow-creature, the general sank back into a chair, and, the moment the scientific slaughterers had closed the door, gave free course to his tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

To keep calm the mind and cool the frame of a man struggling with the contending passions of love and hate, is no such easy task! The impossibility of coming to an amicable arrangement with the Duke of Buckingham had arisen less from his grace's reluctance to do justice to the fame of Lady Lovell, than from Lord Lovell's jealousy of the influence exercised by his grace over the mind of the lovely stranger—a jealousy which rendered him fractious, overbearing, and unjust; and the same frailty which had urged him on to the duel now augmented his danger. Lord Lovell was furious to find himself pinned to an untimely deathbed by the superior address of the man to whose protection the beauteous stranger had retreated from his own. It was afflicting enough to haye his plans of departure impeded—to have his defeat at arms rumoured abroad by the same breath which circulated the withdrawal of his claims and accusations against his wife; but it was doubly so to surmise that Buckingham was figuring in the eyes of the loveliest of her sex, as triumphant over his rashness and lack of swordmanship. On the return of the surgeons to the sick-bed, beside which the general had installed himself, even the most sanguine of them shook his head. That night the patient became delirious. Next morning they avowed his case to be desperate.

Never till then had the general been aware how ardently his hopes were fixed upon the reformation of his nephew. Never had he sus-

pected how sanguine were his expectations of an eventual reconciliation between Arthur and his wife. As he gazed upon the flushed cheek, and listened to the frenzied outcries, of the man to whose countenance fever imparted supernatural beauty, he had scarcely fortitude to reflect that this frail relic of mortality was the last of his time-honoured race—that the name of Lovell was going down into the grave—that he was to be the survivor, not only of his brother's son, but of the mouldering fabric of his race!

It was indispensable to apprise his niece of the afflicting cause that detained him from home. Sir Richard even felt it his duty to acquaint her that her enemy was upon his deathbed, already deprived of reason, and soon to be deprived of life. Thus warned, within an hour she was sharing with Sir Richard Lovell his painful task; and no hireling nurse would have fulfilled with half the zeal the duties to which she devoted herself. With patient self-command she ministered to the wants of the unhappy being who lay stretched before her as if in atonement of her wrongs; and who, even in his delirium, seemed to distinguish the softness of her touch and the adroitness of her services. Amid the tortures he endured, it was *her* voice only that could recal him to tranquillity. In the darkened chamber of death, her person, even had he been capable of observation, was undistinguishable. The surgeons and servants were taught, at her desire, by Sir Richard, to regard her as nurse; and more than once they congratulated the general on the good woman's singular intelligence and care.

Often when, after the dressing of his wound, the sufferer sank into a state of collapse, every moment of which threatened to be his last, did the old soldier attempt to lead her from the bed, beside which she was kneeling, that she might be spared the spectacle of her husband's dying agonies. But the good creature would not be persuaded. The restoratives, administered by her hand, might once more revive him; and how could she desert the one so abandoned of all the world?

It was a rich reward for this devotion when, as she reclined, in the dead of night, on a pallet at the foot of the bed, she heard the unhappy being invoke, in his intervals of pain, the name of his wife, with many a passionate avowal of cruelty and folly; then, seeming to live over again his interview with the lovely *protégée* of Buckingham, he once more offered her his protection, appealed against her mistrust, and implored her to reveal herself to the truest and most impassioned of lovers. Amid threats and imprecations against the favoured Buckingham, his voice died away into extinction, till Anne Lovell trembled and wept with alarm lest she should have heard it for the last time—lest the erring man should be already precipitated into the dread abyss of eternity. Great was her joy when the morning light, struggling into the chamber, showed her that he did but sleep; and though his brow was now contracted with pain, and his features wasted, yet in that altered countenance she beheld all that remained to her of the visions of her youth. How she watched every change of countenance—how she listened to every quickening breath! When Sir Richard arrived to relieve her from her guard, it was to *her*, rather than the surgeons, he turned for an account of the patient; and when towards evening she protested that there was an amend-

ment, it was in vain the doctors continued to assert that the danger was immediate.

That night, during the third watch, her opinion was confirmed by a brief interval of reason vouchsafed to the sufferer. "Who is beside me?" he suddenly inquired, as if waking from a deep sleep.

"I, sir—your nurse!" replied a gentle voice, which appeared strangely grateful to his ear.

"I have a kind and considerate nurse," he faintly replied; "I never miss you from my side. Surely my head has been wandering? Tell me—where am I?—Prythee, was not the Duke of Buckingham here anon?—Was there none with him?—Has no person approached me but yourself?"

"Only your lordship's kinsman, General Lovell," faltered his agitated wife.

"Where is Sir Richard?—let me see Sir Richard."

The old gentleman is gone home for the night," she replied, unwilling to disturb the general's rest, or her own enjoyment of so happy a moment.

"*Home!*" reiterated the sick man, in a troubled voice. "Ay, home to her who is more than friend or daughter to him! Every one hath a home—every one a friend but *me*." And once more he relapsed into reverie. "Speak to me, good nurse," said he, at length, stretching out his hand over the coverlid, in search of the comforting touch of human sympathy. "Your mild voice consoles me. But for *you*, I should be left to die alone. At some future time, nurse, cherish the recollection that your kindness cheered the last anguish of a friendless, helpless man, deserted by all the world—deserted as a just punishment of his waywardness and pride. When I am gone, pr'ythee hie to Lady Lovell, and tell her this. Bear her a lock of my hair, (the only gift in my power to bestow,) as a token that I am gone. Tell her how well you served me, and she will reward you, for her heart and hand are generous as the open day. Bid her deal mercifully with my memory, and say how dear a comfort it was to my dying moments that I resigned my life in her defence. You are weeping, good nurse," he resumed, when he found that his attendant made no answer to his appeal. "You must be good and gentle-hearted to shed these tears for a stranger—a stranger whose life hath been a curse to all his kin. Draw nearer, I pray you, and shred a tress of hair from my brow; I would not that when it is borne to my poor Anne, the lock should be damp and heavy with the dews of death."

Complying in agonised silence, Lady Lovell could scarcely refrain from imprinting a kiss of peace upon his head—scarcely refrain from discovering herself. But that the agitation of such a moment must shake the last sands from his expiring glass, she would fain have thrown herself by Lord Lovell's side, and sobbed out assurances of forgiveness and love.

A happier feeling, however, soon inspired her with caution. The crisis of danger was announced by the surgeons to be past. Lord Lovell's mind became free from illusions, the fever subsided, and it was clear that the disguised nurse must depart also. The patient was accordingly informed by Sir Richard that his faithful attendant was

gone to fulfil another engagement. "God prosper her, for verily her care hath been a benediction to me," was his only comment. But every hour he missed her more and more, fretting unceasingly after her prompt and tender vigilance. "It may seem a weakness," said he one day to General Lovell, "but, so long as that good woman abided here, I experienced the indescribable charm of female companionship. There were times when I could have sworn that a voice was sounding in my ears dearer than any earthly sound. I even fancied, in moments half dream half waking, that a beloved face was bending over me and watching my slumbers. I could almost wish my days of peril to return, to restore such exquisite illusions."

The general, meanwhile, had not been inactive. At the earliest moment of Lord Lovell's convalescence, he hastened to reply in person to the royal missive which had at last reached his hands; and to entreat in his nephew's name that the King would graciously please to withdraw his displeasure from the Duke of Buckingham. The Court was now settled for the winter at Whitehall. During Lord Lovell's danger the duke had remained in concealment, and was still under sentence of proscription; but by taking upon himself the whole blame of the duel, Lovell gave a welcome plea for the ready clemency of the King.

"You have craved my indulgence for Buckingham in my friend Arthur's name," observed Charles, after gracefully according the petition, "why not in your own? Reflect how much I am your debtor, beyond the paltry sums whereof Clarendon hath already secured you payment, and gratify me, my dear general, by some personal request?"

"*My* days are done,—I have nothing to hope or to desire!" replied the blunt old man.

"*Nothing?*—I wish you heartily joy!" retorted Charles with a smile. "Oddsfish, if that's the case, you're happier than a king!"

"Your Majesty remembers me of old, a murmuring and discontented man," observed Sir Richard; "but the event which I wasted my days and nights in fretting for is, by the mercy of Providence, achieved. The throne and the altar are re-estabished in the land of my forefathers."

"Have at least the grace to say that my Majesty is restored to the throne of *his!*" cried the King with a smile, perceiving that nobody was within hearing. "So may the cordiality of your congratulations make up for their tardiness."

But Sir Richard made no reply.

"If his memory can compass so wide a span as a quarter of a century," resumed the King, "let Sir Richard Lovell recal the period when his daily lesson to a wilful boy, committed by the tenderest of fathers to his charge, was—'Forgive your enemies, that your enemies may become friends!—Pardon the trespasses of others, that your own may be pardoned.' That boy hath grown into a man, among whose countless faults vindictiveness was never yet detected. Hath the governor contracted that unchristianly failing from which his lessons so happily secured his pupil? No, no; your hand, sir! Let us be friends, and be the first proof of your good-will an appeal

to mine. Our prerogatives of the crown are somewhat abridged, my dear general, since you first impressed upon your pupil the value of the word. Nevertheless, some virtue yet resides in it. Tell me—how can I serve you?"

The tone and look with which these affectionate words were spoken, thawed the long congealed loyalty of Sir Richard Lovell. He was unable to withhold his hand from the outstretched hand of the King, —"By assisting in bringing together, in happy wedlock, those whom God hath joined, and evil thoughts divided," was his reply. "I should die content, sire, could I behold my nephew and niece dwelling together in peaceful union at Lovell-house."

"Tut, man!—'tis surely no such hard matter to bring a fine young man into grace with a fine young woman, and *vice versâ!*" cried the King. "'Twill need no stretch of tyranny to make matters even betwixt them. Leave Arthur Lovell to my guidance; and the Queen will desire no better task than to try *her* eloquence upon the perverse lady, who, of all our English dames, hath won furthest into the heart of her Majesty. If we can only so far amend your motion, as to fix the happy couple one part of the year in our household at Whitehall, I shall be as pleased as yourself with my office."

As soon, therefore, as Lord Lovell was able to sit up, the good-humoured monarch sauntered as a familiar friend to his chamber, and bestowed, with due liberality, on the sick man all that was harboured in his memory of such sermons and orations in praise of matrimony, as, for the last twelve months, had been dinned in his royal ears. But the effort was unavailing; both master and scholar soon grew weary of the theme.

"By St. Ursula and her eleven thousand, 'twill never do," cried Charles, expanding at length into a hearty laugh. "I can never put the right serious face upon the matter. I see you look askance at me, Arthur, my lad, just as *I* used to glance at poor Clarendon, when meditating an escape from one of his matrimonific homilies. One word must serve for all. Next week you are to come abroad and look about you. Your first visit is due to me, in gratitude for my clemency towards the disobedience which had all but deprived me of one old friend, and made me send to Newgate another. On Monday, my dear Lovell, I shall expect you. The Queen hears music in her private apartments. Among her Majesty's guests, remember, will be one whom I would fain have you fairly contemplate, ere you finally decline all overtures of reconciliation. The presence of a certain fair lady, whom I understand from his grace of Buckingham you rescued from a mysterious ambuscade some two months ago, need not, I trust, interfere with your consideration of Lady Lovell."

Interdicting all reply, the King took leave of the invalid; and Lord Lovell was provoked beyond measure to find himself pledged to an engagement so unsatisfactory. But elated to the highest pitch by the idea of accompanying his nephew to a court in which he was beginning to found hopes of prosperity for the nation and of gratification for himself, Sir Richard would hear of no pretext for absenting himself.

"I see through your design. I clearly discern your intention to

flurry me into entanglements with Lady Lovell, from which I may not afterwards recede. You will take advantage of an unguarded moment to betray me into advances which I forewarn you, my dear uncle, can be productive of no result."

"'Fore heaven! the fellow's obstinacy waxes greater than ever," cried the old man. "I had hoped that so much probing and leeching would relieve your veins of their bitter Digby blood. Trust me, Arthur, I have better sport in hand than to trouble myself with your likings or dislikings, your freezings or thawings. The King hath invited all the old Wor'ster men to do honour to my re-appearance at court; and, betwixt ourselves, a royal order is already issued to old Cibber, the marble carver, for a monument of honour to the memory of one most dear to us, of which the old Abbey yonder will have news to tell for centuries to come. Rowley hath wiped off scores with the house of Lovell. Let us not be churlish in refusing to acknowledge his just payment of the family debt."

It was with a heavy heart, however, that Lovell suffered Mateo to arrange the points of the rich suit of garnet-coloured velvet, with facings of sable fur, provided by the general to cherish his invalid condition; and the paleness of his face and sharpness of his handsome features became doubly apparent when arrayed in the flowing richness of courtly gear. Leaning on the arm of Sir Richard, he traversed the state apartments. Already a brilliant crowd was assembled; and as the doors of the music-room were thrown open, the Duke and Duchess of York, with their suite, made their appearance. Brilliantly illuminated, the gallery seemed doubly resplendent with the sparkling of female beauty. Ranged around the Queen, sat the Ladies Chesterfield, Radnor, Shrewsbury, Montagu, Bedford, Falmouth, Southesk, Feversham, Lyttleton; while in the recess of the window, behind the throne, stood five out of the six lovely maids of honour, whose freaks were supposed to tax just then to the utmost the patience of Mademoiselle de la Garde, the far-famed "mother of the maids." Those beauteous faces which the pencil of Lely has immortalised, with their sleepy eyes, velvet skins, and pouting lips, were there in all their winning plenitude of youth and loveliness.

But amid the blooming groups assembled, like knots of clustering flowers, the agitated Lovell looked in vain for the demure countenance and downcast eyes of his wife. It was not at Whitehall that he could be guided to recognition of her person, as in the Mall, from her leaning upon the arm of his old aversion, Mistress Corbet; and he had unluckily exacted a promise from his uncle that no step should be taken to point them out to each other.

The concert commenced. One of the fine symphonies recently composed by Matthew Locke, to be introduced into the play of Macbeth, filled the groined ceiling with its fine imaginative harmonies; and during the performance, the eyes of Lord Lovell, who was reclining pale and anxious against one of the columns of the gallery, wandered from point to point in search of one whom they longed yet dreaded to behold. The general, out of patience with his abstraction, had made off to the opposite extremity of the gallery in company with old Russell, of the Foot Guards, of minuet celebrity;

and was watching from afar the movements of more than one member of the gay assemblage. At last he detected a faint start, and in a moment a hectic flush overspread the pale face of Lord Lovell.

Beside the venerable Countess of Carlisle, who had been induced, by the personal request of the Queen, to forego for once her beloved retirement, sat the beautiful friend of the Duke of Buckingham; her snowy draperies looped with orient pearl, a circlet of brilliants confining the rich tresses of her raven hair. At the close of a military symphony, which appeared the signal for a general movement, Lord Lovell ventured to approach her; and the heart of the attentive veteran beat quicker than it had done for twenty years before, as he watched the event of the interview.

Again Lord Lovell started, when, after a low obeisance, his compliments of ceremony elicited a brief reply from the lovely lady. It was the voice of his gentle nurse. The mild eyes fixed upon him were hers,—the sweet breath uttering his name was her own. A pang of mingled wonder and delight, too acute to bear, rushed through his fainting heart; and Sir Richard reached the spot scarcely in time to assist in bearing him from the gallery. With the aid of Lord Arran, Lovell was quickly conveyed into a small withdrawing-room adjoining the private entrance of the Queen.

"I was to blame not to foresee this," cried Charles, who, on the rumour of the sudden illness of Lord Lovell, had followed the party. "Stand aside, my dear general,—'tis neither your face nor mine he must gain sight of when he comes to himself. Nay, madam, draw not away. Remember your word is pledged to Charles Stuart, that my friend's probation is at an end. Look up, Arthur—revive to happiness and love! I ask you again, as you were asked aforetime at the altar—'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' *Your* indulgence, fair lady, is still to be entreated. Let the silence of his deep emotion plead for him. No bending of knees, Arthur; you are still under my word of command; but lo! from this hour, your King and governor delegates his authority over you to the noblest of women and of wives. Cherish her as she deserves. Her forbearance hath been tried enough to last out the remnant of both your lives."

> "I do not write for that dull maid,
> To whom it must in terms be said"

that the happiness of this second union soon effaced all memory of the misfortunes attending the first. Lovell-house became renowned in the history of the times for its princely hospitalities and domestic peace; and though upon old Elias Wright's entreaty that his old age might be comforted by the return of his nephew and niece to Dalesdene, now that the presence of the auditor was no longer of daily import, yet to the last day of his life the general remained a happy inmate at Dickon's Fort, where it was part of the sergeant's duty to train old Stark and Sturm into good manners, so as not to interfere with the visits of little Arthur Lovell to his grand-uncle. Once a year the families of Corbet, Shum, and Wright, made it a point of conscience, in compliance with the earnest invitations of their benefactress, to unite under her roof, when, if an accidental pleasantry

served for a moment to recal the misunderstandings of less happy days, a guilty blush would overspread the countenance of Lovell, till cheered by the affectionate smiles of his wife.

To the invitations of his Majesty, that the last of his Lovells should accept some permanent office in the royal household, the prudent husband showed himself less subservient, the lingering effects of his wound enabling him to plead ill health as a pretext for respectful refusal.

We read of the Lovells as occasional sharers in the princely hospitalities of Whitehall; but it is not till the reign of Anne, and in the person of their eldest son, that we find the name inscribed in the annals of public life.

Some trifling mementos of this singular family history are still in existence. The terrace, the canal, the old quince tree, retain their primitive simplicity; the portrait, by Vandyke, almost its original strength of colouring. Within sight of these memorials, and aided by a diligent perusal of family records, we have communicated, under fictitious names, the true history of "The Probation."

A SONG FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN.*

Oh! ours is the fairest land
On which the sun looks down,
And ours is the brightest Queen
That ever wore a crown.
Old England's sons are kind and brave,
Her daughters good and fair,
With open hand and gen'rous heart,
And spirits free as air.
No fields wear richer green than hers,
No streams more silv'ry sheen.—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

Old England's red-cross banner waves
O'er many a foreign sod;
Where'er the foot of man can roam
Her gallant sons have trod.
On many a distant shore are laid
Her brave in battle slain,
But the banner of Old England shone
Victorious o'er the plain!
'Tis planted 'neath the Indian skies,
It cheers the Arctic scene.—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

* We have much pleasure in inserting these interesting lines from a gifted young lady in Newfoundland. We intend again to present our readers with some further specimens of this accomplished lady's productions.

Old England's sons have borne afar,
Unchecked by want or pain,
The words of faith, and love, and hope,
By desert and by main;
Have bravely met the martyr's doom,
And with uplifted hand
Still pray'd that light might chase the shades
From ev'ry heathen land.
Your temples in the wilderness
Rise up where they have been.—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

To cheer the sad, and help th' oppress'd,
Is England's dearest care;
The homeless exile seeks her shores,
Secure of welcome there!
Her gallant vessels ride the seas
To free the trembling slave,—
For tyránny is for the mean,
And kindness for the brave!
Hope rises in the suff'rer's heart
When England's flag is seen.—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

Her nobles have their palace home,
Her poor their quiet cot;
Beside the meanest door, aye smiles
The blooming garden-plot.
Upon her hills are waving woods,
Along her vales broad parks,
Upon her mighty rivers float
Her merchants' freighted barks.
There's not a port in foreign lands
Where Britons are not seen.—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

Oh! many great and conqu'ring kings
Have ruled our lovely land,
But happier is the gentle sway
Of woman's sceptred hand!
A blessing on the fair young head
Of her who rules the Isles,
And loves to meet the cheering light
Of a grateful people's smiles.
May the future of Victoria's life
Be as the past has been!—
A blessing on our own dear land!
A blessing on our Queen!

H. P., Terra Nova.

THE NIGHT AUCTION.

As I am a frequent loiterer about town, I am, as a matter of course, and almost indeed, of consequence, a frequent dropper-in at those inviting resorts for business-men and bargain-hunters, auction-rooms, where penny-wise and pound-foolish persons purchase all sorts of "miscellaneous property," of which they are in nowise in want, and which other persons, who have an "eye to the main chance," put up there, to be knocked down there, with many a well-affected groan, as though they were ruined by the sacrifice; and, on the following day, they are seen dashing and splashing about town in a new phaëton, drawn by a pair of spotted ponies, purchased out of these and other ruinous losses!

Among other places of this inviting kind, into which I occasionally ramble, and where, bitten as deeply with the bargain-mania as the rest of "the pound-foolish," I sometimes buy a picture which is honestly worth half the purchase-money I give for it, and sometimes buy a pig in a poke, which is honestly worth nothing, I straggled, the other evening, into Georgione's well-known sale-rooms for all sorts of miscellaneous matters, situated, I shall not say where, in one corner of Leicester-square. There are many worse places round about, into which a *not* penny-wise but pound-foolish man might enter, and fare worse. For instance, as I passed through the square, two or three cards were somehow strangely insinuated into my hand, by two or three dark, dirty, dingy, shabby-looking foreigners, who politely informed me that I might, if I was so mad-minded, find play-tables, and be made one of Fortune's fools by the dexter hands of several of Fortune's knaves. I had no sooner, however, recovered from the surprise which these serpent-like insinuations stirred up in my susceptible disposition, than I fell into reflecting that it was hard that this great city—having, I should say, enough bad men, "native and to the manner born," of its own breeding and rearing—should give town-room to the depraved and desperate of other nations; and that naturalized Jews and foreigners should form the main body of the camp-followers in the march of modern society, and be the most active plunderers of this most Christian people! "If my fellow-citizens must be robbed," thought I, "let them be robbed by their fellow-citizens! I have no notion, or but a slight one, of this species of robbery being almost wholly monopolized in the hands of foreigners. If roguery, and rascality in general, must needs live and thrive here, I am patriotic enough to wish that English hands may have the unenviable but not unprofitable privilege of picking English pockets. I am no advocate for a free trade in such matters. I would have France keep to herself her *rouge-et-noir* robbers, and leave us alone to our own town-bred thimble-riggers, and the other rogues who live upon the folly of their simple fellow-citizens. It shows, indeed, a melancholy supineness in our magistrates that they sleep over these things. It is a melancholy spectacle to witness the continual increase of

the sly, side-door, reputable-looking, shop-like gambling-houses, daily and nightly springing up under the very windows of the palace of the Queen of a people renowned for and encircled by honest industry. It is, indeed, so great a moral anomaly and moral disgrace, that one wonders what has become of the good old moral hatred of rascality and the moral honesty of the English men of forty years ago—where they are gone—where resident—and how it is that their sons think so diversely from their forefathers!" But to return to a more pleasant theme.

The moralist and the benevolent philosopher might find matter for serious reflection and the soberest speculation in an auction-room. The private history of the various articles composing a sale by auction would make as melancholy a series of chapters as ever yet were written, and "Tales of the Catalogue" be as stirring and exciting, in their interest, as "Tales of the Canongate." Many a domestic joy and sorrow—many a hope and many a despair—many a painful and many a pleasing recollection—are attached to many a single article in an auction-room, which the cold, calculating eye of the bargain-hunter glides hastily over—his hand carelessly takes up, and as carelessly lays down.

But as the sale had commenced when I entered the rooms, I had little time for such reflections. One incident only of the evening struck me as remarkable, and set me pondering upon the contradictions there are between human circumstances and human character. This was witnessing a celebrated vèteran boxer bidding earnestly, as though he desired to have it, for a very respectable copy of Vandyke's "Crucifixion!" In his broad, hard, homely face I could read that it was in no commercial spirit he was bidding for it; that it was a matter of taste with him—and if of taste, perhaps of feeling and veneration for the subject! "Truth is strange!"

However, not to dwell too long upon one lot, the sale went on, and two or three Claudes; a Raffaelle; a Guido; three cabinet Correggios; Canalettis out of all conscience; a pair of Salvator Rosas, which "savage Rosa" never "dash'd" with his mad brush, but at which he he would have dashed his extravagant head, if he could have seen them, and heard them called *his* pictures; a Poussin which "learned Poussin" never drew; a Teniers, two years old; Paul Potters, which put me in mind of the glazed clay-cattle of the Staffordshire potteries; Gainsboroughs which ought to have been placed, on a late remarkable occasion, in schedule A, they smelt so much of corruption; Sir Joshuas, the dirt on which was not quite dry; Morlands, painted from pigs of 1837, and from donkeys dating their birth from the year of the accession of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, who must now remember (the donkeys, not the Queen) standing for their portraits; Wilsons, which were not "all Dicky," for they smelt uncommonly fresh of Tommy; Nasmyths, but good Allans; with other first, and second, and third class pictures, and cabinet specimens of the best (and the worst) masters, the whole forming the expensively selected collection of a gentleman going abroad—(if he was not going, he had been much abroad, I should say)—were sold off without reserve—(and the candour of all parties concerned was to be admired)

—and, on the average, brought about two-thirds of the original purchase-money—a profitable investment of the surplus capital of the "gentleman going abroad!"

After the pictures had been thus handsomely disposed of, the unique collection of curiosities of a late celebrated antiquary (who was not going abroad, for he was gone) were put up, and knocked down to the highest bidder, who, I could not but remark, was uniformly the purchaser—a decided proof of the fairness with which sales are conducted at Mr. Georgione's. Some of the lots were ridiculous enough to make me, "albeit unused to the *merry* mood," laugh heartily at the absurdities of taste and the puerilities of virtuoship, and to marvel much more at the preposterous spirit of competition there was for such really worth-nothings, because they were old, ugly, *outré*, and had cost an antiquary some research in poking them out, and much misused money in purchasing them. It was with disgust that I beheld "A doigt of St. Thomas," for which no rational man would have given a doit, fetch ninety guineas! (The fortunate purchaser might have all my digits, when I have done with them, for half that sum.) "The two lost fingers of Three-Fingered Jack!" were afterwards sold to the same antiquary (in a dream I had) for the more reasonable sum of ten pounds. (Black Jack would have manumitted the whole for a dollar.) Several more like lots were duly disposed of, and bought at equally high prices by gentlemen and agents for gentlemen, among whom I heard great names whispered as great collectors of such strange articles of *vertù*, which much more astonished me. But there is no use in marvelling at the absurdities of men with a mania for collecting! Some have spent half a fortune in making an unique collection of turnpike-tickets: others in forming a complete series of ropes used upon particular occasions before the Debtor's-door in the Old Bailey: others have a chronological collection of the cotton caps used upon the same melancholy occasions: others a phrenological museum of casts of the heads which wore the said cotton nightcaps: others, albums full of the autographs of hands which had been used in rubbing away wens, and if the penman was illiterate, "John Smith X his mark" was just as valuable and preservation-worthy:—there is no end to the absurdities of men who have more money than wit. I only wish they would turn their rage for collecting to more useful purposes—such as an unique collection of comfortable old women, carefully arranged in a consecutive series of almshouses; or a few choice specimens of old, broken-down hedgers and ditchers, decayed tradesmen, and other like bald and battered antiquities, the best antiquities after all. What a glorious catalogue of the effects of some late Sir John Somebody these would make. With what pleasure we should hear that he had bequeathed them to the nation—almshouses, old men, old women, and all; and left funds enough to keep up the collection, and add occasionally to the museum such choice specimens as are really worthy of forming a portion of so praiseworthy an exhibition. As it was, I must confess that I looked on with impatience at seeing an apocryphal finger of St. Thomas (carefully preserved in an expensive glass-case, and which, after all, and not improbably, might be one of the furtive five fingers of some diving ancestor of

Nimming Ned) fetch a larger sum than "A sketch," said to be the handiwork of the sublime Raffaelle, (and if it was not his, it was as beautiful as the creations of his hand;) and I laughed outright when I witnessed the hot competition for a warming-pan said to have been used at Malmaison while Napoleon resided there, and therefore *might* have warmed his bed, which was, after a long contest, knocked down for fifty guineas; while a really fine copy of Jordaen's "Blowing Hot and Cold" was sold for something less than three-fourths of the value of its frame. But there is no accounting for the prejudices of taste!

The sale over, I retired to a neighbouring tavern, where I took supper; and weary with the day's fatigues, and drowsy with the unseasonable replenishment of my wasted energies, I, in no long time, dropped quietly to sleep in the comfortable corner of the box where I had ensconced myself. I was no sooner in that happy land, "the land of Nod," than

"—— dreams, which mock the close-shut eye,"

visited me; and methought, or rather I should more properly say, medreamed, that I was still seated in the great room at Mr. Georgione's, and that the whole sale was still going on, and all the oddly-assorted articles I had seen put up "without reservation," and knocked down "to the highest bidder," (who was not unlikely in that case to be "the purchaser,") were represented to my "dreaming *eye*," and sold off, lot by lot, as they occurred in the catalogue, in the fantastic form and fashion following.

"Lot 1," being lifted upon the easel by Joe the porter, was pronounced by Mr. Georgione to be "A Cabinet Landscape, by Klomp—a sweet little gem!"*—whereupon my fancy began to play its old tricks and conjurations; and medreamed that, instead of a landscape, I beheld a street-scape, otherwise one of those scape-graces about town—a little, ragged urchin, half-breeched, and half-shirted, answering to the name of Jem—a sweet little Jem, not gem—boring a gimlet-hole through a hogshead of sugar immediately standing on one side a grocer's door; and medreamed that, just as he had made his first quotation of its contents, that Mr. Figgins, the consignee, came stealthily behind the too-amorous of sweets, and gave him such a severe taste of that concomitant of sugar-cane, as made the young scamp roar so lustily, that

"All the street resounded back his roar;"

when, waking up with a start, I found the waiter of the tavern pacifying, with gentle soothings and smoothings, his mistress's favourite spaniel, whose tail he had just trod upon, of which inadvertence Spot was still complaining loudly. Dropping off to the "land of Drowsy-

* All the articles named in the course of this paper are, as they profess to be, actual quotations from the catalogue of the sale in question. It would have been easy enough to have brought together a series of supposed lots of a more ludicrous sort; but as the text of Mr. Georgione's catalogue suggested this paper, I have stuck to my text, and made the best (and the worst) of it.

head again," in a few moments I was once more in the smiling presence of Mr. Georgione; and the next lot being put up,

"A Paddy-Bird Tippet," medreamed I heard a hoarse pair of Milesian lungs vehemently crying out "Paddy-Bird, tip it him!" and in the twinkling of a pretty girl's ankle, I observed a little, inoffensive, incompetent-looking spalpeen of a cockney, who had incautiously run his little-hatted head against two Irish labourers carrying a ladder, floored by "a bunch of fives," which was as big as two bunches, and "the divil's own row" was about to be kicked up, and I was curiously looking on, (for it is always an interesting sight to see an Irishman in a row,) when I was again awakened by two parliamentary reporters, with "a bit of the brogue," about them, who had been writing quietly in the next box, and shutting to their books with a loud slap and clap, were hurrying away with their notes to the press.—(I have no other objection to make to reporters in general, as I never speak in public, and never put police magistrates to any sort of trouble on my account, save this—that these intelligent gentlemen of the press always seem too much in a hurry, and make too great a bustle wherever they go, to permit the quiet fellows of this world to have their nap out undisturbed. They also insist a little too much, I think, that one should "Hear! hear!" when one had rather not; disturb the "Chair!" somewhat too often in the course of the evening; and if one should rashly cry, "Spoke! spoke!" with the good intention of putting one in the wheel of their oratory, they are the first to vociferate "Order! order!" that they may have all the disorder to themselves.)

Again I slept, and the next lot,

"Six stout Tumblers" were, in the twinkling of an eye, turned—Heaven only knows how!—into six Dutch burgomasters, of the broad-bottomed sort which were in fashion two or three centuries since, when an honest Mynheer wore at once as many pairs of breeches as would now supply your modern Mynheer with galligaskinery for his life. What could move the worthy half-dozen to such an enterprise I know not—whether it was infatuation, or some wild delirium of their grave fancies, too powerfully excited with smoky hollands and smoking; but all at once, as one man, they deliberately laid down their yard-long pipes, with the intention of "trying a fall" with one another. Not thinking of the consequences of such horse-play, I rather felt pleased than not at such an unusual exhibition of spirits in such a quarter—was curiously speculative as to which would be the conquering three—and was hugging myself that I should see a wrestling-match, which must beat Cornwall and Devonshire wrestling hollow, and render them child's play. No sooner, however, had they grappled each Dutchman his antagonist by the collar and the plaited parts of their breeches than—O horror!—down they all went together! And medreamed that the entire earth reeled and shook under the shock—all Europe, except Holland, started in affright from its bed—and a loud cry went up that "There was an earthquake!" Not content, however, with the alarm they had thus unintentionally created, methought that these same doughty Dutchmen next took it into their fanciful heads to attempt that wondrous feat, since performed

by the Bedouin Arabs, of piling up a pyramid of bodies upon the heads and shoulders of other bodies—Dutch burgomaster heaped upon Duch burgomaster! To accomplish this daring design, methought that two of them—the sturdiest and broadest at the base of the whole six—began by taking up their ground in the street immediately under the windows of the house where they were quartered, while two others got out of the balcony, and mounted upon their shoulders—a fifth clambered out of the second-floor window, and straddled, Colossus-like, from outside shoulder to outside shoulder—and the sixth was deliberately getting out of the garret-window, to put Pelion upon Ossa and top the whole, when methought I cried out, in the agony of apprehension, "Mein Gott! Mynheer—(what's your d——d Dutch name?—Van Di'ble, or what?—for heaven and earth's sakes don't attempt to do *that!*")—when methought that the topmost man took no more notice of my agonising fears than this—that, deliberately drawing his pipe from between his lips, and laying it carefully down across the coping-stone, and then as phlegmatically spitting out of the windows upon me, he made answer to my entreaties in these words:—"I will knock mein head bump against de sky, and break all de window, bot I will do it!" And saying this he stepped over the parapet, and carefully adjusting himself as the pinnacle of that Dutch pile, the frightful accumulation was complete, and six Amsterdam burgomasters stood pyramidically heaped upon each other! "Horror upon horror's head accumulated!" Medreamed that in another moment the ground rocked and rolled about like a wave of the sea—the houses danced up and down like corks in the Thames when a gale of wind is blowing—the streets lurched—their scared inhabitants ran from side to side, as though they were land-sick—and lastly, "this firm-set earth," which could no longer bear up under this awful accumulation of superabundant Dutchmen, suddenly opened, gaped, gave way, swallowed them down alive, and then closed over them, and they were no more seen! Then methought that I heard an old woman, who, like myself, had been intently and intensely looking on at the daring, desperate doings of these Dutchmen, cry convulsively "O lord! that's the way we have so many earthquakes!" And methought she added, in *her* agony, "They'll go right through the world to the *antipathies!* There again! what's that?" she cried; and an awfully loud rumbling noise ran along the ground. I started—gave a deep groan of horror—fumbled for my brains—collected my scattered senses—listened—and it was only some heavily-laden country wagon, rocking and rolling by under the windows! It was clear that I had been suffering a severe fit of the nightmare all this time. (*Mem.* Invalids should never, on any account, indulge in pork-chops for supper, if they desire to have

"Rosy sleep, and slumbers light,"

undreadful of excess of Dutchmen and Dutch animal spirits.)

As sleeping in a tavern is not "for the good of the house," unless you lodge there, and honourably pay your bills, but as imbibing is, I took a deep draught of whisky punch, and lighting my cigar, once

more composed " my decent limbs," and " addressed myself to Sleep," who was polite enough to attend to me, and again I dreamt a dream.

" Two Paintings and a Tea-caddy " formed the next lot, and somehow got confounded, in my fancy, into a pair of landscapes, by T. Caddi, an Italian painter of no eminence, though he painted mountain scenery.

The following lot, " A Bottle-Jack, in perfect order," was speedil transformed into a very-like likeness to my too-sober friend, Jack O., who had been dining out somehow somewhere, with her Majesty's ministers, and he had never sat at table with a jollier set of *parsons* in his life—so he said: an irreverent speech, which I was not a little astonished to hear from his lips; for I know that he has such a sober reverence for all that belongs to the church, that he cannot even forbear from bowing profoundly down to a beadle in his best! But when the wicked wine is in, the good wit is out. I regretted to have to observe that he was all at sixes and sevens with his single bottle—his neckcloth, which he ties so neatly in general, all untied—his white waistcoat unbottoned—his hat at full cock, and with a deep dent in it, as though a lamp-post had run against it—his coat half off, as if partly peeled, and just ready to be " anybody's customer "—and the whole circumspect, sober man as drunk as a lord—(for lords get drunk again in these degenerate days!)—careless of all consequences, and utterly indifferent whether a hackney-cab or a police-stretcher carried him collectively home to his lodgings for a single gentleman. Just as I was about to offer to see my old friend safely to his truckle-bed the next lot,

" A Warming-Pan" was put up, and drew my attention away from him. It was no sooner handed round, than there ensued such a sudden uproar of strangea nd savage laughter, and such " an outcry wild," as though a crew of Bacchanals had reeled out drunken-ripe from " The Bacchus and Tun," to

" Break lamps and beat the watchmen ;"

and, *hey presto,* the warming-pan commenced a transformation—in a few moments assumed a classical shape, and I beheld Pan, " the Universal Pan," warming his hirsute hide, rain-drenched, by a winter wood-fire; and,

" O soul of Sir John Cheke!"

heard him most unclassically complain that he was as wet as a water-dog, and bitterly regret to his attendant satyrs, who were laughing at him, that the times were so hard that he could not afford to buy

" A very excellent new Macintosh Cloak," the useful if not ornamental lot which followed.

" A Filterer " was the next article, and was no sooner up than it changed into that dribbling antiquary, Time, who seemed to have learned nothing from long experience, but was still engaged in making the old experiment, of which he ought to have known the result thousands of years agone—watching those " minute drops," a widow's tears, for the loss of " her dear departed, late Mr. ——," which were

slowly filtering through the stone, in little drops no bigger than pins' heads, and these were "few and far-between."

"Sundry useful Glasses" were then handed round, and I must say that they did not behave themselves so well as they should, for they rudely thrust themselves before the faces of several old beaux and battered beauties, time and town worn, who, I observed, with lively concern, shrank back appalled at the wrinkles and defacings which themselves, more than Time, had made in their withered frontispieces.

"A Meat-safe," being recommended for its services, seemed strangely negligent of its responsibilities; for I observed that its door was sufficiently ajar to admit of that abomination of good housewives, "a strange cat," who was interiorly engaged in picking a cold shoulder of mutton entrusted to its charge, while the real Simon Pure, the cat of the establishment, looked not unwishfully on at his lawless luncheon, and would gladly have shared in the spoil, had not he feared to interfere, the stranger wore such fierce moustachios, and looked and swore so much like a terrible mouser. As I had seen men—civil, civic men—stand in like awe of the moustachioed men of war, I pitied the pacific timidity of poor puss, and thought of the tyranny of the powerful.

"A dozen and a half of D'Oyleys" being flung upon the auction-board, methought that, having heard a doctor of that name deliver a long lecture on the previous Sunday, I cried out, loudly and profanely, "No, no: a dozen and a half of D'Oyleys at once is too much! One at a time, Mr. Georgione, if you love me!" But finding him fully bent on putting up the whole lot, medreamed that I most disgracefully and irreverently alarmed a large congregation by rushing like a reprobate out of a pew, and out of some church, knocking down both beadles in my haste, clearing the free seats of the only two old women who were nodding at each other, and, running my head against a tomb in the churchyard, methought I read the honoured merchant-name of Tradescant on its stone; and that I was so shocked at what I had done, (run my irreverent head against a tombstone,) that I waked up, stammered out a lame apology, and then slept on.

"A Cupid, after Sir Joshua," was the following lot, and a most diverting one it proved; for methought that no sooner did Sir Joshua hear that there was "a Cupid after" him than he incontinently took to his heels, amidst loud outcries of "Run, Josh!" and "Run, Dan!" and that Reynolds ran like a cock that dreads a second scalding, while the little blind god followed fast upon his heels "with a whoop and a halloo!" till *both* were out of sight in one of his own blue distances. Bets, methought, were freely offered and taken—"Ten to one on Cupid against the field!" Who won I did not hear.

"Four old bronzes" were no sooner put up than they turned into lively personifications of the same number of well-known impudent old dogs of attorneys, which seemed to create a great deal of malicious merriment at the cost of those much-misunderstood humble agents of "old Mother Antic," the Law.

"A white hat, dimity waistcoat, black surtout, pair of drab kerseymere ——, and ditto leggings,"—before any one had time to examine into their respectability, ran off, *via* Gretna Green, with

"A Leghorn bonnet, lace veil, satin spencer, fashionable ball-dress, white silk hose, and white satin slippers." Whereupon methought that "the four old bronzes" offered each his card and legal services to the outwitted guardian of these articles, upon the most moderate terms. I was sorry, for the "white hat's" sake, to hear that the "Leghorn bonnet" was a ward in Chancery: so that the "white hat" is likely enough hereafter to get his head into the same.

"Seven yards of fine Irish" were somehow transmuted into little my Lady M——n, who beats the Swiss giantess hollow in womanhood.

"Nine yards of stout Irish," being unrolled, presented themselves as O'Brien, the once-great giant, who was to be seen, "during the fair," in a caravan, which, from the lowest tire of the wheels to the top of the tin chimney, stood only eight feet high from the ground. While I was puzzling myself what was done with the superflux of O'Brien, methought that one Dr. M——n, who was present, (there is but one,) disgusted with the trick, gave the giant such a hard hit in the pancreatic part of his person as doubled him up, and made the caravan contain him comfortably.

"A pair of double-milled trousers" then stood up like (the lower half of) a man, to be knocked down by Tom Cribb and Jem Belcher hitting into them right and left, till the Marquis of W cried "Shame!" and Lady ——, who patronises prize-fighting (!) cried, "Take them away—they're beaten!"

"A bundle of Breast-comforters" took the much more pleasing form of several marriageable young ladies with good fortunes, but were no sooner exhibited than the following lot—

"Twenty yards of strong Irish," were after them, with what success I know not.

After this lot was cleared away, Mr. Georgione took a long sip at his sherry and water, and having drawn breath, remarked that, "if it suited the convenience of the company, he would now go on with the collection of curiosities and antiquities." Accordingly, as I dreamed, he went on with them, much to my amusement; for I need not say that many articles were now sold off, without reserve, which it would have puzzled the antiquary himself to have poked out in the catalogue of sale of his "effects defective." As is the irrespective manner of my fancy, I dreamed that the purchasers of the following unique articles of *vertu* were present, then and there; and as they were mostly dignified characters, gave a dignity to the humble auction-rooms of Mr. Georgione which Mr. Christie might have envied.

"Julius Cæsar's first copy-book of pot-hooks and hangers, name and date at foot of each page, in excellent preservation."—(Purchased for the Society of Antiquaries, nine hundred guineas.)

"A toad in a block of marble, supposed to be coeval with the world!"—(British Museum, eleven hundred and ten guineas.)

"Apple which William Tell struck off the head of his son, with mark of the arrow, preserved in spirits."—(Horticultural Society, two hundred guineas.)

"Rag with which the late R. P. Bonnington wiped his palette."—(One hundred guineas.)

"Copy of the same, in oils, by W. Turner, Esq., R.A."—(Two hundred and seventy guineas.)

"Stone thrown by Kidd Wake at George III., with mark of collision."—(Lord E., one hundred guineas.)

"Pin with which Napoleon le Grand picked his teeth during the battle of Waterloo, taken out of his sleeve by his valet at night.)"—(Duke of W., five hundred guineas.)

"Hoof of the deer which Shakspeare stole, made into a snuff-box."—(T. N. T., Esq., M.P., fifty guineas.)

"Pilate's wash-hand basin, in Carrara marble.—(Sir M. M., one thousand guineas.)

"Stone dug up in Smithfield, said to be stained with the blood of Wat Tyler."—(R. S., Esq., P.L., one hundred guineas.)

"Sir W. Walworth's dagger."—(City Remembrancer, one hundred guineas.)

"Cleopatra's needle, with a fragment of thread in the eye thereof."—(Ninety pounds.)

"A pair of skates, (undoubted,) formerly in the possession of the prophet Mahomet, A. H. 40."—(Skating Club, Regent's Park, five hundred guineas.)

"A tear of Dido, in a phial, warranted."

"An obolus, given in charity to Belisarius."—(Fifty pounds.)

"Copy of Spenser's Faërie Queene, with Queen Elizabeth's autograph on blank leaf, and MS. notes in the handwriting of his faerie majesty king Oberon, containing highly curious court anecdotes."—(Mr. C., one thousand guineas.)

"The shepherd's staff and scrip of David."

"Milton's Paradise Lost, with marginal notes by Dante."—(Baron Bibliomania, for his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, two thousand guineas.)

"Garters of the gracious Duncan, murdered by Macbeth."—(Duke of B., one hundred guineas.)

"Walking-stick which Dr. Johnson lost in his tour in the Hebrides."—(J. W. C., Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Cane with which Dr. Johnson beat a bookseller."—(Idem, ninety guineas.)

"Inkstand used in signing Magna Charta.—(Sir F. B., twenty guineas.)

"Pen used by King John in the same—wants mending."—(Idem, thirty guineas.)

"Bridle and bit with which Alexander the Great tamed Bucephalus."—(A. Ducrow, Esq., one hundred guineas.)

"A cast shoe of ditto."—(Society of Antiquaries, two hundred pounds.)

"Searing irons, used in blinding Prince Arthur."—(Dr. Ware, fifty pounds.)

"Solomon's seal, with the Venus Anadyomene engraved in cornelian."—(M. M., Esq., three hundred guineas.)

"A net, the property of St. Peter."—(Watermen's Company, three hundred pounds.)

"Tail of the Trojan horse."

"Helen's under-petticoat."—(Madame V., one hundred guineas.)

"Macbeth's knee-buckles."—(C. Y. Esq., fifty pounds.)

"Cover of the witch's caldron, used in incantation."—(W. M., Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Lady Macbeth's night-light."—(—— Argand, Esq., ninety guineas.)

"St. Luke's palette and maul-stick."—(Sir M. A. Shee, two hundred guineas.)

"Night-bell and Surgery door-plate of Esculapius."—(College of Physicians, five hundred guineas.)

"Warming-pan of Tamerlane."—(His M. C. Majesty Louis-Philippe, fifty guineas.)

"Wig worn by Queen Elizabeth, and thrown at the head of Lord Essex."—(Her Most G. M., five hundred pounds.)

"Apple, preserved in spirits, which, falling, led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the laws of gravity."—(John Liston, Esq., seventy guineas.)

"Poking-stick of Marie Antoinette."—(M. de Talleyrand, five hundred guineas.)

"Welsh wig worn by Owen Glendower."—(Sir W. W. W., two thousand guineas.)

"Marc Antony's fishing-rod and lines."

"Figure-head of Cleopatra's galley."

"Title-page of Cæsar's Commentaries."—(Dr. D., two hundred pounds.)

"Malbrino's Helmet."—(Society of Antiquaries, three hundred guineas.)

"Sail of the windmill which Don Quixotte attacked."—(Idem, one hundred guineas.)

"Tail of Dapple, (Sancho's Dapple!") — (Idem, ninety pounds.)

"Bridle and bit of Rosinante."—(Idem, two hundred guineas.)

"Head of Cervantes."—(No bidders—bought in.)

"Moulted wing-feathers of Cupid."—(T. M., Esq., two hundred guineas!)—And much marvelled I how a poet could make such a munificent bidding; but the rogue knew what he was about; for when he makes pens of them, what amatory verses will he not write, and what guineas a line will he not get?

"Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pouch."—(Duke of S., one hundred guineas.)

"Cloak which Sir Walter gallantly threw upon a plashy spot of ground, that Queen Elizabeth might step drily over it."—(Count D'O., two hundred and fifty guineas.)

"The tip of one of the two tails of the celebrated quarrelsome cats of Kilkenny, (warranted.)"—(J. H., Esq., M.P., fifty guineas.)

"Cast of the head of a civil cabman."—(D. W. H., Esq., ten guineas.)

"Three yards of the labyrinthine clue, (warranted.)"

"An unique series of turnpike tickets, of the last century, collected and arranged by Mr. Richard Turpin, late of Hounslow Heath."—(Two hundred guineas. Bought for the Society of Antiquaries.)

"Dr. Johnson's wig-block."—(Phrenological Society, one hundred guineas.)*

* Many of these imaginary lots may seem too ridiculous, even for the frolicsomeness of fiction, but as ridiculous things have been offered at auctions, and bought

"Swan-quill, self-plucked from the wing of Leda's celestial lover." —(S. R., Esq.)

"Original score of the song written and composed by that Dying Swan," as a farewell. The symphonies and piano-forte accompaniments by Dan. Apollo, Mus. Doc., President of the Celestial Catch and Glee Club, &c. &c. &c., with his autograph on the fly-leaf." —(Philharmonic Society, one thousand guineas.)

"Cancelled pages in the first edition of Joe Miller's Jests." Methought that this not undesirable lot (to certain wits whom I could mention) was about to be knocked down to *me* at twenty guineas, (what could I do with it?) when I vehemently protested that I did not nod; and Mr. Georgione as vehemently appealed to the company whether I did not nod and snore too. Ultimately he took Mr. H——'s bidding of pounds—not guineas—which much amazed me; for Mr. H——, of all men else, methought could so little want a set of excepted jokes, not good enough, or too bad, for Joe Miller, that the very perturbation which such extravagance in an author put me in roused me. Giving a loud yawn, and a violent stretch-out of my cramped legs, the tavern dog, who had crouched at my feet, uttered a shrill yelp, as though I had hurt him: in the confused state of my faculties, between sleeping and waking, confounding dog with man, I cried "Poor J——n!" (a gentleman who had been so rude to me in the course of the day that I could only thus compassionately pity him,) and composing myself, I slept again.

This strange collection of antiquities being disposed of, and the brilliant bidders departed, Mr. Georgione took another long sip at his sherry and water, adjusted his spectacles, and resumed the sale of the modern pictures of old masters, and the disposal of things in general.

"A bundle of Fishing-rods" were no sooner handed up than they took it into their collected heads to dissolve partnership; and in another moment I beheld the sylvan shores of the River Myddleton (which formerly watered the wine and dramatic entertainment that made Sadler's Wells so celebrated in my young days) dotted along with two lines of large and little "complete anglers," each one with a book in one hand, and a rod in the other, (like the effigies of Mr. Dilworth,) in most ridiculous attitudes of the patience and perseverance you must exert in doing nothing.

"Six bottles of sauce" turned in a jiffy into half-a-dozen bad boys, whose impudence to the next lot,

"Drenner's old Woman" was past bearing, as she seemed to be, dear old dame!

"A House on Fire, by Vander Pool," was put out (in a way that would have much puzzled the Sun Fire Office) by

"A Woman milking a Cow."

"A Dutch Fair, by Teniers," was transformed into a fine and favourable specimen of a Dutch-built Dutch beauty, "direct from

too, "and that highly." In the *Morning Herald* of June 19th, 1838, is this paragraph:—"One of Newton's teeth was sold in 1815 to Lord S. for seven hundred pounds!!!"—a pretty round sum to give for a philosopher's tooth; but if it was his wisdom tooth, as it is called, and it could confer some of his intelligence upon his lordship, it was cheap at the money.

Amsterdam,"—squat, low in the waist, round-sterned, clouted-headed, wooden-shoed, and encompassed round about with as many coats as a Dutch onion; and, what with her chafing-dish and short pipe, as smoky as her native hollands, but not so *spirituel.*

"Portraits of Bonaparte and Bernadotte, a pair," somehow got associated in my fancy with the next lot,

"A Hawk and Sparrow," till I could hardly tell which was which.

"A Cymbeline flute,"—a sort of monster in music—a horse-load of hurdy-gurdy—being put up, no one would bid for it till the old woman, (a "foreign importation,") a Savoyard, was put up with it as one indivisible lot. She had been standing all night long at the door, crying her eyes out at her bereavement of that "unredeemed pledge;" but being brought into the auction-room—her tears tenderly dried up—and a bottle of Cologne water thrown over her—she was introduced, with all possible respect for her Savoy susceptibility, by Mr. Georgione himself, and then delicately handed round the board by the porters. After a severe competition, the whole lot was going for twenty pounds, when methought a trap in the floor suddenly opened, and the ghostly head of that great antiquary, Dr. Kitchener, sepulchrally cried out "Guineas!"—the hammer descended with a loud thwack, like the single knock in Don Juan, "Yours!" said Mr. Georgione with a respectful bow—the ghostly doctor "down with his dust"—greedily grasped his bargain—disappeared—politely pulled the trap-door after him—and neither hurdy-gurdy nor old woman have, I believe, been seen about town since! The amazement of the assembly having subsided, business was resumed, and the next lot was

"A Merino Shawl," which was no sooner put up than it jumped down, and ran about the room on trotters, which I could hear beating the boards, bleating for its dam.

"A chased gold seal and chain" were, by a chain of consecutive circumstances, which I have not time to link together, seen scampering through St. Martin's Court, with a fine, dark, whiskery, long-locked, wild-looking person—quite a Cranbourne Alley Corsair—in hot chase after them, and breathlessly crying "Stop thief!" which seemed to set them scampering all the faster, and they got clean off.

"A carved Cherub, in oak," was no sooner laid on the table, than methought that I was horrified by the profanity of my gormandizing friend G., who politely begged to be helped to the wings and a bit of the breast. I expected next to hear him ask for the merry-thought.

"A large Bench Vice" and "Superior small Vice" were the next lots. I was curious to see what these commodities could be, and not undesirous to learn that, in morals, one vice could be superior to another. The "superior small Vice," methought, turned out to be the assumed superiority of an egotistical small man of genius over a modest greater one. "The large Bench Vice" was an unimpartial judge, politically corrupted.

"Six hundred and thirty Balls, various sizes," in the amusing hands of six hundred and thirty boys, of ditto, began flying about the auction-room in all sorts of directions, breaking windows in ditto, ditto. The place was in danger of becoming a bear-garden, or a pre-

paratory school for young gentlemen, or the lobby of a certain house during a party division, when, fortunately, the following lot—

"Twenty copies of Dilworth," so scared the whole six hundred and thirty boys, that, with a loud cry of "School's up!" they took to their happy heels, and order was restored.

"A box of Toys," when opened, turned out to be an assortment of such trifles as children of a larger growth amuse themselves withal—such as the love of power, place, a seat in Parliament, a Sunday Bill, a blue ribbon, a star, a garter for one leg only, (not a pair, which would be useful,) a grand cross, a sword, a feather, a regiment, a pair of colours, a troop of horse, a cab and tiger, an opera glass, love of fame, a fashionable novel, a reputation for wit, a new poem *à la* Don Juan, a showy horse thirteen hands high, a fair French figurante, and "other saleable effects." Methought that they were all knocked down for a very large sum to a rich nobleman just arrived at the years of discretion.

"The Every-Day Book" being put up, turned into the "Tutor's Assistant," and, torn and dog's-eared, with one cover wanting, was seen "creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to school," amusing itself as it went by wantonly flapping down flies from the wall.

"A pair of Turkish slippers" presented to my quirkish fancy that fixed, not wandering, Jew dealer and chapman of Cheapside, the yellow-tinctured Turkey rhubarb merchant, who has dispensed that mild medicine there during so many years, that his rhubarb, like Sterne's iron, seems to have "entered his soul"—his head looks like a large lump of it—and one look at his face serves me for a dose. Medreamed, however, sublimely melancholy as he seems, that I caught him and the Turkish ambassador merrily sliding upon the Serpentine, when those champagne-coolers, the confectioners, most congregate upon its dangerous shoals and shores.

"A small silver Waiter" tormented me like an incubus, by taking the aspect of the tavern-waiter where I was reposing, and hanging about the box in momentary expectation that I meant to give him the silver fourpence he had given me in change; but I taught his avarice a moral lesson, by giving him only the odd coppers.

"Twelve Walking-canes" being mounted, medreamed went strutting away, before they were knocked down, with as many puss-gentleman-like persons, affecting no mean airs of consequence, as they "walked the town awhile."

"Twenty pieces of choice Music" all at once struck up such a confounded Dutch medley as would have driven, not "drawn, three souls out of one" Weber. The company was getting into confusion, when

"A handsome pair of Snuffers" were introduced, and who should they be but Count D'O. and Mr. Liston, exchanging pinches of Pontet's Paris, with such profound motions, and "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," that the company were ravished with wonder and astonishment; and

"Chesterfield's Letters to his Son" being offered for sale, there was an universal indifference shown to such a superannuated teacher of the old school notions of fashionable *politesse*, and no biddings.

"A set of Teeth, in a red morocco case," perplexed me in my

dream more than all the lots put together. Being artificial, methought that I watched their doings with much natural curiosity; and while they were engaged in the discussion of an "epigram of chicken cutlets," it was with great indignation that I observed their ill-concealed indifference to so elegant a repast. They went through their task, not as a labour of love, and as though they relished their pleasing employment, but as a labour of duty, in which they felt no interest—performing their office, but how?—in what a slovenly and inartificial manner! How would a real, right-earnest, natural set of teeth have enjoyed and thought nothing of their labours in masticating so delicate a meal! But I was still more disgusted when, a little while afterward, I beheld these impostors of teeth taking great pains to exhibit their universal whiteness in the most conspicuous box in the dress circle; and I felt an almost irresistible impulse to expose these "unreal mockeries," when I saw them carrying away a dowager countess by a *coup de théâtre*, and fairly, by the force of their pearly pretensions, wait upon her down to her carriage—hand her in—and get themselves invited home to a *petit souper*, though there were two Irish captains unattached; a *roué* lord, who wanted her fortune to set him once again upon his (black) legs; a sporting colonel, whose betting-book could not be cleared at Tattersall's for lack only of ready money; a poor poet, who only wanted the patronage of a countess to make him a proud one; a fortuneless younger son, of good family; two divines, and a young barrister—all with good natural sets of teeth in their heads, who would have only been too happy to pay the faded old beauty the disinterested attentions of disengaged gentlemen. But this "Set of Teeth in a red morocco case" carried the day and the countess hollow—as they were!

"A pair of cut Lustres," being put up, assumed the changeful countenances of a couple of antiquated fashionable beauties, formerly the favourite toasts of the town, and though "forsaken, still faithful"—to themselves—still trying their best blandishments to sparkle to the last.

"Ten pairs of stout Hose," were then put up, and in a moment walked out of the room with ten pairs of stout legs implicated in them—astonishingly stout legs!—legs of Irish chairman capacity!—such legs as Dr. M——n, if he had to describe them, (thinking all the while of Guinness's strong beer,) would term "the best Dublin stout!"

"Beautifully coloured French scraps," pretended to be a set of French prints, but speedily turned into sweetmeats, tinted to take the eye, and slightly poisoned to please the palate.

"The Village Politician," and "The Tempting Present," a pair of prints, were no sooner exhibited than I beheld the old bribery and corruption at their "dirty work again," notwithstanding the pretended purifications of purity of election, and "the great cry and little wool" of the Reform Bill.

"The Seven Virtues," again "after Reynolds," methought made a lively chase of it, running extremely well for such superannuated old ladies; but they could not overtake the great President, he was so fugitive, and got clean off, with "colours flying."

"Various Portraits—mostly proofs,"—("of the excessive vanity of the originals!" methought I heard a crusty old connoisseur mutter in a corner, as he turned contemptuously away)—were sold for a song, for people have got tired of the heads of the nobodies, and they are at a discount.

"Death of Dido, and four others," was the next lot, and methought I saw the forsaken of Æneas *in articulo mortis;* but the "four others" put off their deaths till further notice, not being in time for the sale of that evening, apologised Mr. Georgione.

"Modern Maps, all different," being put up, methought I heard the same old cynic remark that "he had never found any two which agreed."

"Watson's Apology for the Bible, and a Counterpane," were then put up as one lot, and caused a considerable deal of merriment at the oddness of the coincidence; for the reader will remember that the worthy bishop wrote this Apology to counteract Tom Paine.

"A Rocking-horse" was no sooner led forward than the company were no less astonished than delighted to see that inimitable genius in horsemanship, Mr. Andrew Ducrow—(who can make a horse, or anything like or called after a horse—even a clothes-horse—perform wonders!)—leap upon his wooden back, and give a richly comic scene of Punch going to the Carnival at Naples, which kept the audience in a roar.

"Four remnants of Shirting," being then presented to the wondering eyes of the bargainers, much mirth there was, and more marvelling, how the late unfortunate wearer—"a poor player"—found his way into them, when "dressed all in his best," to "walk abroad" with his *Belvidera;* and when in, by what labyrinthine clue he found his way out again from such manifold intricacies; and much ingenious but idle speculation was indulged in by the wags of the company how they were washed, when one of them suggested, "In a cabbage net!"—and how they were ironed—"With an Italian iron!" They were ultimately bought in as curiosities, to be presented to the British Museum.

"The Rat-catcher, an etching," followed; and methought I saw that useful person, in another moment, hovering about the lobby of a certain house, and looking particularly sharp after several Radical Members—very hard at one with a remarkably long tail—and catching sight of an ex-Radical in a pepper-and-salt coat, he set his trap for him, but he was too old a rat to be taken.

"A Thermometer and a Razor" being offered in one lot, methought I heard a November-weather hypochondriac cursing his country's climate, insulting the sun for his absenteeism, speaking disrepectfully of the fogs, d——g all doors which admitted the wind and cold draughts of air, reproaching the rains, and feeling the razor with his thumb, resolve upon giving the coroner a sitting, and the penny-a-liner a paragraph for the papers.

"A pair of silver Spectacles" were speedily metamorphosed into Messrs. H—— and B——, dealers in foreign coin, *done* by a foreign smasher, in an exchange of good English gold for bad Ger-

man silver, and now rubbing their eyes, which never before had so deceived them, and now the silver, which made matters worse.

"A view of Somerset House, Turner," was no sooner upon the easel, than, horrible to relate, that "dreary pile" betrayed signs of wishing to make one in the modern movement; and suddenly throwing a summerset, tumbled the Royal Academicians out of its windows, works and all, to the infinite amusement of Mr. Haydon, who, like the little dog in *Mother Hubbard*, "laughed to see the sport."

"A Harlequin's dress and sword" were put up and knocked down to old John Bologna, who had no sooner got hold of his wonder-working magic lath than he began his old tricks, and with one smart slap of his sword, everything, animate and inanimate, was set in motion, as though touched by the tarantula. Such a scene then ensued as it would puzzle the comic genius of Cruikshank to paint, and Boz, Hunt, Hook, Hood, Jerrold, or any other wags, to describe.

"A whole-length Portrait" of *King* Bess (for she should no longer be called *Queen*) stepped down from a fine old oak-carved frame, and took the part of *Columbine* at a short notice, hoping for the usual indulgence; Lord Burleigh offered to play *Pantaloon*, to please his royal mistress and master; Essex, with his head off, played the *Lover;* the contemporary King of France the part of *Pierrot;* and that old Joe Grimaldi among kings, James the Fifth of Scotland, undertook the part of *Clown*—(not his first nor last appearance in that character)—and was irresistibly greedy, tricksy, stupid, whimsical, cowardly, and comical. The fun soon grew fast and furious. Never was auction-room so full of entertainment. All was motion, mad prank, uproar, row, flip, flap, slip, slap, quirk, jerk, whirl, twirl, din, spin, jumble, tumble, hurly burly, helter skelter, roley poley, rollick, frolic, jump, thump, contusion, and confusion. The "Virgin Queene" seemed to take a very large *Little Pickle* sort of delight in the fun and uproar, which beat hollow all her previous notions of the agreeable entertainments given at our bear-garden on Bankside; and even "*The Globe*," of that same ilk, with the humours of *Sir John Falstaff* in love, were apparently forgotten, or rated lightly in her estimation, when compared with the humours of this unlicensed theatre of Leicester Square—a name still dear to her. It was gratifying to her still loyal subjects to observe, that notwithstanding her merry majesty danced in high-heeled shoes, and was encumbered with a heavy dress of silver tissue, she went through the light gaieties of *Columbine* with remarkable grace and *gusto*, and entered with all her spirit into the spirit of the scene. All the slaps, flaps, kicks, and cuffs, commonly falling to the share of the *Clown* during the pantomime, were not, as usual, given by the sword, and foot, and hand of *Harlequin* only, but were bestowed, of her free grace and pleasure, by the hard hand of Madame *Columbine*, who could not forget that she was still Elizabeth. If loutish Jamie roared lustily at being pinched, it was the loving nip of her finger and thumb which made him so susceptible and diverting. If the theatre rang with a box on his ear, it was her royal hand which dealt his lug the blow. But daft Jamie bore all her humours pleasantly. Coquettish as usual, the coy

"virgin throned in the West" fell at last to be enamoured of Mr. Liston as *Bottom*, and lovingly she played with his ears, and fondled him, and patted his hairy cheeks so tenderly, that *Bottom* incontinently began braying "a soft song about love." Whereupon medreamed that *Harlequin* waxed jealous; and Essex, as the *Lover*, hung his head, not as lovers do, sheepishly, but as sheeps' heads are hung, upon a butcher's hook, and was sulkily and sadly walking off the stage, when *Harlequin*, out of a merry spite "translated" a calf's head from another hook, and slapping his wooden sword, stuck it upon his headless shoulders, which methought "caused a considerable deal of merriment at the time."

The opening scenes of this pantomime extraordinary being gone through thus creditably, when the undrilled and unrehearsed men and women, and the company and piece, are taken into consideration, there was all at once a pause in the vivacity of the performance, which, as the genius of pantomime abhors a vacuum, was filled up by

"A dumb Waiter" suddenly giving out the three first verses of "Tippitywitchet," and then singing them in imitation of Joe Grimaldi, which so mightily tickled Queen Bess, that she could hardly contain herself "for affection;" and she called loudest for an *encore*. This was followed by

"A pair of Tongs" dancing a *pas seul;* and I must say that they poised themselves on one leg, and lifted up the other quite as high as, and much more decently, than the best crack opera-dancers of these days, to the admiration of hearty homely Bess, who nevertheless declared that "it was God's mercy they were not split up by such ungainly evolutions."

"Two old-fashioned elbow Chairs" next undertook to dance a *pas deux*, which they performed in a very lively manner for a couple of crazy old creatures such as they were; and it was highly diverting to witness the antediluvian vanity of the old frumps, who seemed mightily proud of the fashion of their shapeless legs.

"A hooped petticoat" then went very gracefully through the *minuet de la cour*, with an old-fashioned "*Court suit, diamond-hilted Sword, and Bag-wig*," which handsomely, in the spirit of that ancient gallantry which is now for ever gone, stepped forward to do honour to their graceful partner in the dance.

"Half-a-dozen Rummers" then favoured the company with a comic dance, but in cutting some mad capers, they capsized one the other, and when they were picked up by the "dumb waiter" in attendance, they were found to be cracked, every one of them. The rest of the incidental *corps de ballet* were not unfitly represented by sundry spits, pokers, fire-shovels, paviours' rammers, a couple of "models of spinning Jennies," and "another dozen of walking-sticks."

At this interesting moment medreamed that Mr. Georgione, impatient of the delay of business,

"Broke the silence he with sweetness mended,"

by bawling loudly, with his lusty lungs, for "Order at that end of the room!" Mr. John Bologna immediately, with that ready tact which so distinguished him in all his former histrionic efforts, took the hint,

and a flying leap at the same time through an open window; Queen Bess, as in duty bound, bounded after him, and, I must say, was not so careful of the appendix part of her person as became a "virgin queen;" burly Burleigh, after much pondering, and many deliberative shakings of his thoughtful head, followed his flighty mistress, but slowly and majestically, as became a minister of state, and did not seem to throw, but bow himself out of the window; Essex flung his head before him, and then "went tumbling after;" Jamie tried the leap, and stuck in it, as usual; the King of France walked up to the window, and then walked down again, (a feat for which kings of France have always been famous,) but, at last, took the leap; the principal dancers and *coryphæi(!)* followed; and the whole of the *Dram. Pers.* made the best of their way to Drury-lane, where I heard them haggling over the terms of their engagement for the next new ballet. The noise they made, or I made, I know not which, waked the waiter at Sabloniere's, who had been sitting up for me, and, waking, thought it was high time to awaken me, which he did with a gentle shaking of my shoulder—an assurance that "the bar was closed"—of itself enough to rouse the dead—and that I was "the last gentleman." I gave a start, a yawn, a sleepy shiver, and a stare, and then shook myself; when, lo! this wild and wonderful "*Sale of Miscellaneous Property*" was all delusion, and a dream!

C. W.

THE WIDOWER'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I WEDDED where I fondly loved;
My friends with eager voice
Bestowed their sanction, and approved
The husband of my choice;
They told me that his former bride
Unmingled bliss had known,
And from her fortunes prophesied
The brightness of my own.

He too had friends—his deep distress
They pitied and deplored,
And said that woman's smile should bless
Once more his hearth and board;
That he should seek the busy throng,
And mark the young and fair,
And let his children know, ere long,
Another mother's care.

Oh, sad exchange!—the heart *I* brought
Was full of joy and youth,
Warm, open, in its slightest thought,
And single in its truth;

While *his*, by sorrow worn and tried,
One vision only nursed,
The image of another bride,
The dearest and the first.

The lawns and bowers around the hall,
Her taste arranged and planned,
That flowery world he loves to call
A little fairy-land;
And then I sigh for some lone cot,
Where clustering bows might twine,
Whose foliage should acknowledge not
A training hand but mine.

The old domestics mutely chide,
I meet their mournful look,
If I displace or cast aside
A picture, vase, or book:
Though mistress of this noble fane,
They gaze on me in dread,
As one who lightly dares profane
The relics of the dead.

Her kindred gather round our hearth,
And oft some guest accost
With records of the grace and worth
Of her, the loved, the lost:
Then start, and pause, and glance around,
If I perchance draw near,
As though they kindly feared to wound
My listening, jealous ear.

Her children—I could love them well,
Might I their trust secure,
But my caresses they repel,
Or passively endure;
And if I venture to reprove,
They trembling shun my gaze,
Or murmur of the tender love
They knew in happier days.

Yet ills like these I well could brook,
If he—my loved, my own,—
Rejoiced me with one happy look,
Or one endearing tone;
But no, his lost one ever seems
His heart and thoughts to claim,
And oft he starts from feverish dreams,
And wildly breathes her name.

Daily he hastes to solitude,
And o'er her portrait sighs;
That portrait once by stealth I viewed,
I marked the dazzling eyes,
The golden locks, the lip of rose,
The cheek of softer bloom;
My rival smiled upon my woes,
And mocked me from the tomb!

Yet my complaints must fruitless be;
The world esteems me blest,
Of power, and pomp, and luxury,
Triumphantly possest;
And I must smile with feelings torn,
And fond affections checked,
And yield my girlhood's sunny morn
To coldness and neglect.

Yet to the youthful and the fair—
This warning I impart—
If thou can'st humbly stoop to share
A sad and widowed heart,
Know thou each trial I have proved,
Thou also must sustain—
He who has warmly, truly loved,
Can never love again!

THE POET'S QUEST.

What seeks the Poet? To be known
Far as his country's fame extends—
To make the world of mind his own—
To make remotest men his friends.

His skill he counts but as a bird,
Though wronged, though sad, redressing wrongs;
In every clime and season heard,
And breathing solace in his songs.

A beacon on a dangerous shore—
Over Time's sea a guiding star:
A date-tree in the desert—more,—
A fountain in the desert far.

A stately tree of generous leaf,—
A noonday temple, green and fair:
That weariness, that pain, and grief,
May shelter find and solace there.

'Tis well! but seeks he nothing more?
Inspired at Truth's and Beauty's springs,
His soul with goodness flowing o'er,
He would be that which well he sings!

By the world's flatteries unmoved,
To vice, to guilt no sad ally:
Through life of his own soul approved,
Of God and man approved, to die.

Richard Howitt.

DELAVAL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Ηξει γαρ δυτα καν εγω σιγη στεγω.

"These things will come to pass, tho' I cover thee with silence."—Soph. Œdip. Tyr.

It is now some years ago that I formed one of a funeral party that attended on the remains of a lamented officer who died of the malaria in Greece. He died at Poros, and was interred beneath a flag-stone in the courtyard of the Greek Monastery, beautifully situated in a sequestered valley of the island.

The manner of the ceremony was peculiarly impressive: we had to cross the bay which separates a small town, the only one on the island, from the monastery, and followed the remains of the departed in a long procession of boats. The effect of the solemn music on the waters, added to the quiet beauty of the surrounding scenery, filled the mind with a gentle melancholy, suited to the solemn rites in which we were about to engage.

Our arrival was anxiously looked for by the good fathers, but the startling effect of our firing party sent them quickly to their cells: one of them, I observed, however, to linger behind, without betraying any of these symptoms of surprise or alarm; and that lone caloyer at once attracted and fixed my attention.

He was a man of, perhaps, not more than thirty years of age; but his whole figure, stooped and attenuated, betrayed the working of a premature decline. I had caught a look of his features; and never did I see on the human face such a look of despair and settled melancholy: he had been, I am sure, strikingly handsome; and though his countenance had lost indeed that rounded outline of contour which gives a softness to masculine beauty, yet few could have looked upon those lineaments without acknowledging their intellectual beauty, and a feeling of the deepest interest.

Perceiving that he was the object of my attention, he turned away with a haughtiness of mien which seemed less foreign to him than to the habit which he wore. This was, however, but momentary; soon again did his head sink upon his breast, and he paced beneath the cloisters of the monastery, with the slow and listless steps of sorrow and dejection.

The last sad offices to the dead were rendered. The officer commanding the military party formed his men; the word was given, the band struck up a lively air, and they wound in quick time down the dell which led towards the sea.

I turned reluctantly from the monastery to follow them, and as I did so, looked back upon the stranger who had so deeply excited my curiosity. He was standing at the gateway, and seemed to watch our

receding party with considerable interest. At last, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he approached me, and what was my surprise when, addressing me in English, perfectly free from any foreign accent, he inquired as to the name and circumstances of the officer whom we had just interred?

I looked upon the stranger for some moments in silence. What had brought him to this situation, and induced him to embrace so strange a condition? Was it crime? I turned to his noble and ingenuous features, lit up with such a look of spiritual beauty, and felt at once all the confidence which they naturally inspired. No! it was not crime. He had been unfortunate—I felt sure of it, and already sympathised in his sorrows.

"You are an Englishman?" I said, addressing him.

"Yes, sir," he replied; then correcting himself, with a faint smile—"at least a native of the sister isle."

We were countrymen! my heart warmed to him on the instant.

"We are children of the same land, sir," said I; "let us be friends"—and I extended my hand. He grasped it, while his eyes filled with tears.

"Years," said he, "years of suffering and of anguish, such as few men have experienced, have rolled away since I have heard the voice of one from the land of my birth—from that dear island of sorrow which, waking or sleeping, is ever present to the wretched exile."

I felt his burning tears, while he spoke, falling fast on my hand: from that time forth we were friends, and scarcely a day went by, that we were not together.

At some distance from the town, in an unfrequented part of the island, lie scattered a few broken columns, all that remains of the once-gorgeous and celebrated Temple of Neptune of Calauria.

Here it was that the prince of orators, casting a sorrowing look to the distant hills of Attica, drank hemlock, and expired with the liberty of his country. Amongst these ruins there was a square block of marble, the pedestal of some vanished column, probably erected to the memory of Demosthenes by his relenting countrymen. Here my new friend and myself would take our seat of an evening. It had long been, he said, his favourite place of contemplation, and certainly commanded a view scarcely possible to be equalled: it may be doubted if the view from Cape Colona is much superior, though Lord Byron, whose mind was so deeply imbued with the beauty of this delightful clime, gives it the preference to all others. Here we would sit for hours; my companion, with his eyes bent upon the sea, after musing some time, would frequently burst into enthusiasm.

"My friend," he would say to me, "study to remember this scene within the compass of your present view; achievements the greatest that ever dignified the name of man have been performed—achievements which in every age have filled the world with admiration. Behold, yonder you can discern the entrance to the Saronic gulf—and see, those are the hills of Attica!" Again he would relapse into silence,—his brilliant imagination, assisted by a memory replete with classic learning, conjuring up the glorious events of which he spoke.

Delighted would I often listen to my admirable friend, as here

seated he would read to me, from the Greek historian, an account of the Persian war, and of the heroic deeds of Greece. He would generally close the book with reflections on what he had read. "Why is it," he would say, "that we still look upon these actions with such a deep and peculiar interest? Battles have been fought in modern times, and great ones—mighty armies have been raised, which perhaps numbered as many really fighting men as that of Xerxes; for instance, that which Napoleon led into Russia: why then does the philosophic mind comparatively regard these with as little interest as the conflict of kites or crows?* It is because the object gained by so much bloody expense was mean and worthless. To pull one wretched despot down and set another up, has been but too often the sole cause of war. But see, my friend, the sunset warns me of the hour of prayer." We walked forward towards the monastery.

I looked at him, and, deceived by the hectic flush which mantled on his cheek, and the lustrous brightness of his eyes, I thought I had never seen him look so well, and that in reckoning him the victim of consumption I had been mistaken. Yes! I thought, when time has obliterated or soothed his sorrows, he will be again restored to his country, and his fine talents and lofty genius devoted to her service. I exulted in that hope.

We approached the monastery, and as we did so, the soft chiming of bells was heard floating upwards from the valley. "'Tis for vespers, said my friend, and see! yonder Hesperus appears—

> "Beautiful as at the first ascends the Star
> From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
> To gather home betimes the ethereal flock—
> To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
> And to discriminate the night and day."

How musically did he recite these beautiful lines! Memory must no longer be a faculty of my soul, when the thrilling tones of that clear voice and those happy evenings in Greece cease to be remembered. We had reached a small wicket which opened into the garden of the monastery, and here O'Dorney bade me good evening.

"I had something relative to myself," said he, "which I intended communicating this evening, but will postpone it till we meet to-morrow. You will not fail to be with me?" I assured him I would not. He pressed my hand, and we parted.

He was about to communicate to me something relative to himself. I doubted not it was the story of his life, which he had often promised to impart to me, but had postponed from time to time. I felt a curiosity, mingled with an undefined dread that these coming revelations might shake my esteem for one in whom I felt myself daily becoming more interested.

"Spiro," said I to the Greek boatman who rowed me across Monastery Bay, "do you know this caloyer?"

"Know him!" answered the boatman; "who does not know the good

* The Editor of these notices would, at the outset, have it understood that he frequently dissents from the political sentiments which pervade them. On these subjects his unhappy friend appeared to feel and speak too much as an enthusiast.—Ed.

Eugenius, at least by his generous acts? There is not a poor fisherman in Poros who in his need hath not found in him a friend."

Noble O'Dorney, thought I, how I have wronged thee by my ungenerous suspicions! I might know that every action of thy life would be found in conformity with these.

We were now alongside of the English frigate lying in the harbour, from whose commander I was directed to receive my instructions. Upon going on board, I found that I was ordered to hold myself in readiness to take charge of despatches, and proceed in the Tender, a small sloop of war, up the Adriatic to Ancona. I slept on board the Tender that night, and passed the next day in expectation of the despatches which I was informed were preparing for me: towards evening, however, determined to keep my appointment with O'Dorney, I bade the officer on deck make a signal on their arrival, and leaping into a *caïque* which lay alongside, we were soon passing through the narrow channel between Poros and the mainland, and, bounding over the blue waters of Monastery Bay, we reached the shore, and bidding the boatman wait for me, I took the winding path which led to the monastery. I had not walked far before I saw my friend himself on a rude seat which was placed near the path, shaded by a few high laurel trees: he rose and came towards me, but his steps were feeble, and seeing this, I quickened my pace. After we had greeted each other and sat down, I was silent for some time, for I knew not how to break to him tidings which I felt would give him pain.

The sun was just now sinking behind the mountains which overlook the little village of Damola, and declining seemed to emit a double lustre as he approached the close of his career.

O'Dorney pointed my attention to the setting orb, which, in this land of the sun, is indeed a glorious spectacle, and began reciting those beautiful lines of Byron—

> "Slow sinks more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills, the setting sun."

When, perceiving my dejection, he stopped, and turning quickly to me, inquired its cause. I replied not.

"Has anything disagreeable happened? Tell me, my friend; do not deny me the satisfaction of soothing your annoyances."

"O'Dorney," I replied, "I am come to bid you farewell—I trust only for a short time; but we sail to-night!"

"Sail to-night!" exclaimed he. "You are not serious: you told me it would be yet some weeks before you could conclude the business you are charged with."

I explained to him the sudden orders I had received. He seemed like one overwhelmed with affliction—he no longer controlled his feelings. "O God!" cried he, "must I die without kinsman, or countryman, or friendly hand to close these eyes, or speak a word of comfort, in my own language, to my departing soul?" He groaned aloud. I entreated of him not to give way to these melancholy forebodings, but to look forward to many years of happiness, and spoke of my return in a fortnight or three weeks.

"Never! never!" he said; "tell me not of years of happiness, nor

of return; you do but mock me. Man! the lamp of life is but flickering within me, and, ere your bark has dropped again her anchor in these waters, will have expired, and I be mouldering in the narrow house. Alas! I thought to have had one, whom I made my friend, with me in that last trying hour, and that to the bitterness of death the sense of utter loneliness might not have been added; but no—desolate as I have lived, so must I die; and when gone, perhaps thou wilt not even pray for me; for thou mayest hold it sinful. Oh! had you but felt as I have, to the widowed heart, what heavenly comfort and consolation these scorned prayers and masses for the dead given to the wretched mourner, you would not call them impious. Yes, Francesca, morning and evening have I prayed for thee; though, if ever mortal needed not prayer to God for mercy, it was thy pure and gentle spirit; but it was the only solace that I had on earth, to think, while there confined, I still could render pious offices to thee;—nay, could assist thy passage to the mansions of eternal bliss, where it will no longer be a sin to love each other."

Overcome with the recollection of former years, and some deep sorrow connected with them, he seemed to have forgotten the immediate cause of his emotion, and sat in abstract musing, while big tears coursed in quick succession down his pallid cheek. At length he spoke—"I have determined—my soul in its own strength must meet the approach of death; but now, as your time is limited, I have some instructions, the last I ever shall give you. Nay, do not flatter me with hopes of life; I may be wrong, but execute these as thou wouldst my latest wishes."

He drew forth a roll of papers from his bosom, and continued—"My last friend, let not my name be longer wronged. A calamity, dread and unnatural, doomed me to misfortune;—yet came I through its ordeal blameless. I care not for the 'world's dread laugh,' but, when passed away, would not have the few I loved in life think evil of my memory—and her, the fond being that so truly loved me, whose generous faith refused to credit aught to my dishonour, though all appearances condemned me; and, with her heart sickening with the sense of unrequited love and disappointment, breathed prayers, but no reproaches. Oh! let *her* not remain in ignorance. Circumstances have long kept me silent, but now let her know all; my ill-starred fate—my trials and my sorrows; and well I know she will forgive and pity me. We were betrothed when children—our union was the dearest hope of one who was to me a father. Oh! how different had been my wayward fate, had it been joined with hers!"—He sighed deeply. "Here," said he, giving me the roll—here is a brief account of my life, and of the adventures and misfortunes which have marked it; it has whiled away some of my heavy hours, and perhaps it may do the same by thee. You will soon be in Ireland, and, in justice to Emily and myself, let her peruse it; she will drop a tear to the memory of the kinsman that she loved, the playmate of her childhood, and grieve that he found a grave in a far distant land. I have said, my friend, that I have wealth, and though its possession hath been but little prized, yet properly to dispose of it is a duty which I owe society. I have done so; at the end of these notices I have drawn my will—it

s properly authenticated. Tell Emily," said he, and his voice faltered as he spoke—"tell her that, in the words of the dying Spartan, I wish her a husband worthy of her, and children that may resemble him.—And now farewell: you have taken a load of anxiety off my mind. Your coming seemed a favour from above to take charge of my last wishes. Nay, my friend, weep not; the world and all its glorious promises are only opening to thee; let not these gloomy thoughts of mine taint, its pleasures, or cause thee to despond. I may be wrong, still then let us hope to meet again. But see! the frigate's ensign is lowered; 'tis sunset, and hark! they fire a gun, and loose their sails on board the sloop. I must not detain you;—farewell. Read the manuscript, and think kindly of your friend. You will return here, and ask for me. Farewell my friend, farewell!"

Suppressing his emotion, and taking my hand, he pressed it warmly, and passed quickly into the garden of the monastery. I stood for some moments in mute and silent sorrow: he was gone, and I turned away with a heavy heart, and a melancholy foreboding, which I could not dispel, that I had seen one whose friendship I had learnt to regard, and in whose misfortunes I deeply sympathised, for the last time; and yet, I said, as I turned my boat's head towards the harbour where the sloop of war was seen getting under weigh, a few weeks at furthest, and I shall be here again.

I took advantage of my leisure hours, during the passage to Ancona, to turn to O'Dorney's MS., and perused with deep interest the autobiography of my unhappy friend, which here follows.

Sad unto all is the task of retrospection. Even those who, blessed with length of days, have passed their tranquil and well-spent lives in works of virtue and piety, admit that there is more of regret than congratulation in the past: so immeasurably do the cares and sorrows and anxieties which crowd our existence outweigh the short-lived pleasures and unsatisfactory happiness, which, like gleams of transient and delusive sunshine, chequer our earthly career. How many talents—what an amount of time, will even the most diligent servant appear to have wasted!

Few, indeed, dare say with the haughty, though dying Phœnissa—

> "Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi,
> Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago;"

or, as the apostle, with the more elevated hopes of a Christian, nobly expresses the same sentiment—"I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth I look forward to a crown of glory, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me."

But to those whom misfortune has early adopted for her own—by whose visitation they have been left, like the deserted bark, to pursue their dark and wayward course over the troubled waters of life, without star or compass to guide them, to recal the past is doubly painful. Such a one am I; and, oh! how causeless, how vain and profitless, does my life appear! Yet, strange inconsistency! retrospection is

with me alternately an agony and a solace; for at times, like the opium-eater, I extract pleasure and relief from the poison which is destroying me.

It is with these mingled feelings that I now take up my pen, and give loose to my memory, while about to reveal the long-hidden secret of my soul—the fatal consequence of domestic guilt, which, reaching from "the fathers to the children," wrapt one lovely victim in an untimely grave, and impelled me, a voluntary exile, to look for death in a strange and distant land. But I anticipate.

The fidelity of the Irish to their English monarch, James the Second, was fatal to many of their noblest families—to none more so than to the ancient house of which I am the last lineal representative.

After the Treaty of Limerick, my progenitor, abandoning his broad lands and fair domains in the south of Ireland, followed his unfortunate master into exile; and, receiving his permission, entered the service of Louis XIV., and became distinguished in the wars of that period.

His grandson, the Count O'Dorney, having in the following reign become, from his proud and independent spirit, an object of suspicion to the minister, and receiving timely intimation from a lady high in the favour of the court, that a *lettre de cachet* was prepared for the King's signature, which would have consigned him unheard to the Bastile, hastily quited France; and, after a short stay in England, visited the country of his ancestors, which, from his childhood he had learned to think of with affection and regret.

Although an exile, he was not without pecuniary means sufficient to maintain his rank as a gentleman, and being soon recognised as "a chief of an ancient race," he experienced all the generous hospitality for which Ireland was then pre-eminently distinguished.

He found Glencastle, the seat of his ancestors, almost a ruin, inhabited only by a poor herdsman, who tended the sheep which pastured on the adjacent domain, now little better than an uncultivated waste. Of small value in the eyes of the proprietor, this poor estate, to the Count O'Dorney, appeared more desirable than the fairest château which belonged to the monarch of France.

The Count found little difficulty in repurchasing the home of his fathers, and shortly after he added largely to his fortune by marrying an heiress of the house of Delaval, and on his marriage, in addition to his own, assumed her name; but in the intercourse of society he was still known as the Count O'Dorney. To restore the ancestral seat of his family to something like its former state, and revive the fallen fortunes of his house, were now the dearest objects which the Count entertained. Contracts were entered into, purchases completed, and a considerable portion of the family estate recovered; but, in his eagerness to execute these favourite designs, the sanguine and unsuspecting nature of the Count led him to neglect, in too many cases, the necessary precautions; and, when it was too late, the titles were found to be defective, claimants sprung up, and he found himself involved in expensive and unsuccessful lawsuits.

My father was the only issue of this marriage; and being precluded, on account of his religion, from the honourable profession of arms in

the service of England, and also, for the same cause, from the pursuit of forensic distinction, he might have been induced to enter the French service, in which his immediate ancestors had won so much honour, had it not happened that while discussing this subject with his father, the French revolution broke out, and in its whirlwind swept away the ancient monarchy and *noblesse* of France.

Soon after that terrible catastrophe, the spread of republican principles in England created suspicion and jealousy in the government, and this baneful influence was not slow in extending itself to Ireland. Penal statutes had for nearly a century drawn a line of demarcation between the followers of the two christian churches in that country, which elevated the social rank of the one, and depressed that of the other; and although the Protestants, ever boasting pre-eminent loyalty, had a few years before extorted, at the point of the bayonet, or at least, by a menacing and resistless display of military power, a degree of national independence for Ireland which she had not known before, they had not lost the confidence of the government, while the Roman Catholics, as a body, became hourly greater objects of suspicion.

In such times of difficulty and caution, when even an indiscreet expression might be construed into treason, Count O'Dorney, confined by increasing infirmities to Glencastle, became anxious and alarmed for his son; and, as a means of preserving him from danger, gave him permission to visit Italy.

It was at Naples, at that gay court, and at the palazzo of the celebrated Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador, that Delaval became acquainted with the lovely Beatrice, a daughter of the Marchese De Montrici, and one of the most admired beauties of the Sicilian court. To complete my father's happiness, as he deemed, his love was returned; and he was on the point of making his proposal in form to the marchese, when his evil genius brought a rival in his path, in the person of an English officer of distinction.

The rivals became quickly known to each other, and feelings of jealous suspicion and enmity sprang up between them, which were scarcely formed, when an unforeseen and sinister occurrence brought them into angry and, as it proved, fatal collision.

They were both dining at the English ambassador's; there was a large party, and recent news from England, which intimated the expectation of a rebellious rising in Ireland, formed the subject of conversation. Deyncourt, my father's rival, took an active part in it, and dwelt (as my father thought, with the intention of mortifying him) with considerable severity on the known disloyalty of the Irish Roman Catholics. Delaval threw back the accusation, and contended that it was the Protestants who were entitled to the name of rebels and revolutionists. The discussion was assuming an angry and personal character, when the ambassador good-naturedly endeavoured, and for some time successfully, to change the topic of conversation; but the apple of discord was again cast amongst them by a gentleman, who sat near Delaval, asking if the government had any suspicion as to who were likely to be the leaders of the insurrection. "Why," replied Deyncourt, "a brother officer, at present quartered in the south fo

Ireland, has given me in a letter the names of several persons who are suspected; but I believe the principal is the exiled Count O'Dorney."

'My father started from his seat, and in direct terms gave his opponent the lie, declaring himself the son of Count O'Dorney.

The English officer, too much excited, and too proud to declare that he had been ignorant of the fact, almost instantly withdrew.

Anticipating a message from his rival, and reflecting that should the duel be fatal to either party, this might be the last night he should ever behold his beloved Beatrice, he sought the gardens of the Villa Montrici.

As Delaval rapidly crossed those delightful pleasure-grounds—their quiet beauty painfully contrasted with the gloomy and restless thoughts which oppressed him — the deep blue sky, now lighting up with countless stars—the perfumed air—the music of falling waters—all were in unison with the tenderest emotions, but they could not for a moment soothe the perturbation which distracted the soul of Delaval. A few notes of a favourite air on his guitar, of which, during his stay in Italy, he had learned to be proficient, soon brought Beatrice to a balcony overlooking the terrace he had ascended from.

Already fearfully excited, Delaval was rendered almost desperate when Beatrice informed him that Deyncourt had that day asked her hand; and that her father, dazzled by the splendid fortune and rank to which he was heir, had not only accepted his offer, but, on discovering the state of his daughter's feelings, and her affection for Delaval, had commanded her to forget him, and prepare for her immediate nuptials with his English rival. "Alas!" said she, "I fear we must no longer meet—there is no hope—to-morrow"——

"Ay," exclaimed Delaval, "I hear—what of to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," rejoined Beatrice,—"but hush! some one calls—it is my father—I must away; conceal yourself, and be here again an hour hence." And she hastily retired from the balcony.

The mind of Delaval was now unhappily wrought into the most vindictive hatred towards his successful rival. He thirsted for revenge. Unmindful of his own inexperience, he looked forward with a wild hope to the possible issue of his duel with Deyncourt as the means of uniting him to Beatrice, without whom life appeared to him of no value. The demon was roused. The fell spirit of destruction had entered his soul. "Yes," said he, as he turned from the terrace, "the way to the hand of Beatrice must now lie over the lifeless corse of him who has crossed my path."

He was about to enter an orange-grove, when, hearing steps behind him, he turned and beheld Deyncourt approaching him. Dark suggestions flashed for a moment across his mind, but he soon suppressed them, and, with a studied calmness, paused to allow his rival to come up.

Deyncourt immediately addressed him. "I am glad, Mr. Delaval," said he, "that I have met you, even though it is here; but of that presently. First, allow me to say, that I have thought more calmly of our quarrel this evening, and the cause which induced it. Hoping that you, sir, know how to appreciate and act on this admission, I freely confess that I was not aware of any relative of the

Count O'Dorney's being present when I merely repeated intelligence conveyed to me by one whose word I never had reason to doubt; had I known that you were his son, I need not say, sir, that I would have been silent. Nay, I am willing to go further; from the spirit with which you vindicated your father's loyalty, I will believe my charge to have been unfounded. This should satisfy you; yet, as that charge was publicly made, it shall be as publicly withdrawn. It is unnecessary for me to say that I expect the same in the retraction of your offensive expressions."

"Be it as you wish, sir; and now I presume that our communications have ended," said my father; and he was about to pass Deyncourt, when the latter interposed.

"Delaval," said he, "let us be friends."

My father waved his hand. "You force your friendship, sir, on one who is unwilling to receive it."

"It is well, sir," replied Deyncourt, as he drew himself haughtily up. "Stay a moment, sir," as again my father was going to pass on; "there yet remains a subject, touching which it concerns my honour that we should understand each other; before that can be, I must offer some explanation—it concerns the Lady Beatrice."

"Say on, sir—say on," said my father, with a voice of impatient anger.

"Mr. Delaval," resumed Deyncourt, calmly, "I need not ask you why you are in these grounds, and as yet you would think I had no right to put such a question; but when I inform Mr. Delaval that I am the accepted suitor of the Lady Beatrice, I feel that I need not point out to him the course which his own honour and the usages of society equally require—the resignation of his pretensions to the hand of Beatrice Montricci."

"Never!" cried my father, blinded by passion, and unable to restrain himself any longer; "I resign those hopes only with my life."

"Ha! say you so rashly?" exclaimed Deyncourt, now himself losing the self-command and calmness which he had hitherto shown; "beware, sir—there is a point at which forbearance ceases, and bethink you a moment how this mad resolution becomes you. To take away all ground of quarrel, I throw aside reserve, and frankly tell you that, in all save the ceremony, I am the betrothed husband of the Lady Beatrice; and as to that, to-morrow, according to their custom, all the relations of the family will assemble here to hear the marchese and the lady herself ratify our contract. I trust, sir, I have now said enough."

Deyncourt paused, as if waiting a reply. But this expostulation, instead of altering, only excited in the mind of Delaval a deeper feeling of animosity. "What say you to this, sir?" again inquired Deyncourt.

"That the morrow which you speak of," said my father, in a voice deep and dreadful from its deliberate tone,—"that that morrow must not find us both alive."

"Your blood be on your own head then," calmly replied Deyncourt; "trust me, I am not one to submitto this presumption, nor one who knows not how to punish it. For the last time then I call on you to consider how indefensible is this interference on your part.

What can you urge while I have the approval of the marchese and the consent of the lady herself?"

"'Tis false, sir!" said my father, no longer able to control his passion; "'tis most false, sir."

"Enough, enough!" said Deyncourt. "Twice within these twelve hours have you dared to breathe such words—it stands not with my honour or profession to brook such insolence; and mark, sir, the retraction which I too generously made I now withdraw, and again proclaim your father a vile traitor. To-morrow you shall hear from me."

"Stay!" said my father, at this reiteration of the insult at the ambassador's, "stay, Major Deyncourt; perhaps we need not wait so long." Then lowering his voice—"How say you to meet on the blasted heath beneath Vesuvius two hours hence? You look surprised—'tis true the moon sets early to-night, but we can have torches—do you fear?"

Deyncourt smiled contemptuously. "We will not fail you, Mr. Delaval," said he; and having passed the enclosure, he took his horse's bridle from a bough, and rode off towards the city.

Delaval wildly retraced his steps to the terrace. He found Beatrice waiting for him in the balcony, when, without mentioning the impending duel, he implored her (if she would not that they should be for ever parted) to flee with him in the morning from Naples.

Her consent was obtained, and having promised to be in readiness when he should summon her, he departed.

"And now," said Delaval, "all is settled; yet if I should fall?—it is as well." He returned to his hotel; a second was quickly procured, and the usual arrangements completed. A friend engaged to have a vessel in readiness to leave Naples at daybreak; and at the hour, and place, and in the manner Delaval had himself appointed, the rivals met.

Holding a blazing torch in their left hands, their persons standing out in strong relief opposite each other, the combatants stood waiting for the word. There was only time to observe them for a moment. Firm and undaunted, Delaval raised his arm, and covered his opponent with unshaken nerve—in his recklessness he almost fronted him—while the other seemed to have studied his position with the greatest care, presenting the smallest possible surface, and levelling according to the most approved principles. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and, at the first fire, the ball from Delaval's pistol pierced the right temple of the gallant and unfortunate Deyncourt, and with a sudden spring he fell lifeless on his face to the earth.

But on that fatal scene I must no longer dwell; a father's broken heart forbids it. Swift and terrible indeed was the revulsion which overwhelmed the conscience-stricken and horrified mind of Delaval—so recently a slave to the guilty and destructive passion of revenge. Still with vehement energy he executed the plans he had meditated, and Beatrice, unconscious of the blood-stained hand she had joined with hers, fled with him from Naples. They crossed the Straits to Messina, and there finding an English vessel from the Levant, on the point of sailing for England, they were soon beyond all danger of pursuit.*

* To be continued.

GOING RATHER TOO FAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

"How shall I live till I see you again!" exclaimed the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale, looking very sentimental.

Miss Penelope Dumstormanville looked very sentimental too.

"I should suppose," said Captain Stalks, "that you might possibly contrive to live upon breakfasts, and luncheons, and collations, and dinners, and teas, and suppers—five or six feasting times a day, and a few extras—much as you have been in the habit of doing all the years of your life."

"Psha!" ejaculated the Honourable Theophilus; which rather undignified and unpoetical exclamation was, wherewithal and notwithstanding, exceedingly natural, as nobody likes to be reminded of their mundane necessities when they are in the humour to be sentimental.

"And if five or six feeding times a-day won't do," continued Captain Stalks, "then Talleyrand cakes, anchovy sandwiches, savoury jellies."

Miss Penelope Dumstormanville lifted up her eyes to the ceiling, appealing to that if Captain Stalks were not a brute.

"And do you really go to-day?" sighed out Miss Penelope.

"It is my unhappy destiny!" said the Honourable; "my friend Captain Stalks accompanies me as far as Maidstone; he has business that way; there we separate, but not till we have dined together. By-the-bye, Stalks, have you written down to order dinner?"

"No," said Captain Stalks, rather gruffly.

"What an oversight!" said the Honourable Theophilus. "We shall have to wait an hour for dinner. How I hate waiting an hour for dinner—and perhaps have no smelts. I had set my heart upon smelts."

"You must do without them," said the captain.

"*Set your heart!*" said the fair Penelope, reproachfully.

"Ah! that is only——" and the Honourable Theophilus looked tenderly; and Miss Penelope thought she heard something like the words "*on you*," sighed, rather than said, in the softest tone in the world—

"And Captain Stalks leaves you at Maidstone?"

"Yes; there I shall be left to my own thoughts, to my own remembrances!" said the Honourable.

"I don't think you are fit to be left to yourself," said the gruff captain.

"Don't you think so?" said Penelope, looking rather more graciously upon him.

"No," said the disagreeable captain, telegraphing to the Honourable to go. "And the worst of it is, I have a thousand things to do."

"But if you are occupied—engaged—you may leave him—now—safely—with me," murmured Penelope.

"I don't think so," said the captain.

"O cruel! is he not?" sighed out Penelope.

"Barbarous!" exclaimed the Honourable.

"Well, adieu then," said the Honourable; "since it must be so. I shall see nothing like you wherever I go. My fate is cruel, but no matter if you are happy. Well, Stalks, don't be in such a hurry—I'm coming. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. I've seen my fondest hopes decay—but you will be happy, and no matter what becomes of me."

"O don't say so!—don't say so!" exclaimed Penelope. "Promise me not to be miserable! Promise me to take care of yourself!"

"Why should I care for myself," said the Honourable, "when others care not for me?"

"O but they do! they do!" exclaimed Penelope.

"Perhaps they will," said the Honourable, turning up his eyes in true tragic style, and laying his white hand upon his waistcoat—the prettiest waistcoat in the world—purple satin, covered all over with every coloured flower that does or does not grow—"perhaps they will—when I shall be with those who have been."

The Honourable had got into a pathetic vein, and Miss Penelope took fright accordingly.

"O! but indeed now, indeed now, I cannot let you leave me in such a tone of mind—you make me unhappy—I am afraid to trust you."

"I am afraid to trust myself!" said the Honourable.

"Captain Stalks! dear Captain Stalks; pray take care of him!"

"I shall either get him a keeper, or send him to Bedlam;" said the inhuman captain.

"O Captain Stalks, he wants soothing, he wants kindness, he wants tenderness."

"He wants a fool's cap and bells;" said the captain.

"Ah, too cruel! too unfeeling," said Penelope, "but do not despond—others will be kinder to you—will remember you."

"I thank you for that sweet promise."

"And we shall meet again!" sighed out Penelope, "and sooner than perhaps you now expect."

"I don't think we shall," said the Honourable, as soon as they had fairly reached the outside of the door. "In fact, my dear Miss Penelope, I promise myself *not* to see you again; matters, some way or another, have gone just an idea too far."

"I hate such foolery," said the gruff captain.

"It is very amusing," said the Honourable. "I'm afraid I've gone just a flavour too strong—just a dash too far—but it is very amusing."

"Amusing to make fools out of the materials that were intended to produce us sensible fellow creatures."

"'*Sensible* fellow creatures!' well, that *is* rich. You put me in mind of the missionaries who preach up the blacks into sensible

fellow creatures. By-and-bye, I suppose they will do the same for the monkeys."

"Well you *are* ——" said the captain; he did *not* say what.

"Well, but those *sensible fellow creatures*—that amuses me the most," said the Honourable, with an air of cheerful elevation; and then changing it into one of moral rectitude, he added, by way of justification—"I do not *make* fools of them—I only show what fools they already are, without our giving ourselves the trouble to make them more so."

"I have a great mind to go and expose you to that little Penelope."

"You may, and see if she would believe you—but really now that would be very amusing too. I need only lay my hand upon my heart—"

"You have not got one."

"No matter—the place where it should be—and lift my eyes up to heaven—and she would not credit a word you could tell—say—swear."

"But I would tell her that you repeated the same things to every woman you came near."

"And I would tell her you were in love with her yourself, and were jealous."

"Ridiculous!"

"Let us try it."

"Nonsense!"

"Sense."

"And do you think it honourable to make women miserable, only because they are silly enough to let you?"

"I do not make them miserable—I make them happy."

"By deceiving them?"

"By an agreeable fiction—it is only by an agreeable fiction—nothing else. I do it out of the philanthropy of my nature, to make them all happy. Dear creatures! a little does it."

"And so you make fools of them, only to make them meet for a fool's paradise."

"I do it upon principle—quite upon principle. I humour them—"

"Flatter them—fool them!"

"Flatter them, then, to make them happy. Women are always amiable when they are happy; it is only misery that brings out the dark passions. Now, wherever I go, I put them into good humour—consequently I make them amiable. You know, as well as I do, that the comfort of men depends upon women; therefore do you not see that I am a general benefit and blessing to all mankind, as well as to all womankind?"

"I see that you are—" but *what*, the captain again left in doubt.

"You see I possess a sort of alchemy. I have the power of transmuting the baser metals into gold. I make them into little angels, and then they make a little heaven, and it is only common justice that I should share it."

"And when you are gone?"

"Let the next comer do likewise, and then the world would be a happy world."

"A house on the sands!" said the gruff captain.

"And let me tell you, most sage captain, that without being spiced with scandal or flattery, society would be as insipid as a ragout without seasoning. When women meet together they talk scandal; when men meet together they talk politics; when men and women mingle, then of course flattery is the only resource."

"A few homely truths," said the captain, "would do them more good."

"Would make them cross and ill-tempered and complaining, and then what comfort could there be in any house, I should like to know? And let me ask you another thing, most redoubtable captain; what sort of welcome will your truth-teller have—besides being so unpardonably rude? And let me tell you another thing, and that is, we have no right to make even women miserable. I can be a moralist and a philanthropist as well as you—we have no right to carry our cross faces into society, and think ourselves mighty good sort of people for being as disagreeable as possible. My plan is to make the world happy by putting people into good humour with themselves and everybody else, and I say again, that I do it upon principle."

"I say again, that you had better tell them of their faults."

"And I say again, no, no, no. You are quite wrong in your principle: never scold people for having the fault—praise them for the opposite virtue—they will believe you at last, and think that they have it, and so in time practise it. Tell a miser that he is liberal; a hard-hearted man that he is full of the milk of human kindness; an angry man that he is patient; a proud man that he is humble,—and by-and-bye he will become so."

"And the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale, that he is the very soul of sincerity and truth."

"And Captain Stalks, that he is as unlike Diogenes as possible."

"Whom he would rather resemble than be in any shape like the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale."

The Honourable wore an angry ruffled look for a moment, but scarcely for longer; it was gone almost before it could be said to be visible, and then he exclaimed, with a gay frank smile, "Well, now, Stalks, you know that it is for your honest integrity and your sturdy truth that I love you, though you do sometimes make me seem rather Richardish on purpose to provoke you to show them."

"I can hardly imagine what you can like me for—nor, indeed, what I can like you for."

"My friendship for you is founded on your sincerity, whatever you may think yours for me"—*on a little flattery, sapient sir*, said the Honourable to himself in a strictly confidential *aside*—"on the genuine kindness of your own nature, however you may seek to disguise it," he continued aloud; "but let us be friends at any rate for the next thirty miles, it is so particularly awkward to quarrel in a postchaise, and here I see that ours is ready."

Meanwhile, Miss Penelope Dumstormanville took out her white

cambric handkerchief, with worked corners and lace edging, and shed a few real and genuine tears.

"What is the matter, dear Penelope?" asked her cousin, who entered while she was thus engaged. "What is the matter?"

"Oh! *he* is gone, and I—am—*so*—miserable!"

"Who is gone?"

"How can you ask me! How can you show so little sensibility—so little sympathy, as to ask me who? you know that there can be but one *he* in the world!"

"But who, dear, who?"

"Why, the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale."

"He will return."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Penelope, "He is a wretched man! a lost man! His peace of mind is gone for ever! and *I*—*I*—am the unhappy cause."

"He will recover himself; he will grow more reconciled; he will exert his good sense," said the cousin, thinking, in her simplicity, that *that* was comfort.

Now this simplicity was almost inexcusable, because my cousin was nearly sixteen. As to Miss Penelope, she, of course, knew the world well—she was sixteen and a half.

"He will recover himself after a little while," she continued in the same comforting strain.

"Never! never! never!" exclaimed Penelope, as if she had undergone a great accession of agony.

"Oh, yes, indeed, now, dear Penelope, see how soon men forget these sort of things. You know there was young ——"

"I tell you he is miserable! wretched! distracted! and so am I! so am I! so am I!"

"Now do, dear, be comforted. Perhaps you misunderstood him—he could not be so very bad."

"I would not be so unfeeling to you," sobbed Penelope,—"I would not be so unfeeling to you for the world! for all the world! I tell you his whole existence depends upon me! He told me so himself! he told me so himself!"

Now this information arising from such high authority could not of course be doubted, even by my cousin.

"And I know he'll kill himself! I know he'll commit suicide! I know he'll shoot himself! or drown himself—or—no—he *won't* hang himself—but perhaps he'll take poison."

"Dear, how shocking!" exclaimed my cousin. "But do you really think so?"

"Oh! I'm sure! I'm quite sure! And then I should die too! I know I could not survive him! I know I could not survive him, let pa' be ever so angry!"

And then again came the white cambric handkerchief with the worked corners and lace edgings into requisition.

"Yes, he will die! I know he will die, and I won't survive him, let pa' be ever so angry! I won't indeed! I won't indeed!"

"Dear! dear!" said my cousin.

Sob, sob, sob.

"Dear! dear! dear!"

"But can nothing be done?" asked my cousin, after an interval—"can nothing be done? Can't we send to the Lord Mayor? or to Bow Street? or to the police?

"Oh, no!" said Penelope. "If he were quite determined to destroy himself, he would be so angry with them all for interposing."

"Well, then, can't we send to Lord Melbourne, or, I'll tell you what—suppose you go to the Queen?"

"No; but I have thought of something!" said Penelope, brightening; "I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?" asked my cousin.

"I'll go to him myself!"

"To him!" said my cousin, somewhat startled—"yourself? But wont papa be very angry?"

"Oh, but to save his life, you know! to save his life! He said he was afraid to trust himself, and even that unfeeling Captain Stalks thought it was not safe to leave him alone. What a shocking thing it would be if he were found weltering in his blood to-morrow morning in his dressing-gown! wouldn't that be horrid! horrid! horrid!"

"Horrid, indeed," said my cousin.

"And don't you think it would be only an act of common humanity to go to him, and try to prevent it, even if pa' were angry? Pa' could only kill me, you know, and I should have the satisfaction of dying for his sake!" On which pathetic anticipation, Penelope again drew out the cambric handkerchief with the worked corners and lace edging.

"Dear, dear, don't talk so!" said my cousin.

"And you know I could do it very well," continued Miss Penelope. "Pa won't be home to night, and poor aunty's gone to bed with a sick headache, and Roderick and Harold and Anthony are all gone to the races."

"But how will you get there?"

"Ah, how!" sighed Miss Penelope

"Is it far?"

"Only to Maidstone."

"How far is that?"

"Not much more than thirty miles, I believe, but I don't think I could walk."

"I don't think you could," said my cousin, very innocently.

"But I'll tell you," said Miss Penelope. "Pa' has just given me my half year's money, so I'm quite rich. Now I'll write a note to Newman's, where pa' has all his postchaises from, and you shall let John leave it as you pass. Here I have pen and ink. 'Mr. Newman, be so good as to send a postchaise to Madame Arnaud's, Wigmore-street, exactly at three o'clock. P. S. Please let the postilion have a blue jacket. And I'll just walk to Madame Arnaud's and see if my new bonnet is finished, and when I come out it will look as if the postchaise had brought me there, and I shall get into it, and it will all look quite natural, and aunty can't ask any questions, because she is ill in bed."

The note was folded triangularly like a three-cornered sandwich, and delivered to the care of my cousin, who departed with many ear-

est hopes that Miss Penelope might arrive at Maidstone in time to save the valuable life of the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale.

Be it remembered that Miss Penelope and her cousin had not inhabited this very wise world of ours much longer than six lustres divided between them.

As for poor Penelope, she only just stayed long enough to write another letter to her papa, Alexander Dumstormanville, Esq., just to tell him that the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale was so very desperately in love with her that she was dreadfully afraid he would commit murder on himself, to prevent which most distressing calamity, she had determined to go to Maidstone, and keep him in this world by favouring him with her company in it; that she earnestly hoped that she might arrive before the consummation of that dreadful act, but if not, she could not, she knew, survive him, and she should then be no more. His most dutiful frantic daughter, Penelope Dumstormanville.

After this, Miss Penelope, taking advantage of her aunt's retirement to her four-post bedstead, which left her a free agent, walked to Madame Arnaud's, tried the set of her new bonnet, which happened by good fortune to have a very graceful branch of roses on the outside, and two very loveable ones in the in; and though she thought at first that she was far too miserable to care about bonnets or roses either; or if wreathes and flowers had come into her mind's eye, they would only have been cypresses and ivies and willows, yet as she looked at herself in Madame Arnaud's great cheval-glasses, and thought that if she were so happy as to find the Honourable Theophilus alive, he might as well see her with these two very pretty roses blushing on each side of her face, and so she very contentedly kept it on its post of honour, and tripped down stairs, forgetting for a little while her own heart-rending anxiety, and stepped into Newman's chaise, which was all duly in waiting, and though she saw at a glance that the postilion's blue jacket *was* just one shade too dark, yet when he slashed his whip, and off the chaise actually dashed in very good style, she felt an elation of spirits, and a sense of self-importance, excited by feeling that she held at her disposal the happiness, and even the whole existence, of the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale, and that she was riding alone, the whole and sole mistress of a postchaise, driven by a postilion in a blue jacket.

Meanwhile the Honourable Theophilus and his friend Captain Stalks had passed through the lovely scenery of Seven Oaks, and up and down the graceful hills and dales of Kent, had left on either hand abundant hop gardens, where the better half of John Barleycorn hung itself in rich festoons, and twined itself in many a graceful tracery, garlanding the poles with its bright foliage, and weaving a trellice work of fairy bowery, through which the rays of the sun danced happily: they had passed through pretty little Tunbridge, lovely quiet Wateringbury, had seen the smoke from many a household hearth ascending as an oblation of happiness from earth to heaven, and then the town itself sleeping in the valley, and finally they had rolled over the bridge which crosses the Derwent, had rattled over the stones of

the High-street, had rattled into the inn-yard,—and then came such a peal at the ostler's bell, and up ran half-a-dozen grooms, and half-a-dozen dogs began to open a concert, and half-a-dozen stable helpers made haste to see what it was all about, and out came half-a-dozen waiters, and mine host at the head with his happy-looking comely face, and mine hostess with the neatest looking of all gowns and caps; and the Honourable Theophilus and his friend Captain Stalks had been ushered into a very comfortable drawing-room, commanding an exceedingly extensive prospect of a pork-shop, in the window of which hung many a graceful link of sausages, and a hairdresser's, with sundry styles of wigs, and the Honourable Theophilus had ordered smelts and broiled chickens and mushroom sauce, and tartlets, and the smelts had come from the hands of the *cuisinier* the palest fawn colour in the world, and seemed, like a breath, light enough to be blown away, and the chickens had just the peculiar physiognomy that broiled chickens ought to have, and the mushrooms were just the size of the tip of the Honourable Theophilus' little finger, and would have passed through his ring with great ease, and the tartlets were not below three shades worse than Very's;—and all these things had been discussed according to their respective merits by the two friends, and the bottom of the second bottle of pale sherry was almost as invisible as the first, and the Honourable Theophilus was occupying two chairs instead of one, and holding the very last glass of that same second bottle between his own bright eye and one of the genteelly dim wax candles, and even the gruff Captain Stalks seemed one shade less gruff; for it is wonderful how a well-cooked dinner and pale sherry act upon the sensibility of man: as to the Honourable Theophilus, he was in imminent danger of growing really candid, so much had their effects acted like skeleton keys in unlocking his heart. All these things, we say, were just so and thus, when the Honourable led back the conversation to its morning topic.

"Well, Stalks, say what you will in your spirit of surly morality; I flatter upon principle; I consider myself quite a public benefactor. I heard a great philanthropist say the other day that he made the world happier if he only gave a bone to a dog, and that is precisely my principle: I make the world happier if I only give flattery to a woman."

"Well, I prophesy——" said the captain.

"What?" asked the Honourable.

"That the biter will get bit."

"Pugh! psha!—fiddle faddle!—folly!"

"Not perhaps in this identical case, but certainly in some other."

"Nonsense!" said the Honourable; "don't you see that that can never be, because——"

"Because what?"

"A woman can never complain without exposing herself—without showing that she expected something and is disappointed; and then she knows well enough that if the world pity her, its pity is only another name for contempt; and any and every woman would rather bear even a few real pangs in silence, than throw herself upon the tender mercy and loving-kindness of the world."

"But fathers, and brothers, and uncles, and cousins——"

"O, I take pretty good care; I never commit myself to them."

"But a woman may complain to her relations, if not to the world."

"O, still less. The pity of the world is a pretty good per centage better than the sympathy of any male relation towards a woman's simpleness. The father frowns, and wonders how a daughter of his could make such a fool of herself; the uncle sneers, but does not wonder at all, because he expected no better; the cousins are happy that it is no sister of theirs, and think cousinship a very slight relationship indeed; the brothers storm, though they always knew that their own sister was sillier than any other body's sister in the world; and do you think all this encouragement for a woman to complain at home?"

"No; but more the reason why you should give her no cause to complain. Why subject her to all this mortification with so very little inducement?"

"Little inducement, do you say? I say that the inducement is great. Without it a man must give up visiting altogether, and confine himself to the clubs."

"I don't see that. *I* visit among several families; I have rather a general acquaintance."

"Do you? Have you?" said the Honourable with a slight laugh of scornful superiority; "ah, but my dear fellow, I would not be content to be received on the milk-warm, milk-and-water terms which satisfy you. You drop in—come and go—out and in—just as you please—make no sensation—no emotion—no interest."

The gruff captain looked a little piqued.

"Now, when *I* am expected, I throw a whole house into confusion. The ladies dress better—call up their best looks—arrange their hair, put on smiles—try on either animation or affectation—are either more grave or more gay—assume the favourite character, whatever that may be—sparkling or pensive—sentiment or archness—braids or curls—and all for me."

"Lucky fellow!" said the captain, rather angrily.

"No; not luck—talent—tact. Well, that is all very pleasant, but that is not all. When *you* drop in to a family party, you take your chance of a seat anywhere that you may be lucky enough to get it; but *I*—ah, what finessing to get me into the best place, and all to themselves, dear creatures! And then if I were an epicure——"

"If you were!—why you know you are!"

"O no; but if I were, then of course all the daintiest cuts, all the choicest morsels, fall to my share."

"And ultimately, when you marry, which you seem inclined to do, what then is to recompense you for the loss of all these advantages? for I presume that you cannot retain them."

"O, an equivalent—more than an equivalent. Now you see that if I am so happy as to make good my impression on that pretty Isabella Linley, I can afford to lose a dozen such as Penelope."

"I allow," said Captain Stalks, "that one Isabella is worth a dozen Penelopes."

"In every way that one woman can differ from another; she has seen——"

"But you do not wish women to have seen, else—pray excuse me—they might see through you."

"O, only my wife; for, to tell you the truth, I hate a really silly woman from the bottom of my heart."

"Penelope is *rather so*," said the captain.

"Immeasurably silly," said the Honourable. "Think what I must feel at the sound of her babyish laugh, at the sight of her silly affectation! O, a woman's folly is a real discredit to a man. It is a disgrace to his taste."

"All the easier to guide," said the captain.

"O no; sense well guided in a wife is indispensable to a really sensible man, and, in a woman that is not one's wife, sense *misguided* makes the pleasantest folly.

"I did not know that you patronised sense in woman."

"I am surely proving it by the compliment I am about to offer to Isabella Linley in the morning."

"And you think the compliment will be accepted?"

"I think I *have* made some impression; what think you?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I think you have."

"My dear fellow——"

"But I have a great mind to expose you to her."

"Ha, ha! Well, I will tell you to-morrow morning how the compliments I intend to offer are received. I am here with full credentials. I expect my uncle here to-night, to negociate for the settlements, and all that—all the world says I am an unexceptionable match—sufficiently young, sufficiently good-looking, with sufficient abilities, sufficient agreeableness, sufficient expectations, and sufficient sufficiency in hand."

"I allow that you have all these," said the captain, "and more than all—a flattering tongue. We shall see what value this lady sets on all these things."

"I am not without hope," said the Honourable; with a self-satisfied smile.

"Nor I without fear," said the captain, with a sigh.

"I have prepared the way," said the Honourable, "I have whispered, and sighed, and smiled in the right places."

"And I have looked severe in the wrong ones."

"And I come now, with the approbation of my family, with formal proposals."

"And with such a woman as Miss Linley in view, why have you so trifled with poor Penelope?"

"Mere idleness—habit."

"I should say, because your vanity was flattered by her childish undisguised attachment."

"I am much obliged."

"You know that you treat all prettyish women in the same style, and Penelope is *rather* pretty."

"An unmeaning wax doll—a baby-face—a simpleton. No more to be compared to Miss Linley than a Billingsgate quean to the Queen of Beauty."

"For once I agree with you."

"Then, Isabella has not only beauty, but style, carriage, mien, manner, dignity; just the woman to follow the announcement of one's own name into a drawing-room, and make all the women hate *her*, and all the men hate her husband; and that is the most delightful sentiment in the world to excite; a thousand times more agreeable than love."

"How so?"

"Because people never hate any one excepting for envy. They forgive an injury, they pity a weakness, but they hate you for having any advantages over them."

"Delightful emotions! amiable sentiments!"

"Yes, Isabella is just the woman to make her husband hated and envied; just the woman to look well in an open carriage; just the woman to sit well at the head of your table; just the woman to make it an excusable thing for a man to marry."

"*Excusable!* shameful word! Just the woman to make home happy and the heart satisfied."

"Upon my word—and you too—I shall be jealous—but no matter! I flatter myself I have made some impression, and we shall soon see:—then she has money."

"Ay."

"Enough to keep the world always smiling upon you, and to make you care very little whether it smiled or not."

"The balance is in favour of matrimony and Isabella."

"Yes, matrimony and Isabella!—a bumper!"

"And poor Penelope!"

"May wear a willow wreath, if she think it becomes her; or orange blossoms—if she can get them."

"But not as the Honourable Mrs. Theophilus Dugdale."

"O no! let her take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble! The Honourable Mrs. Theophilus Dugdale! Hear her announcement up a drawing-room staircase—fancy all eyes turned towards the door to see a sample of my taste—imagine Penelope entering! Think what I must suffer! think what I must feel! what excruciating agony! Penelope *my* wife! Faugh!"*

* To be continued.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.

No. V.

CLEOPATRA AND MME. DE STAEL.

THERE is a careless flow of words, feelings, and incidents, in this play; different from the full tale of the Merchant of Venice, the planned developement of jealousy in Othello, and the close plot of Romeo and Juliet. There is no regularity in viciousness—no hurrying to a fixed goal—no strong desire for the attainment of a certain object—no permanent energy. A weary tediousness accompanies the most beautiful and talented, in such a course; and Shakspeare alone, from his mastery of nature, and his powers to create truth, could render such a theme interesting as well as profitable, without colouring crime so as to lend a hidden gratification to sensual propensities. Here licentiousness is dressed in all its robes: rank, wealth, mental and personal accomplishments attend, to augment its delights; and yet how barren and unfruitful of real satisfaction are they! Desdemona was far happier; Othello, too; one had principle, the other holy love. The following simile is characteristic of the style of charm in the piece:—

> "This common body,
> Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
> Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
> To rot itself with motion,"

and reminds us of Wordsworth's swan and shadow, floating double. There is vulgarity, and the beauty of what is common in it, instructing us to look with a painter's eye on the most ordinary objects; as Sir George Beaumont and the poet, on the curling smoke which ascended from the badly-extinguished tallow candle. Dissimilar from, and more useful than, the French *grandioso* vein, that exhibits the lofty refinings of a life which only one out of a million, from experience, can appreciate. The Veronese lovers displayed the picturesque affection of youth; Antony and Cleopatra the more carnal and natural passion of maturity; for refinement is rare, and never exists but in the soil on which the sun of morality shines. It was this lack which marred the completeness of the attachment of the Alexandrian lovers. The illustration cited, elicits wisdom and beauty from a lowly and disregarded occurrence. The same kind of easy and touching attraction pleases us in Antony's lamentation,

> "O, then we bring forth weeds,
> When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
> Is as our earing."

In Sicyon, the most ancient and least-famed state of Greece, died

the first and most hated wife of Marc. Lepidus is the tool and butt of all; and yet such men, unconscious of their folly, of their subservience, and of the contempt in which they are held, pass rather agreeable lives—self-satisfied, and self-indulging, like a hog. Augustus, in order to get rid of Antony, condescends to try and poison the mind of the lowest of the triumvirate against the second; that the former may aid him in effecting the ruin of the latter. But Lepidus has not sufficient sense to think ill of or to hate any one, at least if his station be superior. He can see only the bright side of things, and pleases none, because not enough of a partisan for the sake of one coterie to detest the other. He lacked the qualifications of a "good hater;" and he insinuates that if talent descended to Marc from his grandfather, he inherited effeminacy from his father; thus endeavouring to take some blame off his shoulders. Cæsar, aware of his rival's value, would not destroy him until he had got service out of him. A little while ago, when he was not wanted, he was everything bad; now Octavius confesses his past virtues, because he needs the same; contriving, however, to increase the apparent magnitude of his faults, by dwelling on the inexcusability of deficiency, where there is ability. We should not have the same regard for Antony, if we had not learned his strong qualities even from the acknowledgment of his bitterest foe, and been enabled to contrast his Eastern laziness with his European activity and worthiness—like a fertile plain, a populous city, which the lava of Vesuvius has turned to aridity and desolation. Necessity teaches us before undreamt-of affection for the object whom we require; we grow marvellously fond of the acquaintance who may be serviceable; though, a short space since, we may have railed, as if we despised as well as disliked him, deeming him undeserving our consideration; yet now he is worthy, talented, and our esteemed and valued friend, with failings indubitably, but then all flesh is heir to such, and his are redeemed by the noblest capacities.

Wild is the tumult occasioned by absence in the bosom of the sunny-souled Cleopatra!—no coquetry now with her feelings—he is faultless, a hero, a god; and she was complacent in having won the affections of such, she who was aging. How lively is the play of fancy that enables her to see all his actions, and to hear all his words! lending them, by her genius, a sparkling variety, a glittering beauty, beside which the originals would seem flat and dull. Pride goeth before a fall; and she is confident of his love, though she may soon be led to doubt it. She speaks her feelings aloud; and so just is the keeping of character and circumstance, that even had she not been represented as so discoursing, we might have gathered her communicativeness from the mode in which her menials addressed her. "Dear queen"—would Balthazar have dared so to salute Portia; or Peter, Juliet? even the child, with an aged man, maintained more of the propriety of woman. Would the presumptuous Iago have presumed so to greet the gentle Desdemona? When persons are descending into the vale of years, they no longer possess the delicate modesty which constrains them to hide their loves. On the contrary, they are rather proud of inspiring and experiencing such emo-

tions. What a fine picture might be made of Antony retiring on his prancing steed; his last and thoughts words, like a true knight of chivalry, devoted to his mistress! his form and countenance expressive of sober, cheerful dignity; his horse neighing to find himself bestridden by so renowned a warrior! In this description was fuel to feed the flame of the Egyptian. It was natural, too, that she should compare present with past lovers, deeming the former transcendent. Lest life should fleet without being thoroughly savoured, she gives wing to her imagination, the beautifier of earth. There is worthiness in thus gloriously estimating heroic qualities; and, as we affect most the child and Benjamin of our old age, so did Cleopatra, her last love and her truest. What a scribe must she have been! What a torrent of eloquence we can conceive her letters to have been; glowing more than spoken words—ideas wrenched from her as it were by the roots, instead of a mere display of supernumerary and sprouting branches; a thousand sentiments, instead of being scattered up and down at distant intervals, and, therefore, almost unnoticed for their richness and variousness, condensed into one intense deep sentence; the love of a life developed in a paragraph; as faithful a transcript of devotion as lengthened behaviour—the coarseness of realities banished; and the finger of refined talent pencilling as with the exquisite tenderness of a Raffaelle—ill-temper gone; lovingness, benevolence, perfection, there. Portia would not have chosen so to write; nor had the warmth for it. Juliet was too inexperienced; Desdemona far too diffident.

Corinne, in absence, was thus plotted against; and both the men, by their infidelity, are equally contemptible. There was, however, some reason for Antony's alteration, such vast worldly gains accruing; but there is no excuse for the paltry-souled Nelvil. It is a mere impossibility that any but a downright fool should have acted as he did. If the Italian had fallen previous to their separation, subsequent circumstances must have been anticipated: but that such a handsome, rich, superior creature should be slighted for the sake of a simple, pretty baby, by a man capable of appreciating the former, is absurd. It would have been otherwise, if he had been merely passingly fascinated; but that his whole heart should have been given, and then causelessly withdrawn, is the impossible. Yet the story is only the frame to surround the disclosure of our authoress's egotisms. She was a woman of strong and original feeling, who developed it strikingly and affectingly; but one fault we find with her, as with French tragedy of the reign of Louis XIV.—she for ever soars; she is never simple; never artless, like Miss Edgeworth; vulgarly pathetic, like Mrs. Inchbald; nor has she any domestic sketches dear to truth and nature, like those of Miss Austin. She has intenser instruction, loftier ambition than any; and her writings, in consequence, draw forth grander desires, teaching us the wide scope sometimes permitted to female ability; proving all the information she may require, and the extent of influence she may obtain. Mme. de Staël has reached greater popularity than has fallen to the lot of any female, before or since. When shall another attain to equal rank?—the idol even of some men, who regard the perusal of Corinne as constituting an era

in their lives, the idol of every ambitious girl of vivid emotions and poetic aspirations; the instructress, in their own hearts, of women advanced to the age of sobriety; a nation's benefactress, outstepping the prejudices of her circle, and cultivating and creating a love of the previously most unjustly depreciated German literature! Shakspeare, with more than probability on his side, makes Antony return to Cleopatra, after the disunion brought about by his desertion, more enervatedly amorous than ever; whereas, Mme. de Staël, restrained by feminine decorum and super-refinement, forbears to venture on such questionable territories. She is not masterly in her developings; she does not paint human nature on a grand scale. She labours over trifles, and dilates them; establishing twenty truisms, where another, with less effort of imagination and research, might have elicited but one: yet it is only in a certain strain that she is thus successful; and, like Cleopatra, it is in love she principally trades. Like Byron and Rousseau, it is herself she pictures forth, and herself alone; she does not enter into the bosoms of others; self is ever present.

Corinne, at the Capitol, may be likened to Cleopatra on the Cydnus; the descriptions of both scenes, which we have in view, are written, the one by a man, the other by a woman. The latter manifested deficiency of taste; her heroine's desire of glory exceeded her desire of love, which is unseemly and ought to be unnatural. To render the female loveable, the first must ever be subservient to the second object. Her unhappy fate merely repaid her vain and gaudy triumph; and to suppose that men should be pleased by a woman's thus gloating in superiority over them is ridiculous. During the inexperience of childhood, when display gratifies our unfledged powers, we may be dazzled by such a fête, and deem the attainment of such a coronation the acmé of felicity; but, when we have been initiated to the mysteries of life, when we have learned the true use of talent, and its best reward, we esteem the component parts of such ostentation as despicable baubles, beneath the dignity of woman to accept, unsuitable and improper; and if they evince her mental pre-eminence, at the same time denoting her moral degradation. Does she not demeaningly place herself on a par with those who are inferior to her, by stooping to request and receive the donation of their testimonies of admiration? Nay, does she not render herself basely subordinate to those who bestow on her unearned benefactions? for the crowd, whose applause is loudest, are indiscriminate in their commendations, praising those whom their leaders approve, without themselves being conscious of why or wherefore; without being adequate to appropriate the ideas, or comprehend the experience of their idol of an hour. Cleopatra is a complete woman, exerting her talents purely to heighten her feminine fascinations, but never to unsex and unsphere herself. Her pride is in her sex; as a woman she rules and reigns without control; she will never intrude amid the higher seats of manhood, to be displaced and cast down by a quiet admonition and unanswerable command, such as—"Friend, sit thee lower." It is only when females aim beyond their abilities that authorship is a source of misery, as Madame de Staël, in her "Littérature," insinuates that it is; only when, inflated by partial success, they

assume too much, and, being taught the futility of later pretensions, seem to lose something of their former elevation; only when they write from a wish for notoriety, instead of from an overflow of feeling which they find it impossible to restrain; or when they write from a simple spirit of emulation, uncombined with a sincere eagerness to do good.

As with the peerless Cleopatra, so it sometimes is with women of great attractiveness; what would render others disagreeable-looking, awkward, or disgusting, seems only to augment their charms, or, at least, to show them in a new phase; which is a treat, like a new novel, by such an author as that of Waverley—thus Venus in tears enraptured Jupiter and the conclave of gods, when she approached to spread her petition for Æneas before the throne of Olympus; though most weeping women are anything but pretty. The partners in matrimony must not be too markedly contrasted; it is folly to expect a rake to be cured by an icicle of a wife. The new-fangled Antony, delighted by the novel style of chaste beauty presented to him, makes resolves, whose results will be but momentary, to enjoy, and be faithful to the sister of Augustus. Bound by no principle-cemented link to the Egyptian, he deems it rather meritorious than the contrary to endeavour to forget her. His temporal prospects will be improved by an amendment of conduct, which his stedfast union with Octavia will produce, and she was sufficiently handsome and accomplished to lend the scheme an evanescent semblance of feasibility. But pleasures, ease, voluptuousness, worship, ever-abounding and varying stimulants to the enjoyment of luxury, all are on the side of Cleopatra, and tend to attract once more the unstable and dissolute Marc. Another victim to his selfishness and inaction of spirit will he offer up; while he creates misery for the favourite, to whom even he could not be constant. It were almost better to be altogether evil, than, by short-lived goodness, to deceive the righteous into trusting themselves to unreal worth; to mislead the affectionately hopeful into prophesying and maintaining the validity of tottering virtue. Inexperienced and guileless simpletons thus fully expect to reap the harvest of that seed which they have sown. Yet there is a picturesqueness in the various gleams of light athwart such dubious characters—like the designs of Martin, where depth of shadow and strength of sunshine are so powerfully contrasted. How entirely are the children of impulse, be it good or bad, subservient, on the long-run, however they may tower in a short essay, to the matter-of-fact, sober plodder, even when this tame sense is unaccompanied by subtle and overmastering, because concealed policy! The creatures of impulse, too, are great only by fits and starts; they have not the same ever-determined pining to be eminent, which proudly accomplishes its purpose. No. A little while only are they noble; then they permit the relaxation of degeneracy; thus gratifying their ambition, and contenting their epicurism.

The soothsayer speaks truth, without offending. There is a willingness to acknowledge errors in characters such as Antony's. His pride is rather in a superiority which disdains affectation of more than

he possesses; he has so much merit, that he may afford to confess delinquency. It is not, however, a superfluity of one particular talent which always succeeds: a mediocrity in many qualifications, properly balanced, constitutes a powerful combination which encloses the seeds of triumph. Yet it is hard to be compelled to grant your inferiority to one, whom you nevertheless feel that you excel in many points; there is depression in the first conviction of it, as undeniable fact. Still, a generous determination to submit unrebelliously to destiny follows—to do your best; and if you fail, as presentiment foreshows you must, to resign yourself with dignity to your fate, as Julius folded his robes around him when he knew himself mortally wounded. *There* was a realisation of Roman grandeur—what presence of mind! excitement having no absorbing influence; fear quailing him not; dread of futurity not unmanning him; faithful still in every situation to self-respect, to what he felt due to his own fame, and worth, and the station to which he had thereby attained. But Antony's was the resignation of a man of pleasure, a fatalist. Why should he dispute with Nemesis? Why, vainly, as he had for an instant done, think, by means of Octavia, to amend his manners, secure the friendship of a powerful advocate, and stablish firmly his princedom of a world's third? Heedlessly he resolves, let fortune or misfortune betide, to partake the deliciousness of life, so long as it lasts, with Cleopatra, the creator of joys.

How disquieted is the lover during absence! unless vigorous principle enforces the habit of incessant occupation. Even then, the thoughts will wander, and hours of dreaming unconsciously fleet away—thus, one likes to meditate on the volume just put out of hand, fondly imagining that celebrity will be thereby reached, which, notwithstanding, can never be accomplished; conceiving of delicious consequences which, yet, can never ensue. Music!—there is a charm in the very word; but none of our previous heroines could, exactly like Cleopatra, appreciate it; the voluptuous indolence natural to her disposition would teach her to relish it morning, noon, and night—her soul, her life was music. The energetic Portia would enjoy it in its proper season, at certain periods; but she would not waste all hours on it. A particular style was suited to Desdemona; but not at all times would she like the publicity of sound. Juliet was enamoured of life; and every beautiful scene on which she looked breathed eloquent music for her; every picture for her was vocal, every landscape harmony. But Cleopatra was cloyed of all; like the Sybarite, she grumbled because of a crumpled rose-leaf. It was realities which she demanded; why should she task her fancy? No dreamy delights would satisfy her who, like a queen in heaven, could command positive gratifications. Juliet we fancy to have been an instrumental performer; Desdemona a singer; Portia neither one nor the other; Cleopatra the inspirer and causer of others to play and sing. But music can only be savoured in a state of comparative quiescence; that is, if the mind be unhappy, it, while it lasts, produces content; and should the ache be too bitter to admit of this mollifying effect, then melody loses its relish; therefore the Egyptian resorted from it to billiards. Games of chance and skill, to be en-

joyed, require that the thoughts should be to a certain entent yielded to them; and it is this employment, without tasking, of the mind, the emulation excited, the hazard that almost equalises abilities, placing the stupid nearly on a par with the clever, the ever-ebbing and flowing of the tide of success, the gentle attention necessary, which lend charms to such amusements. But when the spirit is too preoccupied for such diversions, when there is a carelessness of all, which renders even conquest a matter of indifference, when probabilities of winning are converted into certainties of losing by the impossibility of regarding the present on account of preventing recollections of the past, fears for the future, and bewailings over existing things, then even such feathery recreations are deemed leaden. Grief teaches philosophy, and sourness leads us to *cui bono* all. And of what comparative value is that objectless occupation, whose aim dies in the completion of the passing purpose without conducing to further advancement, like a by-road, which, traversed with expectancy, is found but to end in an uninteresting farm-yard? In angling it was different; here, with her, there was not even the pretension to a temporary design; what cared she for trapping fishes? the employ was like that of Madame de Staël's bay-leaf, the fingering of which aided her conversational powers; and the nominal business was but as a digester of the food of rumination. She reflected, and Antony was associated with her occupations of mind and body. And now, music floated on the open air, and the murmurs of the river were melodious, and she whom love made egotistical, as it renders all, was permitted to dwell on self alone, instead of, as in billiards, having a competitor forced upon her as the subject of divided thought: then, the singing of birds, the humming of insects, the sighings of the wind, the bubblings of the water, composed an undecided chorus which soothed without exciting, as the laboured and scientific performance must excite, unless heard in delicious indistinctness from a distance, as Cleopatra, with tact, directed that her musicians should, in the present instance, join in the concert of nature. She was a luxurious creature; and those who taste the pleasures of remembering the manner in which they secured the affection of the man whose love is their pride, the conquest of whose heart was the only victory essential to their felicity, may lawfully sympathise with her.

Dissimilar from the hasty anxiety, on her nurse's return, of the child Juliet, who is morally convinced she can hear only what is pleasing, is the postponing manner of the woman Cleopatra, to whom something whispers that all has gone astray. At first she is all eagerness for information, but the dubious salutation of the messenger effects a sudden alteration; she herself is so true-hearted that she anticipates not so much infidelity as death. If we are fickle ourselves, we augur change in our lovers; if constant and uncoquettish, we expect faith. Cleopatra had been very true to Antony, and was so to the end; therefore is she the fit heroine of our tragedy. When happiness appears doubtful we seem more ardently to long for it than before, and we fancy approaching misery must be unendurable. What could we not now do, in our own apprehension, to insure that good fortune which is about to slip through our fingers? We could abase

ourselves to a level with the veriest slave, and exchange places with the poorest peasant, at the same time estimating our worth at its full value, to heighten the merit of the sacrifice, and to enable us to deem it fitting a noble offering. Still the Egyptian harps on death; for is not death more desirable than disloyalty? There was a gentleness in her anticipated sorrow on the former account, though all her emotions were more or less violent; but she was frenzied by the latter event. In the strength of her feelings consists their charm; in virtues, as in failings, she was extreme. The evil tidings would inflict a wound on her vanity; she therefore, as long as possible, refused them credence. That another should be preferred to her she would fain believe impossible. Her ambition was not of an overgrown, masculine species; her first wish was for Antony's health and well-being; her second, that he were on good terms with Cæsar, (she did not require the latter's defeat,) as a supplement to which, she hoped that her lover was not the captive of his rival; for then how could he hasten to her? how could she reach him? But the contraries of these desires combined would have been more supportable than the reality; personal torture and disgrace she dreaded; not exertion, and the obligation to surmount obstacles by genius. In her trial she turns for compassion and sympathy to a woman.

The spite she vented on the messenger was almost deserved; he brought it on himself; he had no tact, as few men have—that result of intimacy with the human heart, and nice discernment of external symptoms. He had a cowardly enjoyment in the affliction of a woman by one of his own sex; and, after all his trouble in tale-bearing, he deemed that he, rather than Charmion, had a right to present attention. He did not perceive the necessity or propriety of silence, and abstaining from low-bred interference. He retorted instead of quietly retiring when he beheld the excitement, which rendered her incapable of reason and justice, as "Philip drunk." But, triumphing in a queen's distress, from the levelling principle inherent in our nature, he rather ventured to urge her on, while he ought to have dreaded sporting with her passion. He asks for patience, when the very demand, inferring her deficiency, must produce its opposite. What right had he to admonish? Because he thus intruded himself, he must act as a shield to Antony, whom he saved from the first and rashest onset. In the present order of society, though the great may condescend, we should not presume, else we shall quickly learn that he who exalteth himself shall be abased. We should be thankful for the insight we have obtained by their voluntary descent; but self-respect would instruct us, while maintaining our own station, to give superiority its due. It was not so much his being the bearer of ill news that occasioned his ill treatment, as his injudicious commentaries. Still he persists; but with a face of fear and grief, for at least what his imprudence had incurred. This deportment does not equally provoke our heroine, and she beseeches *him* to confess, or fate to decree, that it is but a dream, a shadow, a plot to tease or try her—anything but truth. And having thus banished his fear, the messenger's manner becomes as harsh and tantalising as before.

THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XII.[1]

LORD CLARE.

DISTINGUISHED men, like the ancient Pharaohs, must be tried before they are dedicated to posterity by the embalming process; and, though more than thirty years have passed away since the death of Lord Clare, no pen has recorded his active and varied career, if we except the glowing and eloquent panegyric pronounced immediately after his death by the late Bishop Magee. Such funeral eulogies, however generous in their nature, partake of the general character of panegyrical oratory—they bring prominently forward the virtues of the individual whom they commemorate, and throw a veil over his vices; every topic is touched that may enlist human sympathy inh is favour, and everything rejected that may give a pretext for condemnation or censure. We have a sterner task to perform—to declare the truth, and not obscure it by meretricious adulation—to state his good and bad attributes in all freedom and all sincerity, and to enable our readers to form a correct estimate of the character he is likely to fill in the page of history. It would give us much satisfaction to be able to rescue his name from the national reprobation which has marked alike his life and death,* and give him rank among the distinguished men of Ireland; but distinguished though John Fitzgibbon undoubtedly was, he was more for evil than good—for the ruin than the elevation of his country. We have from time to time undertaken the duty of rescuing from unmerited oblivion the names of all the great and good men whose genius was an ornament, as their deeds were an imperishable monument of their patriotism: we confess our deep veneration for the illustrious intellects of the last century, for their learning, their genius, their wit, and, above all, their well-sustained services to Ireland;—we would wish to include the subject of our present memoir in the luminous category, but history has already passed on him an impartial but severe judgment, from which we are not permitted to deviate, and shall only state the facts by which the historian has reached that conclusion. Mr. Fitzgibbon (we shall so call him until the time arrives when he was ennobled) has long since shuffled off his mortal coil; he lived in days far removed from ours, so that we have no interest in depicting his character with bitterness, or distorting truth to represent his principles or conduct in an unfair light. A writer infected with the passions and prejudices of the times is compelled to swerve from the elevated path of impartial justice. But we have no such motives. What purpose could it serve to indulge in vulgar vituperation, or calumniate fallen greatness? We see none. But while we

[1] Continued from p. 23.

* Mr. Keller, a very distinguished wit at the Irish bar, and who certainly had very few political or social sympathies in common with Lord Clare, being asked to form one of a funeral procession of the bar, replied very gravely and courteously, "I assure you nothing in the world could give me *greater pleasure*."

deprecate undue acrimony, or any severity of remark at variance with the genuine record, the truth must be spoken; and if it be that Cæsar was ambitious, then "grievously must Cæsar answer for it." No man is exempt from the consequences of his actions: if they be virtuous, he leaves a noble testimony behind, which future ages will not willingly suffer to die—if the reverse, he must abide the disagreeable result. Every individual is the architect of his own fame as well as his fortune, and surely he has no reason to complain if he afford the materials for his own condemnation. So it is with John Fitzgibbon. The age in which he lived was an extraordinary one—every succeeding year was pregnant with important changes, and each surpassing in interest the former distinction of centuries. The subject is a high and useful one, presenting a rich field of observation to the statesman and historian; and as his connexion with that period has been too much decried by one class of his countrymen and too highly estimated by another, it remains for us to ascertain, so far as this short memoir will allow, the importance of the period, as well as the great value at which his services are likely to pass current in these times.

Few characters in any country are more identified with the age in which they lived than Mr. Fitzgibbon. From his first entry on the political stage in 1777, down to his final exit in 1805, no man ever had more influence to determine the happiness or ruin of his country. He was the pivot on which all the movements of the Castle turned—the centre from which all its schemes and designs radiated—his words were strong as written law with successive administrations. On every question, from the most important to the most trivial—from the commercial propositions to the picketing of a rebel, he was appealed to—nothing was undertaken without his oracular sanction. His will was the will of seven governments—he ruled in every department with unbounded activity—in the Lords, the Privy Council, and Chancery Court. None dared look independently at him, much less thwart him—if he did, his fate was doomed; all offices and emoluments were not only closed against him, but he was born under a lucky horoscope, if he escaped the wire-lash of the riding-house when that Prytaneum for the disloyal was in active operation. This superiority, which forms his most striking characteristic, resulted less from the greatness than the meanness of his mind—if he was sovereign, he was also slave; he halted at no intrigue or servile condescension to insinuate himself into favour, and such was the hold he obtained, such power did he acquire over the fears or affection of the object of his past adulation, that both changed places—Fitzgibbon became the master, the other the dupe and slave. This feature is strongly marked, and obvious to every person who has studied his connexion with the Castle during the last twenty years of his life. He had not the judgment to reflect that men may be fierce political opponents in the senate, and yet renew the social intercourse of life outside, without an infraction of duty or an abandonment of principle; that raillery or attack in the court or parliament ought not to supersede the warmth of private friendship, and that an apology might well be discovered for both in a zealous defence of the nation's or a client's interests. With him every quarrel was a personal one—his fervid and haughty temper magnified

every trifling dispute into an undisguised hostility, and few had a more scanty "troop of friends," and a more abundant one of enemies —all of his own making. On the Loan Duties Bill he made a fierce attack on Hussey Burgh, because he had the manliness to resign his prime-serjeantcy and give a vote for his country. This virtuous man, with whom he lived on terms of the most friendly intimacy, came under the sharpness of his tongue. But he did not escape the censure he so wantonly called forth: the retort was courteous, but painfully stinging. On another occasion, with the same injudicious intrepidity, he was tempted to rebuke the conduct of Mr. Grattan. He was not present, but he found in Mr. Yelverton an able and eloquent defender. The wild rashness and daring contempt of decency exhibited by Mr. Fitzgibbon were mercilessly laid bare. "If my learned friend," said Yelverton, "were present, the honourable gentleman would take some time to consider before he hazarded an encounter with his genius, his eloquence, and his integrity. My honourable friend did not provoke the attack, equally ungenerous and untrue, and for which no justification can be found in any part of his splendid career. The learned gentleman has stated what Mr. Grattan is—I will state what he is not. He is not styed in his prejudices—he does not trample on the resuscitation of his country, or live like a caterpillar on the decline of its prosperity;—he does not stickle for the letter of the constitution with the affectation of a prude, and abandon its principles and spirit with the effrontery of a prostitute." This withering rejoinder was far from palatable, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, though not usually inclined to depression from the attacks of opposition, sat down sullenly, and maintained a morose silence during the remainder of the debate. A hostile meeting was expected to take place, a matter of almost daily occurrence, for which Fitzgibbon was ever prompt—no man had a more courageous and determined spirit; but he felt in this instance that he had discharged the poisoned arrow, and if it was shot back on himself he was alone to blame. His oratory had none of the grand and imposing attributes that then signalised the eloquence of Ireland,—it did not partake of the colossal majesty of Yelverton, or the intense brilliancy and exquisite fancy of Grattan, or the subdued and polished beauty of Burgh, or the vigour and profundity of Flood, or the rugged but masculine energy of Scott. It possessed none of these, but it was bold, rapid, and forcible—ministering always to his wants, and rescuing him from difficulties by its quick and apposite application. He had the power of awakening attention and infusing animation into the dull and flagging debate. When carelessness or absence of interest rendered the proceedings of the House stupid, he rushed forward, and by a sharp stroke of personal invective, or a vigorous attack on the opposition generally, he elicited the applauses of his own party, or provoked the indignation of his adversaries, so that the strife was again renewed, and sparks of a divine eloquence were generated by the collision. He had surprising quickness and business-like habits, which no fatigue could exhaust. With a taste sometimes correct, and an ample command of words, he obtained the facility of speaking freely, and often nervously, but not always pointedly; for he spoke much that was useless, and served no other purpose than to

confound or encumber. Whether from a want of discernment, or that feeling of selfish vanity which deemed everything originating with himself of commanding importance, the material and immaterial were urged with the same degree of force, which diminished much of the attention which he would otherwise have attracted; he lavished his power equally on the serious and trivial, and, like the shepherd in the fable, when he cried out that he was about to deal with something momentous, he was not heeded. He seldom knew when he said enough, but continued pricking at the subject, until he tired all but himself. Though subtle in argument, he never unfolded large views, or laid down doctrines from which after times may draw lessons of practical wisdom. He possessed that dangerous talent of propagating the most extravagant errors, with a philosophic tone of importance, and presenting paradoxes as the result of profound thought, combined with an uncompromising boldness which never admitted principles by halves, or shrank from the consequences. When detected in error, which was not rare, for his whole life was an unbroken chain of errors and inconsistencies, he intrepidly defended the most palpable wrong, and took refuge in the boast of the Titan—"I have erred intentionally, and will not deny it." He had considerable powers of sarcasm, but little wit or humour; qualities incompatible with the haughtiness and arrogance of his nature. In the debates of the House of Commons, which are of the most meagre description, we find only one specimen of his powers as a humorist. In resisting a motion of Mr. Flood, he touched some of his political infirmities in a vein of playful satire:—

"When I was in the Temple," said he, looking slily at Mr. Flood, "there was a parish clerk, who used to raise the psalm, and who went by the name of Harry Plantagenet. Now I had taken it into my head that the family of the Plantagenets was extinct, and was impelled by curiosity, one of our national characteristics, to ask this man why he came to be called by that name. Accordingly I mentioned my anxiety to know his history. 'I was once a king,' said he, 'and reigned with uncontrolled dominion over hounds, greyhounds, beagles, and terriers, by which I acquired the name; but if you please, I will recite my story at large.'—'Go on, Harry,' said I.—'I lived, when a boy, in the neighbourhood of Windsor Forest, and used frequently to divert myself with hunting the king's deer.'—'Go on, Harry,' said I.—'I bellowed and shouted so long and often, that not a dog in the pack but obeyed my voice, not a boy in the forest but attended to my call. At last the chief huntsman, perceiving the great control I had over dogs and sportsmen, resolved to take me into his pay.'—'Go on,' said I.—'I accepted the offer, but I now found myself so much at my ease I grew indolent, and insisted on riding out to hunt in furniture.'—'Go on, Harry,' said I.—'I was indulged, but I soon discovered that the younger fellows, who could now outride me, became the greater favourites with the chief huntsman. This stung me to the quick, and I determined to pick a quarrel about the fringe of my furniture, which was torn, and I would have repaired it at the chief huntsman's expense. I immediately began to hunt in opposition, but I had totally lost my influence in the forest. Not a dog obeyed me—not a sportsman attended to my call—I shouted till I was weary, but always without effect. I had the mortification to find myself totally neglected, and retired to this parish to devote the remainder of my days to the making of my soul, and now raise the psalm, and join in the thanksgiving.'"

The House perceiving some resemblance between the case of Harry Plantagenet and Harry Flood, burst into laughter, not more from the happy application of Mr. Fitzgibbon's narrative than the humorous and sarcastic manner in which it was told. Mr. Flood's reply, as always in debate, was equally cutting and much more witty. If the triumph was all on Mr. Fitzgibbon's side when he concluded, it was not so when Mr. Flood had done.

"I own I cannot see the remotest resemblance between my situation and this story, except that my name is Harry. I have indeed been a huntsman, but never a whipper-in. The honourable gentleman has the happy talent of turning everything to his advantage. When he became an object of popular resentment, he traversed the streets with a guard, he looked melancholy at the bar, sighed in the House, cried in the council-chamber, and blubbered in the anteroom. The people were astonished, the women went into mourning; government, through all its functions, was suspended, and nothing could allay the general concern but a plentiful reversion to the honourable gentleman. When the English fleet made a number of unsuccessful descents on the French coast during the last century, it was wittily said that we were breaking panes of glass with guineas, and though the honourable gentleman's house is filled with the most costly furniture, yet I venture to say that no part cost so much as the *crown*-glass with which his windows were repaired."

He was the son of Mr. John Fitzgibbon, and born in 1749. His father (says Hardy) was eminent for his professional knowledge, and would have been respected in any free, enlightened assembly in Europe. He was a very distinguished lawyer, and at that time, so very different from the present, when there are more bags than briefs, all the business of the law and equity courts was monopolised by a few, of whom Mr. Fitzgibbon was one. He was offered a seat in the House of Commons to support the principles of the Opposition, but he refused, and adhered to his profession, which finally enabled him, such was his extensive practice, to realise a fortune of six thousand a year. At school, young Fitzgibbon displayed very promising abilities. He was quick in learning, but of idle habits, as his schoolfellow, Mr. Lovel Edgeworth, testified. As in his more advanced years, he was then rash, impetuous, and overbearing, spurning all constraint, and assuming that mastery in the playground over his companions which he afterwards carried to fuller perfection in the House of Commons, the Four Courts, and the Castle. He tyrannised over the weak, and succumbed to the strong. The child is father of the man, and Mr. Fitzgibbon does not falsify the aphorism of the poet, for as he was in youth, so was he in old age. He entered the university as fellow-commoner, where his cotemporaries were Grattan, Burgh, and Foster, afterwards Speaker, and celebrated for his noble conduct on the Union. The first was his class-fellow, and highly esteemed by all for his learning, wit, and social accomplishments; his eloquence was then unknown. Fitzgibbon prosecuted his studies with unusual diligence; he detested the popularity of Grattan, and sought a laudable revenge in vanquishing him at the quarterly examinations. The competition between them was severe and unremitting, and that struggle commenced which was afterwards carried into the highest concerns of life. In the first year Grattan was successful, but through the remainder of

the college course the victory was invariably with Fitzgibbon. Grattan applied himself to the study of literature, and more particularly of history, which he afterwards displayed to such consummate perfection, and neglected the more immediate business of his examinations; while Fitzgibbon was averse to literature, and devoted himself exclusively to academic honours. Nor was his industry unrewarded, for he obtained an *optime* for his translation of the Georgics, the highest honour the university could bestow. The value of the distinction will be perceived by the fact, that, since the foundation of the university, not more than half a dozen such honours have been granted. Of these, the unfortunate Robert Emmett obtained one, for most distinguished answering in the four last books of Homer; the late Mr. North for science; and the present professor of astronomy, Sir W. Hamilton, obtained two, in his undergraduate course, in science and classics. Neither was the university unmindful of Mr. Fitzgibbon's ability, for he became its representative and vice-chancellor. We may observe that the keen spirit of rivalry which then originated between him and Mr. Grattan, never abated through the subsequent career of both: in Mr. Fitzgibbon it changed into enmity, and whenever an opportunity offered he gave full vent to his animosity. The parliamentary debates display his unmeasured hatred, and only a few years before his death he exhibited the same feeling in his celebrated pamphlet, which called forth the more celebrated reply of Mr. Grattan, in which he defends the characters of his great and good associates, then no more, from the malignant slanders of their impugner. He was called to the bar in 1773. Few men commenced public life with greater advantages—the reputation of his father, his eminent character in college, and a magnificent income, which, to his honour be it spoken, never influenced him to indulge in that mental inactivity which is almost the inseparable accompaniment of youthful affluence. He had a towering ambition, which he was resolved to gratify; the distinction arising from wealth was insignificant and valueless, compared with the more elevated one of a senator and statesman; and he had the tact and ability to arrive at both, even though he were destined to try fortune with only a shilling in his pocket. His first step was an important one. In 1776 the validity of the election of Richard Hely Hutchinson was impeached, on the ground of undue influence, by the returning officer, the provost. Mr. Fitzgibbon undertook to conduct the petition as counsel. After an expensive and protracted inquiry, in which the ablest lawyers of the Irish bar, and among them was the provost himself, were opposed to Mr. Fitzgibbon, the independence of the university was secured, and as a just remuneration for his powerful services, he was elected the following year, and continued to represent it in several successive parliaments. When he entered the House of Commons, in 1776, party spirit was at its full height; the patriots assumed a firm and compact form, headed by men of vast ability, each fit to lead a parliamentary opposition; while the ministerial ranks boasted a champion in Mr. Scott, who, though unequal to many of his opponents in eloquence, was a man of the most powerful talent and untiring energy. He was the model on which Mr. Fitzgibbon formed himself for the

senate, and fills too important a part in the great political drama of the last century to be passed over unrecorded. Pretending to no ancestral honours, he raised himself, like Yelverton, to the first distinctions by his abilities, his personal courage, and keen knowledge of the world, at a time when the bar and senate had many men of the most exalted genius. He secured the esteem of the Lord Chancellor Lifford, through whose influence he obtained a seat in the House of Commons. In 1770, when the first vigorous movement commenced in the opposition, down to '82, the entire weight of the administration rested on him; he had to defend the many unjustifiable measures of the government, and he did it with a skill and versatility that removed much of the odium which would otherwise attach on the defender of injustice and oppression. That he had no sinecure may be inferred from this, that he had alone to encounter, night after night, the formidable powers and effective hostility of such men as Flood, Forbes, Grattan, Yelverton, Burgh, Daly—the most terrible opponents that ever confronted a Treasury Bench. He was more subtle than argumentative; where his reasoning was unable to persuade, he endeavoured to amuse; if he failed in justifying the ministerial policy, he belaboured the opposition with the severest and most pungent sarcasm. When he could not argue, he ridiculed—when he could do neither, he had recourse to personal attack. He was a man of invincible courage, often carried to the extreme of rashness, and trusted to this as a last resource. He was always ready to decide the question by that most unstatesmanlike of all modes, the pistol or sword. In private the ruggedness of the senate vanished, and he was gentle and tractable as a child. Full of humour and anecdote, he displayed both to the fullest extent, soothing down the asperities of his public life in gay and social frankness, and it is recorded of him (could there be a nobler testimony of worth!?), that he never made a profession that he did not accomplish, or obtain a favour that he did not requite. On the bench he was often rash and arrogant, and on one occasion excited the high displeasure of the bar. He insulted a barrister named Hackett; and the bar, with a proper sense of what was due to the profession, met and carried a resolution, with only one dissentient, that the conduct of the chief-justice was an insult which they were bound in honour to resent; they resolved to accept no briefs in his court, and the consequence was, that he published an apology in the public prints. His death originated in a very curious cause. In 1792, the proprietor of the "Evening Post" had a fiat issued against him for damages in a libel case, which he deemed excessive. He petitioned Parliament, the chief was defeated, and the arbitrary power of the bench restricted on all future damages for libel. Magee made the most of his triumph; he directed the battery of the press against the chief, and worried him with a continual fire, laying bare his mistakes, laughing at his pretensions as a statesman, and ridiculing his merits as a lawyer. On both he was peculiarly sensitive, of which his enemy was well aware, and to gratify his revenge, and annoy the chief-justice, he had epigrams, lampoons, and pasquinades of all kinds, struck off, and distributed to street ballad-singers, which saluted his lordship at every turn, and were often pitched into his carriage. But the most stinging

joke was to come. Lord Clonmel had a fine demesne near the Rock, where Magee rented a few acres that ran close to the mansion. For some months previous, Magee advertised by bill and placard, in the most conspicuous parts of Dublin, that a *Grand Olympic Pig Hunt* would take place on his ground at the Rock, on New Year's Day, to amuse the public for the patronage extended to his paper; and, to insure a full though not very respectable audience, he promised such vast quantities of whisky, that if any man or woman returned sober, they were to blame their own abstemiousness. It is unnecessary to say that such an incentive lured thousands; the pig, typifying his lordship, was shaved, let loose, and hunted, with the shouts of the multitude, which reached his lordship in his drawing-room; the guests got uproariously drunk, as Irishmen generally can—broke into his demesne—everything was shattered and torn up, and Lord Clonmel's beautiful park, trampled and disfigured, attested the consequences of the Olympic pig-hunt,. All this had such an effect on his mind, that he is said to have died literally of a broken heart. Such is the character of the man whom Mr. Fitzgibbon adopted as his parliamentary model, whose fortunes he adhered to, and whose policy he invariably supported. When attacked he defended him, and with him shared the dispirit of defeat or the triumphs of success. Nor was his patron unmindful of such stubborn devotion, for through life he was his firm and attached friend. In 1781 the political elements began to coalesce, and assume a portentous appearance. The boundaries were now passed at which endurance not only ceased to be a duty, but degenerated into degradation. A deep deposit of inveterate antipathy to the mother country lay on the public mind—wrongs aggravated by insult—complaints answered with derision and mockery—rights withheld and grievances unredressed—inflamed the people to the last degree of excitement. A cry passed over the Atlantic and shouted "Liberty," which was caught up with a truth and spirit that augured gloomily for the dominion of England. During the American war, when Belfast, in apprehension of foreign invasion, applied for succour to government, the answer was, that if they did not assist themselves, government could not; however, they would contrive to send half a troop of cavalry without horses, and half a company of invalided infantry! To such extreme weakness was the government reduced. The acute eye of Flood saw high hope in this unwary offer—he called the opposition together—a messenger was despatched to the north—the citizens of Belfast took up arms, and in a short time twenty thousand men were armed in Ulster. Like the burning cross of Malise, the patriotic flame passed through the island, and an army of freemen sprang up, unequalled in the world's history.

If Ireland had not a free parliament and independent constitution, she now possessed that which compels both, and without which, the best system of government is as useless as the Queen's proclamation against the progress of vice. She had within her a power and energy, an ennobling sense of her own might, which, without parliament or constitution, terrifies rulers into submission,—force, and the resolution to use it, if necessary, combined with the prudence and wisdom of restraining it, and keeping within the limits of social order until no alternative

remained. The people had a security in their hands against further aggression and misgovernment more powerful than all the sign-manual ever marked. To confound means with ends is an error very prevalent in politics as in other systems. To say that charters and constitutions, however elaborately constructed, are of themselves productive of good government, is far removed from the truth. They have vigour and vitality only in public spirit, and in the virtue and knowledge of the men whom they are intended to govern. Laws are vain for those who have not the energy to defend them, or the wisdom to maintain them. Declarations of right may be asserted, but their validity and success depend on the sobriety, the firmness, and union of citizens, which alone enforce and give them life and vigour. That nation whose lofty and determined spirit armed a hundred thousand volunteers, did not want these characteristics, and could not be long oppressed. Any government must be anxious to respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. Charlemont and Grattan, who rank with a class of men who are common only in better ages than ours, were at the head of this grand confederation, which stands almost on the debatable ground between truth and fiction. Their origin and proceedings partake of a deeply romantic character, and in other times a portion of that mystery which envelopes the history of the crusades will be blended with theirs; but they had a more exalted object than the adventurous pilgrims of the cross—liberty and free institutions. The session which commenced in '81, during the administration of the Earl of Carlisle, was the most remarkable in the annals of Ireland. All was commotion within and without the House of Commons; and although the Castle succeeded in obtaining a parliamentary majority, it could not subdue the spirit of the nation. The volunteers became at length exasperated. At a meeting of the officers of the Armagh regiment, commanded by the Earl of Charlemont, they resolved to call together a convocation of delegates from all the volunteer associations of Ireland, to be held at Dungannon on the 15th of February following, "to deliberate on the alarming state of public affairs." The representatives of a hundred and forty-three corps assembled, and entered into a series of spirited resolutions whose tenor was—freedom, with peace or force, at all events, freedom. What the result might have been, had the government refused to grant the claims of the nation, it is needless now to inquire. The ministers whose rashness lost America, and might have lost Ireland, were happily precipitated from power, and the liberal Marquis of Rockingham became prime minister, and Charles Fox one of the secretaries of state. This seriously altered the complexion of affairs, though the nation, from its habitual distrust of England, was in doubt as to the course the new ministry would pursue. Mr. Fitzgibbon, it was well known, had resisted every measure of popular improvement—the inadmissibility of the 6th of Geo. I.—the question of foreign judicature—of legislative power in the council—the perpetual mutiny bill; but, on the arrival of the Duke of Portland, his opinions assumed a new shape—he even enrolled himself in the volunteers! At this time he represented the university, whose members rivalled any other part of Ireland in generous patriotism, and a few days before Mr. Grattan's

famous resolutions, they addressed him, and their other representative, Mr. Hussey Burgh, to support the Declaration of Rights. The replies of both are in strong contrast. One was concise and firm; his principles were known—his intrepidity unquestionable—he resigned office when it was incompatible with the free assertion of his opinions; but as the gates of the Castle closed on him, those of glory opened. The other, diffuse, half resolute, half wavering, declaring as his convictions, what all suspected as well as himself. He was a man of the most surpassing effrontery, which can alone account for the promulgation of sentiments which the world knew he abhorred.

"Gentlemen,

"When I reflect on my past parliamentary conduct, it affords me the highest satisfaction to find, that it entirely corresponds with the tenor of your instructions. Whenever the objects you recommend have come into discussion, I have given them my uniform and decided support. My conduct has been founded on principles, which no motives of ambition or interest have been able to shake, and in which I shall persevere to the last moment of my life.

"Yours,

"WALTER HUSSEY BURGH."

"Gentlemen,

"I am just now honoured with your instructions, which have been forwarded to me by post. Be assured I shall always feel the utmost satisfaction in receiving the suggestions of that very great and respectable body which I have the honour to represent, and that you shall ever find me ready, to the best of my ability, to vindicate your rights.

"*I have always been of opinion that the claims of the British Parliament to make laws for this country, is a daring usurpation on the rights of a free people, and have uniformly asserted the opinion in private and public.* When a declaration of the legislative right was moved in the House of Commons, I did oppose it, upon a decided conviction that it was a measure of dangerous tendency, and withal inadequate to the purpose for which it was intended. However, I do without hesitation yield my opinion on this subject to yours, and will, whenever such a declaration shall be moved, give it my support. With respect to an explanation of the law of Poyning, I confess, the more I consider the subject, the more difficult it appears to me. Allow me to remind you that the university did, on a very recent occasion, experience that this law in its present form may operate beneficially. A total repeal of it will, I hope, on consideration, appear to you to be by no means a desirable object. You may rest assured that the best attention I can give the subject shall be exerted, and I trust, and doubt not, that upon a communication with you on this topic, I shall be able to give you full satisfaction.

"I agree with you most warmly that any advantage which we may derive from reformation, must be precarious so long as the articles of war shall continue to be a permanent and established branch of municipal law, which they certainly are under the present act for regulating the king's army in Ireland. *There is not a doubt on my mind that a perpetual Mutiny Bill lays the foundation of a military despotism in this country; on this principle I will, while I live, make every effort in my power to procure a repeal of it.* The administration of law is certainly an object of the first importance, and therefore I will at all times concur in any measure which can be proposed to make the judges of the land independent and respectable.

"I have the honour to be,

"JOHN FITZGIBBON."

When Mr. Fitzgibbon made this generous parade of liberality, and considered the claims of the British Parliament a daring usurpation on the rights of Ireland, he was fully aware that the Duke of Portland was authorised to grant the demands of the nation to the extent insisted on by Mr. Grattan. On the 16th of April, Mr Hutchinson, principal secretary of state, delivered the following message from the duke to the House: "I have it in command from his Majesty to inform you, that his Majesty being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies are prevailing among his loyal subjects in this country upon matters of great weight and importance, His Majesty recommends to this House to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to seek such a final adjustment as may give mutual satisfaction to his kingdoms of Britain and Ireland." A gracious answer was given to this remarkable address, and Mr. F., during the debate, to the utter astonishment of the House, defied them to point out a single act or expression of his unfavourable to Irish liberty! Mr. Attorney-general Scott followed in the same strain; but the swelling enthusiasm was too great—all were filled with the grandeur of the triumph which absorbed all other feelings, or the political elasticity of Mr. Fitzgibbon, and that of his friend and patron, would not have passed without some harsh comments. A negociation was instantly set on foot between the two countries, and the differences were satisfactorily arranged. Thus were the liberties of Ireland restored—peace and happiness diffused through the land—and the glory and prosperity of the empire augmented by adding strength, health, and vigour to its right arm. Mr. Fitzgibbon, by his usual good fortune, received the reward of his affected patriotism. Mr. Scott was promoted to the rank of chief-justice, Mr. Yelverton to the attorney-generalship, and Mr. Fitzgibbon to that of solicitor. All went on well for some time, but he soon cast off the outward crust, and appeared in his old reality. On the presentation of a petition from the Leinster volunteers, whose sentiments elicited applause from some mettlesome Irishmen in the gallery, he rushed to the table, penned a resolution, and immediately moved, that a gross and indecent outrage, by clapping of hands, having been committed this night by strangers in the gallery, resolved, that the sergeant-at-arms do, from time to time, take into custody any stranger or strangers, that he shall see, or be informed to be in the House, while any committee of the whole House, or any committee of privileges is sitting, and that this order be strictly enforced. Mr. Flood, who entered while the resolution was being read, opposed it on the ground that the conduct of a few individuals should not abrogate the constitutional right of a whole people to be present at the debates of their representatives. It was, however, passed. This was the first symptom of dislike exhibited by Mr. Fitzgibbon to the volunteers, and, on subsequent occasions, he gave full vent to his hatred of them and their principles. The continuance in arms of this formidable body of watchful citizens soon excited the apprehension of government; the latter feared their great power, and were well aware, that, so long as they remained in arms, no scheme hostile to improvement could be attempted or countenanced. The Castle promised, cajoled, manœuvred; but the volun-

teers were firm, and sternly refused to lay down their arms. Menaces were vain—force was absurd. Mr. Fitzgibbon hit on the expedient of a militia bill, on the ground that the volunteers, having fulfilled the objects of their institution, should return to their homes, and make way for a permanent force for the protection of the country, the co-existence of both being impossible. On the discussion, he gave way to his violent temper, and fiercely attacked the volunteers, who were no less energetically defended by Mr. Flood.

"The hon. gentleman says I will shake the deeds of parliament. No! I will support them. I remember well when he who now slanders them asserted in this house—many of you heard him—that the volunteers of Ireland formed the brightest page in history. You have been proud to pass through their ranks. Kings and viceroys have paid homage to their virtues; yet now you would disarm them. When Strafford was chief governor, he issued an order that no man should go to the House of Lords with a sword on. The Duke of Ormond laughed at the prohibition—he put on his sword, and asked who would bar his entrance into the House? I will wear mine, and I will laugh to scorn any officer of the crown who will dare disarm me. God and nature say, take care of yourself, but the hon. gentleman says, we will put the care of you into the hands of mercenaries. Who fixed your constitution? The volunteers! Yet now they are blasphemed by the man whose great honour it was to belong to their body. If a war should break out again—if we should be left defenceless, we can call on the volunteers—on those men by whose virtue, steadiness, spirit, and moderation, we enjoy the very title-deeds of this House. No—they must be disarmed. They must be deprived of the rights of men. Therefore, if the proposed resolution be not withdrawn, I shall move an amendment in these words—'Without questioning the undoubted right of the freemen of this land to the use and possession of arms.'"

The resolution was not urged—the volunteers peremptorily refused to disband until every grievance was redressed, and among these the state of the representation. In an assembly assuming the character of popular, there never existed one, in which the connexion between the electors and representatives was slighter. The Commons consisted of three hundred members, and of these the people only returned sixty-four for counties, and seventeen for boroughs, while the patrons returned the enormously disproportionate number of two hundred and eighty-one. The volunteers saw this glaring defect in the constitution, and sought to remedy it. They imagined that as the Dungannon convention carried the declaration of rights in 1782, a similar demonstration would operate on the fears of the government. They again assembled at Dungannon—delegates were appointed to a national convention to sit in Dublin, for the purpose of carrying a reform in parliament. Mr. Flood regularly communicated with the delegates—he submitted to them a draft of a bill, which was approved, and on the 29th of November he appeared in his volunteer uniform in the House, to try the fortune of reform, and the force or weakness of the convention. The scene was terrific—the debate unusually violent. Mr. Flood spoke with his accustomed force and eloquence—it is, perhaps, the ablest of all his efforts. In our memoir of Lord Avonmore, we gave a short but highly animated speech of his against

the motion, and in the reply to Mr. Kelly, the Solicitor-general spoke as follows:—

"I did hope that some new proof of the necessity of reform would be urged, and that we should not be entertained with the flights of visionary speculatists into the regions of theory and absurd hypothesis; but we endure all this, because the wise men of 1783 cannot reconcile certain abstract ideas of irrational system-mongers in England, with the free and happy constitution of this country. I do not oppose the introduction of the bill, because it is a farrago of nonsense—a compound of unconstitutional absurdities, and directly contrary to the first response of the great Dungannon oracle. No—I will oppose it, because it comes under the mandate of a turbulent military congress. I shall take no notice of the manner in which the motion is intended to be stolen on us by surprise—we were to have ten days previous notice of it. He who adopts and fathers the bill, tells us it is the favourite measure of the people. Now, I will undertake to trace it to its source, and show that it is the production of a military congress, assembled in the capital, appearing in military parade, and all the mock order of a legislative assembly. This plan of parliamentary reform was first taken up by the Constitutional Society of England to shake Lord North's government, when all other engines had failed. Now, whether this society corresponded with certain persons in Belfast is not well known, but this is certain, that in the month of July forty-five corps assembled at Belfast, and there did resolve to hold a provincial congress at Dungannon in order to reform the constitution of this realm. In the mean time *Mr. Henry Joy, Jun.*,* secretary to the volun-

* In our memoir of the late Chief Baron Joy we asserted, on the authority of one of his cotemporaries, that he was a member of the Belfast volunteer corps, and an ardent reformer in his youthful days, before dreams of ambition crossed his patriotism, and diverted him from his earliest and purest sentiments. Our assertions were contradicted by the sincere but weak-minded friends of the Chief Baron, in the public journals. We did not wish to place too much reliance on our authority in opposition to such a peremptory contradiction; but we are not a little surprised, in searching through the Irish Parliamentary Debates, to find our statements so fully corroborated. The identity of *Henry Joy, jun., printer and secretary*, with the late Chief Baron, is unquestionable; and we also discovered in our ramble through the proceedings of the Irish Parliament, that Mr Henry Joy, sen., and Mr. Henry Joy, jun., were actually brought to the bar of the House, and reprimanded for sentiments derogatory to its dignity. Perhaps the following address to Mr. Grattan from the same Henry Joy, jun., may remove all doubt as to the nature of his political principles in early life.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTON.

"Belfast, July 19th, 1783.

"Sir,

"The very glorious and effectual part you took in the emancipation of your native country, naturally leads the volunteers of the north of Ireland to look on you for a decided support in favour of a reform which, no doubt, meets your warmest wishes.

"To a gentleman of such unrivalled ability, and of so intimate knowledge of the ruinous state of the representation of Ireland, to aim at conveying information were unnecessary.

"The day fixed for the Dungannon meeting being very near—viz. the 8th of September, we humbly hope you will favour us with your sentiments at large on this subject, pointing out such a specific mode of reform, and the most elegible steps leading to it, as come up to your ideas.

"We have got another favour to request, that you would inform us, whether shortening the *duration of parliaments—exclusion of pensioners—limitation of the number of placemen—and a tax on absentees*, be subjects on which the volunteers ought

teers of that town, wrote circular letters describing this House, to which he asserts there are but sixty-four persons freely returned—the rest the offspring of venality. Under this very flattering description of the assembly I have the honour to address, he writes to a number of friends in England, and with their answers, garbled and mutilated to his purpose, Mr. Henry Joy, jun., of Belfast, printer and secretary, proceeded to Dungannon. They there enter into sundry resolutions, and vote that a grand national convention shall sit in Dublin. The convention is now assembled —they have been sitting for three weeks—they have printed their resolutions—every man has read them, and I have heard they are the most moderate ever entered into by 50,000 men in arms, with an equal number ready to join them. Gentlemen say it is dangerous to commit the Parliament with the volunteers. I know the man who does so should answer the crime with his head, but I also know the force of the law is sufficient to crush them to atoms, and, as one, I say that I do not think life worth holding at the will of an armed demagogue. If ever there was an occasion that called on every man possessing one sentiment of liberty to exert it in defence of the constitution, it is this—I say emphatically *this*."

Mr. Flood's motion was rejected by a large majority, in which many of the opposition joined. The constitution of 1782 was too dear to them; too much time and labour had been lavished in its acquisition to sacrifice it at once for a system unrecommended by experience. Mr. Flood's sincerity was also questioned by many of his own party—his late quarrel with Mr. Grattan on the subject of simple repeal, in which he was unquestionably right, estranged from him the followers of that illustrious man, although Mr. G. supported the motion; while his fervid advocacy of the volunteers and their principles influenced some to believe that he looked merely to his own aggrandisement, and that the question of reform was introduced rather to foster that feeling than promote the interests of the nation. That this was not his object, and that the purity of parliamentary representation was more a firm conviction of his mind than a *cheval de bataille* to drive forward his ambition, is apparent from his conduct in the British Parliament, where he introduced that question with great skill and ability. In 1785 Mr. Yelverton was raised to the first seat in the Court of Exchequer, vacant by the death of Hussey Burgh, and Mr. Fitzgibbon was appointed Attorney-general. Some notion of his unpopularity, at this period, may be inferred from the fact, that the office of Solicitor being offered to Mr. Forbes, one of the best lawyers and most enlightened statesmen in Ireland, he refusd the offer, adding, "that Mr. Fitzgibbon and he could never agree on the great questions at issue between the Castle and the nation; that harmony between the first officers of the Crown was necessary to carry on the government, and that could not be expected where the principles of both were so different." Mr. Serjeant, afterwards Judge Carlton, was consequently appointed to the office. We shall now pass over the intermediate time, and come to the regency question in 1789, when Mr. F. acted a very conspicuous part. The sensibility of

to interfere; and we most earnestly request you would favour us with a sketch of such resolutions as you would think proper to be proposed at Dungannon.

"Signed by order,

"Henry Joy, jun., Secretary of the Forty-fifth Corps."

the nation was excited to the highest degree in favour of the Prince of Wales; he was looked upon as the keystone of the arch that connected the two countries—the natural regent of independent Ireland, and the instrument by which their liberties were to be perpetuated. The conduct of the two Parliaments was essentially different. Mr. Pitt and the English House considered that the preservation of the rights of the crown and the people best consisted in circumscribing the powers of the prince, while the Irish Parliament, though lamenting the incapacity of the sovereign, embraced the *virtue and integrity* of the regent— a generous confidence, which was afterwards so liberally requited! Mr. Grattan recommended an address, which was vigorously opposed by Mr. Fitzgibbon with all his usual ardour, and more than his usual eloquence. This occasion is also remarkable for the first display of hostility between him and Mr. Curran, of which we shall say more hereafter. Mr. Conolly having moved a resolution that the address be adopted, and presented to the Regent, requesting him to take on himself the government of the realm, under the title of Prince Regent of Ireland, which, being seconded by Mr. Ponsonby, the Attorney-general, rose—

"I now request gentlemen to recollect that we are not debating whether we are to lay restrictions on the Prince of Wales or not—we are now to consider whether the address moved for, is an instrument sufficient to convey to his highness the royal authority, and whether it be such an address as we ought to present.

"Before I proceed, I must observe, that I am perfectly convinced what I shall say will have no manner of effect on gentlemen who form the government on the other side of the House; for, let them propose what address they may take into their heads, it will certainly be voted, and therefore I would not have risen to trouble the committee at all, if I was not convinced that the measures proposed are contrary to the common and statute law of this realm, and criminal in the extreme.

"I shall in as few words as possible state my opinion. And, first, I maintain that the crowns of England and Ireland are inseparably and indissolubly united. Secondly, that the Irish Parliament is totally independent of the British Parliament.

"The first position is your security—the second is your freedom; and when gentlemen talk any other language than this, they either tend to the separation of the crowns, or the subjugation of your Parliament—they invade either your security or your liberty. Further, the only security of your liberty is your connexion with Great Britain; and gentlemen who risk breaking the connexion *must make up their minds to an union. God forbid I should ever see that day;* but if ever the day on which a separation shall be attempted may come, I shall not hesitate to embrace an *union* rather than a separation.

* * * * *

"Sir, I have said, and I must repeat it—I will yield to no man in personal respect and attachment to the Prince. No man can think of him more highly than I do; but I will manifest my respect and attachment to him, by endeavouring to preserve entire the imperial crown, which, in the course of nature, will descend to him, and which we are now, by an act of criminal rashness, about to deprive of its best appendage. I will not insult the Prince of Wales by an address, which cannot confer on him the shadow of royal power; I wish to invest him with substantial royal powers, which he may execute consistently with the laws by which he is

to govern. Will any man say we are now in full Parliament? Is not his Majesty, George III., to whom we have all sworn allegiance, living? And I hope God in his mercy will soon restore him—(*here there was a burst of acclamation through the house.*) Is not his Lord Lieutenant here in full authority? What have we then to do? As soon as we shall be made certain that the Prince of Wales is invested with the authority of Regent in England, pass an act to invest him with that authority in Ireland. But suppose that he does not accept the regency in England, in what situation do you place him? You call on him, in defiance of two acts of Parliament, which made the crowns inseparable, to dethrone the king his father. You call on him to do an act now, at which hereafter his nature will revolt.

* * * * .

"Sir, I know that liberties, indecent in the extreme, have been taken with the name of that august personage. I know it has been whispered that every man who votes against this address, will be considered as voting against him, and treating him with disrespect; but if any man has had the guilt and folly to poison his mind with such an insinuation, I will trust to his good sense to distinguish his friends. What matters it to the Prince whether he receives royal authority by bill or by address? Is there a man who will presume to libel him, and to assert that he will triumph in the success of this measure? Gracious God! does any man who calls himself his friend imagine that any address he can present, will be looked on as a triumph? In his exalted situation, he will triumph only in governing a great nation with honour to himself, and with advantage to his people. If you wish to pay a compliment to the Prince of Wales, guard the imperial rights of the British crown. He can have no triumph but that of governing a great and happy nation;—if you would give him a triumph, guard then their rights, and guard the rights of the crown.

"Let us agree with England in three points—one king, one law, one religion—let us keep these steadily in view, and we act like wise men; and if you make the Prince of Wales your Regent, and invest him with the plenitude of power, in God's name let it be done by bill. I call on the country gentlemen of Ireland—this is not a time to think of every twopenny grievance—every paltry disappointment sustained at the Castle; if any man has been aggrieved by the viceroy, and chooses to compose a philippic on the occasion, let him give it on the debate of a turnpike bill, where it may not be disgraceful to the man who utters it, and to those who will listen to him, as it will be on the present occasion. Sir, I abominate the idea of restraining the Prince Regent in the power of making peers in this country, or in limiting him in the power of making grants on the narrow principles of suspicion and distrust. This is a question which rests on very different grounds in the two countries; and if gentlemen can adopt as a precedent, a different form of executive from that established in England, I have not the smallest apprehension that the powers which may be committed to the Prince of Wales by the Irish Parliament will be abused by him."

Mr. Curran, who panted for an opportunity to let fly at Mr. Fitzgibbon, replied in a very long and highly eloquent speech. The attack was very severe, and certainly uncalled for by the language used by Mr. Fitzgibbon. He indulged in no personalities—he kept within the limits of fair discussion, and gave no cause for the terrible assault of Mr. Curran—an assault which the former never forgave.

Mr. Curran. "I see very clearly that this kingdom has much to reform, but this is not the time. I would arm the third estate with its constitutional shield, and then attack it with constitutional weapons; to do

anything else would be to obtain a victory by robbery, not by virtue—to redress the people by theft and plunder, not by law. I will support their rights. I think they have great claims for redress of many crying grievances, but I will not redress them by betraying the constitution, by thieving from the third estate, and by provoking it to reprisals, perhaps beyond the measure of what it had lost. This right is called rash, and was called criminal by the right hon. member, (the Attorney-general,) but I confide more in that learned member as a prophet than a lawyer; for that hon. member premised, that he despaired of finding the House coincide in his opinion. The only point that remains is, how these full powers shall be delegated, whether by an address or by an act. The latter is impossible; we are only two estates—we cannot legislate—we may deliberate—we may declare the incapacity of the King—the right of the Prince; but we can do it only by address. I have heard strange doctrines from the Attorney-general. Did that learned member think that two estates could legislate? He said that impressing the great seal of England made an Irish law—that an act coming to our hands, so authenticated, was *ipso facto* law. Did the learned member think a third estate supplied by a creature of the two houses—by a forgery of the constitution—by a phantom that had no interest to guard, no will to consult, no power to rescue? It was taking seals for crowns, and baubles for sceptres—it was worshipping wafers and wax in the place of a king—it was substituting the mechanical quibble of a practising lawyer for the sound deduction of a philosopher, standing on the vantage ground of science—it was more like the language of an Attorney-particular than an Attorney-general—it was that kind of silly fatuity that on any other subject I would leave to be answered by silence and contempt; but when blasphemy was uttered against the constitution, it could not pass under its insignificance, because the essence should be reprehended, though the doctrine could not make a proselyte. The learned member had said that we were competent to make an act; if so, a regent was unnecessary. With respect to us, our third estate did not make alliances, or peace, or war—it only legislated; if we could, without it, legislate, we wanted no regent. The regent of England, he said, might put the seal—if so, he might refuse it. But who was the regent of England? One elected. If so, England's two Houses had a right to elect a third estate for Ireland. But the hon. member had said that England gave up all pretensions to legislate for us. What followed then from both his arguments? That neither England or Ireland could resuscitate our constitution.

"In this House I do not think it necessary to go into much detail of restriction: no man here espouses his doctrine. He was a solitary and unprevailing preacher; but absurdities might go abroad, and might be thought unanswerable, merely because they had not been thought worthy of reprehension; and particularly when other persons, who ought to have weight with the public, had not zeal enough for the cause, against which these calumnies were levelled, to disavow them, but thought they acted more wisely by giving them the authority of a silent implied approbation. But, said the Attorney-general, 'you will *separate the two countries*,—you attempt an act of legislation.' I disdain the advantage of an union that could be preserved only by our servility. Our union was of common, of equal interest, and was to be supported by mutual justice and good faith."

Mr. Grattan also took a splendid fling at the doctrines of the Attorney-general.

"You, sir, (pointing to Mr. F.,) who would undermine the Irish throne, are not perhaps aware of the nature of your offensive doctrines—you do not know what valuable passions you extinguish—what principle of attraction you destroy. You do not consider the effects of your theory on

the human mind, and its cold pestilential sophistries on the heart of every subject; he cannot detect, but he revolts at the error of such a doctrine, and turns from phantoms set up in the place of princes, and refuses his allegiance to idols, which the pedantry of the profession advances in the place of the sovereign of Ireland, or the family of their sovereign."

The opposition of the Attorney-general and the permanent men of the ministerial party was fruitless—a large majority of the House was in favour of the address, which was carried, to the great joy of the people.

AN INVOCATION TO MY LYRE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

LIGHT of the Lyre! why glow'st thou not?
O! is thy spirit-fire forgot?
Say! what hath quenched the glorious flame
Enkindling at the thought of fame?
Doth no bright vision prompt the lay
Gorgeous with Hope's unclouded ray?
No fairy whispers from the soul,
Like seraph dreams the thoughts control?
Those sweet revealments angels lend,
Which with our grosser natures blend,
To give that soul a foretaste here,
Of what is felt in holier sphere.
Stars, which in the heavens have birth
Undimm'd by aught impure of earth—
Sparks of that fire which reigns o'er night
Mysterious in effulgent light!
My lyre! if nought will wake again
Thy tone of joy, and O, of pain!
(Yet, not the pain of real woe
But something of a heavenlier glow,)
I must forswear the dearest spell
Which in the secret heart could dwell,
To charm each thought, and lend a bliss
To such a joyless world as this.
Come then, my lyre! let each rous'd cord
A dearer ecstasy afford—
And I'll not crave from yon fair sky
A brighter boon than Poesy!

A JOURNEY SOUTHWARD FROM DAMASCUS.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ., OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Kanneytra—Great dispute—Arab villagers—Greek Papas—Djebel Heish—Bahr-el-Houly—Djisr Beni Yakoob—Picturesque Cavalcade—Khan Djob Youséef—Lake of Tiberias—Jewesses—Jewish synagogue—Arab population.

At twenty minutes past two we entered the village, which was one scene of ruins, melancholy, and desolation. Pushing our horses through a breach in a mud wall, once constructed for defence, we discovered nought but roofless tenements and miserable mud huts, from out of which creeped a little naked girl, who at sight of me rushed into a hut, screaming and roaring, and brought out an old hag, habited in a blue shirt, with her visage covered with wrinkles, and her unseemly person most disgustingly displayed through the wide opening at the bosom of her dress. Dispirited with the gloomy picture of poverty and wretchedness, and with the miserable objects, scarcely human in appearance, I asked the muleteer how long we were to stay?

"All day, Chilibee," was the reply.

"How?" said I. "Have you not promised to bring me to Tabareeah on the third day from Damascus?"

"God is great," said the Turk; "a man can't do what he can't; God is merciful!—the way is long—there is no village—there is no water—and where am I to find food for my cattle?"

"Buy food for your cattle here, put it on the mules, and march on till you come to water."

"Hajji,"* says the Greek Papas; "hajji, we are weary and tired—we have women—there are no houses, the country is uninhabited, and where shall we shelter our heads from the cold air and the damp dews of night?"

"Pray, Papas," said the Hajji, "what have I to do with you, or you with me? Do you stay here, or march onwards, as it suits your convenience, and allow me to do the same?"

"Where is the Sheikh?" I exclaimed, drawing forth my circular letter from the governor of Damascus to the local authorities, and also the authenticated copy of Ibrahim Pasha's firman—"where is the Sheikh?"

"Gone to take his diversion," replied a skinny urchin, with a grin on his face, who seemed to enjoy the scene.

From out the ruins there issued pale boys and swarthy men in ragged garments, and without shoes; dark copper-coloured women,

* Hajji means pilgrim—it is considered a title of honour, and is given to all Christians going to Jerusalem, who are supposed to be making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Jesus Christ.

some blind of an eye, in black tattered shirts, got upon the flat house-tops of the few entire houses in the place to witness the hubbub; and the husband of the Damascene lady, hobbling up on a crooked leg, with a crutch in one hand and a stick in the other, commenced a speech. This was too much for my patience, so I ordered the servant to drive on my baggage-mules, but the stubborn beasts refused to move, and the muleteer, shouting and screaming, put himself into a warlike and offensive attitude.

"You rascal," said I, "after marching six hours, (about twenty miles,) do you mean to stop here at two o'clock in the day, and keep me among these miserable ruins until to-morrow. What am I to do here?"

"*Allah kierim*, you can smoke, you can sleep," said the man quietly, and with great gravity.

"I am paying you fifteen piastres (3*s.* 1½*d.*) per day for each mule and horse, and I will not be cheated with half a day's work in this way." So dismounting, I seized the baggage-mules by the halter, and directing my servant to make vigorous use of his stick, we immediately evacuated the village. The muleteer screamed, he threw himself upon a stone, and, frantic with rage, seized his turban, pulled it off his head, and threw it on the ground, and there he sat with his bald pate and convulsed features, a most ludicrous object of rage, distress, and passion—an exhibition which I knew well was all a gross affectation to gain his end. The spectators below and on the house-tops all the while preserved the most imperturbable gravity, neither relaxing their features into a smile, nor betraying the slightest interest in what was going on, but staring with stupid astonishment. I ordered Evangela to mount his horse and drive on the baggage-mules, and we followed the bridle track which led across the heath in the direction of our route. We were in a puzzling situation, but before we had proceeded many hundred yards from Kanneytra we met two Arabs, and I endeavoured to make a bargain with one of them to guide us as far as Jacob's bridge. The old muleteer, however, was watching us from behind the ruined walls of Kanneytra, and observing what was going on, he came running up, all mildness, persuasion, and adulation; he promised to take us to Tabareeah by three o'clock the next day, if we would wait and refresh the horses at Kanneytra until midnight; made many prayers and supplications, and spoke mildly and plausibly on the heat of the weather, the desolateness of the route, and the superior comfort and advantage of making the entire journey without stopping to sleep on the road.

"Do you mean faithfully," I demanded, "that you will go from Kanneytra to Tabareeah at a stretch?—a journey of fourteen hours."

"I swear it by my head," says the muleteer, putting his hand to his turban, which he had replaced.

"And your other passengers, will they march so far—the Papas and the women?"

"They swear it, and if they don't, by my head I will go on with you alone."

Unwillingly we returned to the desolate ruins of the miserable village, and to the unsightly, unfortunate, and poverty-stricken

people. A solitary fowl, that was seen running about, was soon caught and killed for dinner; a mat was spread upon the mud floor of a miserable room, and by the side of it was placed a pitcher of water; the naked urchins of the village were hired to go in quest of fuel, and a fine fire shortly blazed. The mules were unloaded, the luggage was brought in for security, and I endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. An old woman, with a long black piece of cotton, like a pudding-bag, hung to her nose, brought some dirty rancid butter to sell, and some withered leaves and shrivelled roots, called *greens* and *turnips*

Taking a walk to survey the surrounding scenery, and the interesting peculiarities of the place, I stumbled upon a few naked children and some lean dogs, a ruined khan, and a small mean mosque: nearly the whole village consisted of foundations of houses and tottering mud walls. The appearance of the few women I encountered was most disgusting; one long single dark garment, like a long shirt of very coarse materials, enveloped them from head to foot, and the bosoms of these fair creatures, lavishly displayed through the opening in front of their dresses, presented an aspect far from pleasing. Some were blind, and all were excessively dirty and loathsome. Polished metal bracelets were as usual worn round their wrists, and round the necks of one or two of them were twisted some strings of glass beads.

It is sad in these villages to see the neglected state of the little children; their uncombed hair hangs about their heads in knots and tangles; some have diseased eyes, and their faces and persons generally appear never to have been washed. Some of the younger children, both girls and boys, were quite naked, excepting a tattered rag, which was worn over the shoulders like a shawl; and great was the alarm created by my appearance among this juvenile portion of the community, wherever I presented myself unexpectedly. The dogs in all these villages are the greatest imaginable nuisance to a stranger; the bark of one is the signal for the assembling of a host of others of all sizes, who follow you about, squeaking and yelling, in every direction. These people seem to spend almost their whole time in perfect idleness; they subsist on a scanty pittance of most wretched food, consisting of Indian corn roasted, or of Indian corn ground, made into a paste, and baked on the hot ashes, and then eaten with rancid goat's milk. Radishes and bread are a favourite repast, but this last, which is always unleavened, and made generally of Indian corn, is sour, dirty, and gritty, and, to me, perfectly loathsome—I never could eat it. Their only wealth consists in their goats, which pasture over the open uncultivated country, and some of the villagers possess a few dromedaries. It is a melancholy sight to see this forlorn and desolate village, with its miserable and sickly population, surrounded as it is by a fine country and apparently fertile soil, untilled and uncultivated. It requires nothing but the exercise of a small portion of industry on the part of the lazy inhabitants to repair and reconstruct their tumbling and prostrate dwellings, to enclose and till the surrounding land, and give quite a new aspect to the spot; but the people were born in rags, and thus they continue; they were brought up in idleness, and

industry is distasteful to them; they have been all their lives accustomed to the filth and discomfort of the same state of existence, and they seek no change, and, indeed, did any of them aspire to superior enjoyments, and to the acquisition of greater comforts, through their individual exertion and activity, they would be only marked out from among the rest as possessing superior wealth, and would lay themselves the more open to the extortion of the oppressive tax-gatherer, and to the vexation and oppression of their little petty local despot—the village Sheikh.

Here, at Kanneytra, as in many of the villages of Syria, may be seen a few scanty memorials of better times. To the southward of the place, here and there lie scattered a granite column, half buried in the soil, and two or three small fragments of white marble.

Nov. 13.—It was half-past one in the morning when the muleteer awoke us: the waning moon was rising in the east, and the stars were brilliant. At two o'clock I sallied into the village, and found the travelling party all assembled, and the luggage being strapped on to the mules. The Papas was brandishing a long stick, the Damascene husband was stumping about on his crutch, seating and arranging his two ladies, who were closely veiled, and the little boy, perched in his mamma's lap, was roaring and screaming in great style.

The air was cold and remarkably clear, and the moon, as we left the spot, shone with great brilliancy. We traversed a lonely country, which extended before us like a wild heath, and, in about an hour after leaving the village, we reached the Djebel Heish, a portion of the range of Mount Hermon. The ground became undulating, and the hills were covered with trees and shrubs. We ascended and descended lofty hills, and rode through winding glades and groves of the dwarf oak. The grass and shrubs were covered with glistening dew, "*the dew of Hermon*," and the surrounding scene, as displayed by the pale moonlight, appeared very pretty. Between four and five hours after leaving Kanneytra, daylight began gradually to appear, and a short distance to the right of the bridle-track we were following, the muleteer pointed out the village of Noweran.

"Why did you not come on from Kanneytra, and pass the night there?" I demanded.

"Because nobody lives there," says the muleteer; "it is all in ruins, and no food is to be bought for man or beast."

"And what made it go to ruins?"

"The people became poor—the Pasha robbed them—the Bedouins stole their cattle—and some went to one place, and some to another, and those that remained did not thrive; and now they are all gone!"

The sun rose brilliantly behind the hills, the morning was clear and lovely, but an universal stillness and solitude prevailed around; not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees, neither lark nor nightingale, nor a single bird, animated the early morn with its gay carols. The character of the scenery was quite changed, the ground became more and more mountainous, the country was everywhere uncultivated, but was covered with a pleasing, lively vegetation of dwarf trees and shrubs.

It was about five o'clock, three hours after leaving Kanneytra,

when we first came in sight of the ever-memorable Lake of Tiberias, called also the Sea of Galilee, and the Lake of Gennesareth; its blue waters were seen lying far below, in deep shade, enclosed, as it were, in a vast hollow between lofty ridges of mountains, along whose summits the rosy glow of early morn was gradually spreading. The view of the lake from this spot was striking and most beautiful; the eye glanced over a foreground of trees and foliage, and rested upon the blue waters; thin wreaths of white mist were rolling along the margin of the lake, and gradually ascending the rocky sides of the bold mountains which hem in its solitary waters, until they came within the influence of the bright sunbeams, when they melted away and disappeared. As we descended the path among the hills, we saw rising directly in front of us the high mountains about Saphet; and we could at one time perceive a portion of the village perched high aloft upon the bold eminences.

Five hours after leaving Kanneytra we descended a steep hill, and saw the Jordan below us, with the small bridge which crosses the stream, called Djissr Beni Yakoob, "the bridge of the sons of Jacob." A short distance to the right we saw the Bahr el Houly, anciently "the Lake Julias," and called in Holy Writ "*the waters of Merom.*" This lake, which is described by Josephus as seven miles in length, is now nothing more than a large pool surrounded by marshes and swamps, which abound at certain seasons with wild-fowl. We descended the rocky path to a khan, seated about half way down the declivity, on the right of the road. Here we found another large party of travellers, and a long string of mules being fed. Numerous springs of water gushed from the hills, and ran trickling down the road into the Jordan below. The khan is in a dilapidated state, and affords nothing but water and some miserable stabling to the travellers who pass this way. In the area, enclosed by the crumbling walls, are the ruins of an ancient square building of basalt, having columns in the four angles or corners of it. There is also a fine well. Here we found some soldiers stationed, and at this spot the christian pilgrims were formerly compelled to pay toll, ere they crossed the bridge over the Jordan, to continue their route. But this injustice has been abolished by Ibrahim Pasha. Saphet, one of the four holy cities of the Talmud, is seated aloft on the opposite mountains; it can be seen plainly enough from the eminence behind the khan, and is three hours distant. After a short halt, we descended to the banks of the Jordan, and crossed the stream by the narrow stone bridge, called "*Djissr Beni Yakoob.*" The Greek Papas, the christian pilgrims, and my own servant, hastened with eagerness to drink of the sacred waters of the Jordan. These, close to the bridge, rolled along over a pebbly bed, but the banks generally appeared marshy and muddy, and the volume of water was so small as not at all to deserve the name of a river. In the winter, however, from the rains and the melting of the snows on Antelibanus, the stream is much more copious. The Jordan here runs along a deep hollow, and we no sooner passed the bridge, than we commenced the ascent of a steep acclivity. Our cavalcade was now, I perceived, swelled by the addition of three more christian pilgrims; one of them was a fine picturesque

old man, with a beard white as snow, and with long locks of hoary hair, which streamed down from under a skull-cap, perched on the top of his head; in his hand he held a pilgrim's staff, and a wallet was strapped on to his back. We all toiled on foot up the steep ascent, and our little cavalcade presented an appearance sufficiently picturesque; our two ladies, riding in the masculine style, with a leg thrown on either side of the horse, brought up the rear: their heads and shoulders were so enveloped in folds of white linen, that little judgment could be formed of their features, and their persons were completely concealed by the loose voluminous outer cloak, or feridgee; their legs, which were visible from the knee downwards, were enveloped in wide figured trousers, and their feet were covered with large slouching yellow boots. In front of his wife and her maid, or domestic slave, rode the little Damascene husband; he was too lame to walk up the hill, and he held his long crutch across his horse with one hand, while he urged on his four-footed beast with his formidable stick clenched in the other. Our muleteer seemed in high spirits; he pointed to the Jordan below, then in the direction of Tabareeah, giving me to understand that we should arrive there in good time, and then opening his hand he shouted "*backsheesh, backsheesh,*" meaning that he should expect a present for the faithful performance of his agreement.

We now lost sight of the Jordan, the Lake of Tiberias, and the Bahr-el-Houly, and continued winding for some time, among a succession of eminences, rugged and rocky, and here and there scantily covered with a dwarf vegetation. We then descended to the ruined khan, called the Khan Djob Yousseef, or the Khan of Joseph's well. The well in the courtyard of this khan is pretended to be the pit in which Joseph was cast by his brethren, before they sold him to the Ishmaelites, but "the pit was empty, *there was* no water in it," while, on the other hand, this is a deep well filled with water. This khan, instead of deriving its name, as is supposed, from Joseph, the son of Jacob, was no doubt called after some great and charitable man among the Moslems, named Youseef, or Joseph, a very common name among them, who performed the pious task of building the khan and sinking the well for the benefit of travellers. From hence we descended a narrow valley, and crossing some luxuriant herbage, chequered with blue and white crocuses, and lilies of the field, we halted under some trees, close to which bubbled up a spring of clear water, which ran down into the neighbouring Lake of Tiberias.

As we were close to Tel-hewn, supposed by some to be the site of the ancient Capernaum, I explored the banks of the lake on foot, whilst the horses were resting themselves, and observed some foundations of buildings, heaps of pottery, and sculptured blocks of stone, lying among the reeds and bushes bordering the water. There were also pedestals of columns, and sculptured capitals of the Corinthian order, and I also discovered some ruined baths lined with stucco. If these are the prostrate ruins of the ancient Capernaum, how awfully do we now see fulfilled the prophetic denunciation of our Saviour, "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought

down to hell." Matt. xi. Close to the brink of the water are the remains of an extensive edifice, which may have been an ancient temple, and the capitals and sculptured blocks of stone which lie scattered about appear to have originally belonged to this building. There are also some substructions of walls and masses of masonry around a curve in the shore of the lake, which was probably an ancient port for small boats.

The weather was excessively hot, and I was delighted to mount again on horseback. The horses had been driven on to meet me, and, after crossing over the rugged rocky sides of the mountain, we struck into the bridle-track leading to Tabareeah, and continued our journey along a succession of eminences which shelved rapidly down into the water. Just below us, on the borders of the lake, were the salt springs of Ain Tabegha, and the ruins of an old mill. There are here to be seen several ancient baths, apparently of Roman construction. They consist of four large cisterns lined with cement, and supplied with a fine stream of water. The most perfect is an octangular basin, four or five and twenty feet in depth, and about one hundred paces in circumference. A flight of ten stone steps leads to a stone platform elevated above the bottom of the bath, from which the bathers could descend gradually into deeper water. These are finely and solidly constructed cisterns, and are well worthy of a visit; but it is sad to see them choked with weeds and rubbish, and fast going to ruin and decay.

From the eminences, along which the mule-track to Tabareeah passed, and which immediately overhung the lake, we enjoyed a magnificent view over the expanse of blue water, and over the opposite bold mountainous coast, the ancient country of the Gadarenes. The sun was brilliant, the shores were picturesque, and the rocks were decked with shrubs and wild flowers;* but the deep solitude, and the absence of all manifestation of life over the wide prospect and the expanse of water, produced a saddening effect upon the mind. When we survey the silence and solitude of these shores, and cast our eyes over the extended prospect, throughout which the dwelling of man is nowhere visible—over the expanse of water, whose blue surface is chequered by no boat or sail, we are led to draw a vivid and melancholy comparison between the past and present state of this now solitary region. Along this wide-extended, wavy line of coast, now so silent and deserted, once stood the flourishing and populous cities of Migdala or Migdal, Bethsaida, Chorasan, Capernaum, &c. In the ruined harbours, and in the lone and solitary bays, which extend around the deserted sites of these once-flourishing cities, bustling fleets of boats and vessels, whether for peace or war, were fitted out. The rival cities then furnished and sent forth their hostile squadrons at the public expense, and these met in fierce and bloody combat upon the now-solitary waters of the expanded lake. In one of these fierce naval battles six thousand five hundred persons are said to have been slaughtered, and on board one of the fleets was a Roman emperor, Vespasian: and Titus and Trajan were, we are told, at one time witnesses of a naval

* φέρει ἡ λιμνη τὴν ἁρμματιτιν σχοῖνον καὶ κάλαμον, says Strabo, lib. xvi. 755.

combat.* Now, not even a fishing-boat enlivens the solitary waters, nor do fishermen with their boats and nets ply their humble calling, as in the time of the sons of Zebedee.

About three miles from Ain Tabegha, we passed by the ruined Khan of El Mennye, and the springs of Ain el Tin, which run from the mountains into the lake. About half an hour after leaving these we passed the Wady Lymoun, a narrow valley, winding between the mountains, which here plunge precipitously into the water. A short distance further on, some ruined huts were pointed out as the village El Medjdel, one hour distant from Ain el Tin. Here there is another valley, called the Wady Hamam. All along the edge of the lake, ruined baths and occasional springs of hot saline water are to be met with.

We had now been marching almost continuously for thirteen hours, and my old muleteer had been walking on foot almost the whole time. He sometimes indulged himself for twenty minutes' or half an hour's rest on my own or the servant's horse at my request, and sometimes on the baggage-mules, but he seemed scarcely, if at all, more tired with the walk than I was with the ride. Accustomed as the muleteers in this country are to fatigue from their youth upwards, they bear up against it wonderfully. For the last two or three hours since we have been near the lake, it has been intensely hot.

A few minutes after three o'clock, on turning a projecting ridge, we saw Tabareeah close to us, extending down the sides of an eminence towards the water. Some have described its appearance as imposing. I saw nothing but an irregular square of dark, gloomy-looking stone walls, with round towers at intervals, enclosing a sombre village of low, flat-roofed houses or huts, a mosque with one minaret, a windmill, and a few solitary palm-trees. It was surrounded by none of the brilliant vegetation and green gardens which in many places to the northward in some degree compensate for the dreariness of the waste desert tracts we pass over to reach them, but by naked barren eminences, divided by deep stony ravines; and the dark stone of the walls, towers, and buildings, gave the place a peculiarly dull and dingy appearance. Descending a steep eminence, and passing through a dark gloomy gateway, guarded by a few Egyptian soldiers we crossed an open area, dotted here and there with the walls of crumbling fabrics, now gone to ruin. We passed through a narrow, dirty bazaar, bordered by mud houses and shops, and then came into an open space near the mosque, where I was struck with the singular appearance of a great number of Jewesses, standing with their children at the doors of their houses. They were dressed in gowns similar in make and appearance to the old-fashioned gowns of English country maids, made very short in the waist. On their heads they had white caps, something similar to those worn by our own maid-servants, set off with a piece of red cotton or silk. They were remarkably pale and fair, as compared with the Arab population, wore no veils, and their general appearance and dress were far more European than Asiatic.

We were led past the mosque, a large building with a dome; it had

* Josephus, lib. iii. c. 17.

several narrow arched windows, a lofty handsome minaret, and was surrounded with a few palms. In a short time we arrived at the Greek church, into the courtyard of which I was admitted with my baggage; and after a little parleying the keys of the church were entrusted to my servant, and the spacious building was allotted to me as a sleeping place, where I hoped to be out of the reach of the vermin, so plentiful in the huts of the natives. Mats were brought in, and my bed was spread close under the pictures of saints and martyrs, whose meek, good-natured faces, surrounded by gilded glories, smiled down upon me from above, and seemed to bless me with their outstretched hands.

I asked an urchin to show me down to the lake, which was close behind the church, and the evening being warm and lovely, I undressed and plunged into the clear water, which was very shallow. The sun was just sinking behind the eminences which border the lake; a group of women on shore were filling their water-pitchers; not a ripple disturbed the wide expanse of water, and the sweet and calm serenity was such as we may imagine succeeded the raging of the storm when our Saviour, awakened from sleep by the disciples, "arose, and rebuked the wind and the waves, and said unto the sea, *Peace, be still;* and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

How interesting are the recollections associated with this spot! Yonder steep mountainous shore to the eastward was the inhospitable country of the Gadarenes. It is now deserted of settled inhabitants, and is infested by the wandering robber of the desert. To that coast our Saviour sailed after the storm, and drove the unclean spirits into the herd of swine, who ran violently down a steep place into the sea. Passing from thence to the opposite side, he restored to life the little daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; while, close at hand, on the nearer shore, is the spot where "the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God; "And he entered into a ship which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land, and he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship." Here, lastly, he appeared unto the disciples the third time after his resurrection, and said unto them, "Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord."

I swam out a considerable distance into the lake; no boat was now to be seen upon its waters, and no trace of man upon the bold shore, except where a few flat-roofed houses, a few palm trees, two solitary minarets, and the domes of a little mosque, close to the water's edge, reposing in the shade of the western mountains, marked the little town of Tabareeah, the humble representative of the ancient Tiberias. Returning to shore, I found two boys attempting to catch me some fish for supper. I strolled with my servant through the bazaar; the principal commodities for sale appeared to be radishes, beans, and lupins. At sunset the muezzin chanted from the minaret of the mosque the accustomed call to prayers, denying, on the very spot where his chief works were done, the Son of God, by the accustomed shout, "*La-i-lah i-lah Allah,*" &c., "God is God," but *Mahomet is his prophet.*"

In the evening, some Greek Christians of the place came with pipes

in one hand and rosaries in the other, and seated themselves round my fire in the courtyard, discoursing about the different holy sites, which they pretend to identify, down to the very corn-field in which "the disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath day, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands," which field, after a lapse of near eighteen centuries and a half, they pretend to point out; and they were much shocked because I was not so credulous as themselves.

Nov. 14.—I was awakened before sunrise by my servant, who announced that three Greek priests at the door of the church wished to come in and say prayers. Half awake only, I said, "Let them enter," and in a few minutes afterwards, as I lay in bed, I was disturbed by the chanting of prayers in a loud nasal tone, and on opening my eyes, to my great confusion, I found myself surrounded by a mixed congregation of men and women, boys and girls, kneeling before the altar, at which tall priests, in three-cornered hats and long beards, were duly officiating. I was much scandalised at my situation, and exceedingly puzzled what to do; but the idea of lying on the floor undressed in bed, while divine service was being performed around me, appeared so very improper that I called to my servant, who was standing with his arms folded a few feet off, and made him stretch out a coverlid between me and the congregation, under shelter of which, gathering together my habiliments, I rushed into the courtyard, to complete my toilette, much wondering at the apathy of the people, who did not appear at all moved by the strange occurrence, or by the sight of stockings, shoes, shirts, &c., &c., strewed in different directions over the pavement of the sacred building, when they crowded in to their morning prayers.

This church is dedicated to St. Peter, and it appears to be an ancient building. Dr. Clarke supposes that it was the first christian place of worship erected at Tiberias, and that it dates as far back as the fourth century. This does not appear probable. The Empress Helena is said to have built a church here, on the spot where our Saviour appeared to Peter and the other disciples, after his resurrection, when he took the fish which the disciples had caught in the lake, and said unto them "Come and dine, and none of them durst ask, who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord."

The Greeks say that this church is built on the site of Peter's house; but it is doubtless the site of the church erected by the Empress Helena, as it is close to the lake, and to that part of it where the only fishermen that there now are still ply their humble calling—nay, it is *possible* that it may be the very church built by the Empress Helena herself.

As soon as I had dressed myself, I hurried down to the lake, which is close behind the eastern end of the church, and again bathed. The water was strangely changed, from its calm and unruffled appearance of yesterday evening, to heaving waves and a heavy swell, which broke in foam upon the foundations of a ruined wall, and on some neighbouring rocks. Where I was standing, not a breath of air could be felt, but in other places the fierce blasts swept down the ravines and gullies of the adjoining mountains, and streaked the agitated waters with

sparkling lines of foam. Surrounded as the lake is so entirely by mountains, it is greatly exposed to sudden and partial squalls. The air was cold, and the sun was just rising. The distant range of Hermon, the varied tints upon the surrounding rocky shores, the bold mountain peaks rising above the white morning mists, and the agitated waters sparkling in the first trembling sunbeams, altogether presented a most beautiful appearance, and a strange and striking contrast to the repose and serenity of the previous evening: it scarcely seemed the same spot. I inquired if there were any boats belonging to the place, and was informed that there was *one*, but the keeper of the frail bark, who goes by the name of *reis* or captain, announced that it was much too rough to venture on the water, and that I must wait until the *lake went down!*

After enjoying my bath, I strolled through Tabareeah without encountering any object of peculiar interest. The place has often been described, and remains pretty much the same as it existed years ago, except that the population has diminished, and some of the houses have tumbled down, according to the usual course of things in this part of the world, where all human affairs appear to be gradually retrograding—where towns and villages increase not in prosperity, neither do riches multiply. The people here live in the rudest and simplest manner imaginable, and the interior of their dwellings generally presents an air of discomfort and wretchedness. A mat spread upon an earthen floor, a few cushions arranged for a divan, a pitcher of water, and a wooden bowl, are all the furniture usually to be met with in the lowly habitations. The food too is of the simplest and coarsest kind, consisting of radishes, which here grow to an enormous size, unleavened bread, made into thin cakes, which are dirty, gritty, and as tough as leather, roasted Indian corn, and sour goats' milk.

After breakfast I paid a visit to the new hot-baths erected by Ibrahim Pasha, to the south of Tabareeah. I passed through the burying-ground of the Jews, which is extensive, and the numerous tombstones are thickly covered with Hebrew characters. I was accompanied by a handsome Arab boy, dressed in the *saboo't*, or brown woollen shirt, fastened to the waist with an embroidered leathern girdle. The sleeves were wide and short, extending only to the elbow, and the garment was open and thrown back at the neck and chest. Next to his bald head, which was closely shaved, he wore a little white cotton skull-cap, and over this another of brown felt. Close along the shores of the lake we crossed over the ruins of ancient Tiberias; these consist of some small fragments of marble columns, the foundations of buildings, and some masses of old stonemasonry, washed by the clear limpid water. About a mile from Tabareeah we passed some disjointed portions of a thick wall, and observed some gray granite columns lying in the lake. Further on too, we saw more gray granite columns, and some fragments of the beautiful red Thebaic granite. After visiting the hot-springs and the baths, which are constructed for the accommodation of both men and women, we returned along the rugged rocky shores to Tabareeah. The weather was now calmer, the agitation of the water had subsided, and joining my friend the reis, we entered the small nutshell of a boat, and pushed

off from the shore with a couple of little paddles, which were scarcely of more use to us than two bare poles. The frail bark leaked dreadfully, and was altogether in a most crazy, rickety condition.

"How many voyages have you made," said I, "in this remarkable vessel?"

"I traverse the water occasionally to catch fish," quoth the reis.

"Have you been across the water to the opposite shore?"

"*Elhem-di-lillah!* (God be praised!) *Lah, lah!* (No, no!)"

And he started with astonishment at the bare idea of so bold an undertaking. We plied away vigorously with our miserable oars, and soon got sufficiently away from the land to enjoy a general view of the modern Tabareeah, and of the site of the ancient Tiberias. It is a lonely, desolate-looking spot; not a tree, save a few solitary palms, is anywhere visible, and the rugged rocky shore everywhere presents a dreary scene of solitude and silence. On returning to land, I was joined by a pale-faced, dark-eyed, well-dressed Jew, who had previously offered to conduct me to the synagogue, to witness some important religious ceremony, which was to take place that morning. He wore a very long jet-black beard, was habited in a blue cloth cloak, and his fingers were covered with silver rings; a silver chain was suspended from his neck, and to the end of it was attached a huge watch, which was thrust into a little pocket in the breast of his cloth vest. We entered that part of the town called the Jews' Quarter, where all the Israelites reside. It extends along the shore of the lake, and was more crowded and dirty than any other part of the place I had yet seen. We passed through narrow, winding, filthy passages, and between various intricate ranges of mud houses. My conductor greeted with great cordiality some of the occupants of these dwellings, and at the doors of several we halted to take a view of the inmates. Some of the Jewesses were pretty, pale, and delicate-looking; they all appeared entirely to repudiate the eastern custom of concealing the face, and they were all dressed in gowns, after the European fashion, and had neither veils nor turbans, jackets nor trowsers. The synagogue was crowded with Jews, who were all very handsomely attired; their heads were enveloped in a species of mantle, embroidered with silver thread, and their hair was worn in long tresses on each side of the face. They were all pale, with fair skins—strikingly different from the Arab and Turkish population. The great rabbi was preaching or praying, and the congregation every now and then accompanied his voice with the most extraordinary gestures and harsh sounds. Sometimes they commenced repeating words in a very low tone of voice, and with a very rapid utterance, and then they went on gradually raising their voices, until at last the noise became quite tremendous, and the rapidity of the utterance ludicrous in the extreme. The noises were as bad as those mentioned by Burckhardt, who says, that when the rabbi, reciting the Psalms of David, comes to any particular passage, such as "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet," then they imitate the sound of the trumpet through their closed fists; when "a horrible tempest" occurs, then they puff and blow to represent a storm; or should he mention the cries of the righteous in distress, they all set up a loud screaming; and sometimes

these accompaniments are so badly managed, that while some are blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous!

On returning from the synagogue, I found my muleteer quietly seated on a stone bench in the courtyard in front of the church, surrounded by eight or ten Arabs. They all sat in solemn silence, smoking their pipes, and quietly reposing themselves in the shade of the projecting wall. The composure of the party was sadly interrupted by my ordering the muleteer to saddle his horses and mules. He opened his eyes very wide, and stroked his beard; then laying down his pipe, he turned round, and placing his hand on his breast, "God be praised," said he to his companions; after which pious ejaculation, he took up his pipe, and began to smoke as before. As no attempt was made to execute my orders, I sent Evangela with a very peremptory message to him, on the receipt of which he forthwith jumped off the stone bench into the courtyard without his shoes, and elevating both hands into the air, he turned round to the by-standers, and with inflamed looks, shouted,

"May the mercy of God and his blessings descend upon all those who walk in the right way. By the holy prophet," said he, addressing them, "this Frank is like all Franks, restless, and can never be quiet; he is always saying, 'On, on; go, go.' He abuses me, he worries me, and thinks I am no better than a dog or a pig. 'God is merciful,' 'I am a right worshipper of God.'"

Here he was interrupted by my tendering him the full amount of the money due to him by virtue of his engagement, and by my ordering fresh horses to be procured.

"*Taieeb*," said he, "*taieeb kateir*,—good, very good;" stroking his beard, and pulling out his pipe; "good, very good," and he reseated himself on the stone bench, and gathered up his garments with great dignity.

No mules, however, as the muleteer well knew, could be procured; but my active servant had gone straight to the Sheikh, who lives in the best house of the place, near the ruins of an old castle, by the waterside, and had procured the assistance of a dark-visaged official, who walked into the courtyard with great dignity, flourishing a long white wand in his hand. He was followed by a queer little fellow with one eye, a man who, I was subsequently informed, had acquired a fearful celebrity by the skill with which he administered a *bastinado*. My muleteer no sooner caught sight of this latter personage, than he humbled himself most considerably, said he was my slave, bound to execute my orders, and became all at once most submissively obedient.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the horses and mules were brought into the courtyard of the church, the beds and baggage were packed, and we commenced our journey to Naszera. The Greek Papas, the Damascene women, the grotesque husband, and the little boy, were all collected together from different quarters of the town, and after saluting each other most civilly, we rode through the gate of Tabareeah, and ascended the steep mountain immediately behind. We crossed over various districts, possessing a most fertile soil totally

uncultivated, and covered with a dense and rank vegetation of dead thistles and herbs.

In about an hour and a half from Tabareeah, we passed the spot where the monks pretend our Saviour wrought the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and also the very stone upon which it is positively avowed that he sat when he addressed the multitude.*

* To be continued.

WISHES.

If we our wishes could fulfil,
What pleasant hours we'd pass
To-day, in regions fair and still,
Upon the velvet grass!
We'd seek some calm sequestered shade,
Some wild untrodden woodland glade,
Where tempests could not come;
The bright laburnum, o'er us bent,
Should form our lovely natural tent,
Our happy summer home!
The proud magnolia should lift up
For us its pure and scented cup,
The rose-acacia near our bower
Be planted like a verdant tower;
The light leaves of the bamboo-tree
Should spread their fairy canopy,
The vine's rich fruit lie on the ground,
The willow's drooping head
Beside the gloomy pine be found;
The rose, by Nature led,
Should fling abroad its crimson bloom,
The light gum-cistus' flowers
Cast down, near some dark cedar's gloom,
Their snowy leaves in showers.
We'd have all shrubs from Southern lands,
The bay from Grecian Isles,
The laden olive-tree, that stands
Where endless summer smiles,
The palm, that o'er the desert flings
A shadow, long and light,
To warn the traveller of the springs
Which else might shun his sight,
And ev'ry lovely thing that grows
From torrid heats to Arctic snows;
The orange with its flow'rs and fruit,
The mango with its spreading root,
And apples bright as those that hung
In gardens by old poets sung,

And many a tree more gay and fair
Than heart can dream or lip declare;
And all things to which poetry gives
A charm that through all ages lives.
All flowers, such as we have seen,
By babbling brook or forest green;
The hyacinth, whose purple bells,
Still waving as they hang,
Seem ringing everlasting knells
For him from whom they sprang;
The white Narcissus, bowing down
Its radiant and unspotted crown;
The daisy that, by lawn and wood,
Whispers of thoughts most pure and good;
And the gay "flower of the wind,"
The sweet anemone,
That has a tale for ev'ry mind,
Of childhood's artless glee;
The violet's blue and loving eye,
Should greet us on our way,
The primrose blossoms, fair and shy,
Smile on us all the day!

And thou shouldst read some wild old tale,
Until the light of day grew pale,
Of him,* who, on th' Italian coast,
Pluck'd down the golden bough,
And raised 'mid Erebus' sad host
His young and crested brow,
And, by the waves of Acheron,
As the great sibyl led him on,
The slow and darkly rolling stream
Gave back his armour's fitful gleam,
And all the frightened spirits fled
To see the living 'mid the dead.

Or thou should'st speak awhile of him
Who sang of battle strife,
With whitened hair and eyesight dim,
And led a wand'ring life.
We'd seem to see attentive groups
Flock round the old man's knee,
And children, gathering in troops,
Stand near him silently,
And hang upon old Homer's lips,
Or question of the Grecian ships,
And all the deeds of mighty chiefs,
Before the walls of Troy.
We'd sorrow for the heroes' griefs,
And glory in their joy!

Or, dearer still, thy lips should pour
Some legend of the days of yore,
That tells of high and gallant deed
By Christian hero done,
And grieves for those whose hearts must bleed
Ere Zion could be won.

* Æneas.

And we should seem to see again
An army on the Syrian plain,
And ev'ry waving bough around
  Should seem a warrior's plume,
And ev'ry melancholy sound
  The wailing o'er his tomb!
And we should see great Godfrey stand
  Among his mighty host;
We'd hearken to his loud command,
  And see bright lances crost,
And watch the red-cross banner shine,
Triumphant through all Palestine!
Or when the passing breeze might stir
  The branches of the trees,
We'd speak of early mariner
  On unfrequented seas.
And, spirit-like, our thought should sweep
With great Columbus o'er the deep;
We'd watch with him by night and day
Upon his wide and boist'rous way,
Rejoicing when his noble heart
  Knew that his voyage was o'er,
And in his joy we'd bear a part
  On the discovered shore.
We'd talk of Spanish argosies
  Laden with gem and gold,
And many wondrous tales like these
  By ancient ballad told.

And when we two had commun'd thus,
  Nor marked the hours float by,
Till, meekly gazing down on us,
  The stars rose in the sky,
Thy voice should breathe some dear old strain,
  Some bard's unstudied rhymes,
Whose sound might bring to us again
  Sweet mem'ries of old times.
And in the pauses of thy song,
The evening wind should bear along
The murmur of some distant brook;
And we within our happy nook,
With quiet tears upon our cheek,
Should feel a joy we might not speak;
And with a deep and holy love,
  And ev'ry thought a prayer,
We'd gaze upon the heavens above
  And breathe the balmy air!
If we our wishes could fulfil,
  What pleasant hours we'd pass
To-day, in regions fair and still,
  Upon the velvet grass!

TERRA NOVA.

HABITS AND OPINIONS OF THE POETS.[1]

BEATTIE.

Dr. Beattie had one peculiarity which often made his friends smile —the object of his supreme aversion was the crowing of a cock! So well was this understood that, in his latter days, the lads attending Aberdeen College, when they wished for a holiday, used to watch the professor as he approached his class-room, and throw down a cock in his path! The noble chanticleer would flap his wings, and perhaps emit his favourite *solus cum sold*, when the querulous author of "The Minstrel," arrested in his progress as if by the sting of a serpent, turned on his heel, and shrank back into his house. There was no class or lecture that day. This morbid feeling even found its way into Beattie's poetry. In the midst of some of the finest stanzas of "The Minstrel" we are startled at finding the following anathema.

"Proud harbinger of day,
Who scared'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear."

Was ever chanticleer so lectured before? The crowing of the cock is almost as poetical as the singing of the lark or the nightingale. It is associated in our minds with the fresh and healthy simplicity of nature—with the innocence of childhood, and the rural charms of a country life. We think of old Chaucer and his tale of the "Nun's Priest;" of his thrifty widow, whose homestead boasted a splendid chanticleer, that clapped his wings, and sang upon his roost before the matin-bell was rung.

"High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall.
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet,
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet;
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnished gold."

There is a picture, "glittering like the burnished gold," and worthy the brilliant pencil of a Jan Steen or Cuyp! Then, the "buried majesty of Denmark" vanished at the crowing of the morning cock, as Marcellus and Bernardo watched upon the platform—another poetical association added to "fell chanticleer." When Milton enumerates the attractions of rural mirth and liberty, he pictures the dappled

[1] Continued from p. 260.

dawn, the lark, the sweet-brier, and the vine; but he does not forget another feature in the rustic scene.

> " The cock, with lively din,
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin."

" The life of man," says Jeremy Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines—" the life of man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as, when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by-and-bye he gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly—so is a man's reason and his life."

Having thus buried the ridiculous idiosyncrasy of Beattie under a mass of authorities, let us see how he himself describes a morning in summer.

> " But who the melodies of morn can tell?
> The wild brook babbling down the mountain side—
> The lowing herd—the sheepfold's simple bell—
> The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
> In the lone valley—echoing far and wide
> The clamorous horn along the cliffs above—
> The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
> The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
> And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.
>
> " The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark—
> Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings—
> The whistling ploughman stalks afield—and, hark!
> Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings—
> Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs—
> Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour—
> The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
> Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
> And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower."

This is a noble description, fresh as morn itself, and steeped in Parnassian dews. The landscape is Scotch, a little idealised. There we have the wild brooks and mountains, shepherds in the lonely valleys, and the ocean murmuring among creeks and bays at the feet of ruined castles. The " clamorous horn " pertains more to merry England, and we must assign to it also the " ponderous wagon " and the " village-clock." The small Scotch carts and *shelties* are the reverse of ponderous, and a Scotch village is generally a very ragged, unsightly collection of houses. The *laird* builds his mansion within his *policy*, or grounds, away from his cotters, and from the shoemaker, tailor, and blacksmith; and the retired Scottish gentry generally settle down in villas adjoining towns. An English village—clean, neat, whitewashed cottages, with handsome houses here and there, each with its garden

and green-painted rails, the village pump and pond, common, and old trees, and venerable church, sun-dial, and clock—presents a scene of quiet, comfort, and happiness that cheers and elevates the heart to witness. See it in a May morning, when the hedges, and orchards, and roadsides, are all one flush of blossom, and every twig and bush are rife with birds, and what scene can be more lovely? The system of inclosures has, in many instances, narrowed the range of the poor man's enjoyments, but there is at present a strong desire among the rural aristocracy to remedy this evil, and to revert to a better state of things. The Scottish peasantry are in a much worse condition; their landlords, ambitious of vying with the English squires, and of residing part of the year in the south, too often rackrent their tenants to accomplish this object; and the tenants, in their turn, screw down the price of labour to the lowest scale of existence. The soil is admirably cultivated; patient toil, and perseverance, and skill, have surmounted the difficulties presented by nature; yet the life of a poor Scotch cotter or labourer is really a scene of constant privation and ill-rewarded toil. Beattie, therefore, in drawing his native landscape, coloured it with the hues of imagination, and bathed its gloomy shadows in sunshine. Like Thomson, he looked on this goodly frame, the earth, with unqualified transport and delight; he saw in it the materials of poetry and of happiness, and, like the prophet whose lips were touched as with a coal of fire from the altar, he breaks out into a burst of inspired enthusiasm, the highest he ever reached.

> " O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields—
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
> O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

It must have been the recollection of this stanza, and a few more of the same strain, in the " Minstrel," that prompted Lord Lyttelton to pay Beattie one of the finest compliments ever paid to his genius. " I read your 'Minstrel' last night," says the accomplished peer, " with as much rapture as poetry, in her noblest, sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me that my once most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains."

To place Beattie, even by implication, above Thomson, is absurd. Lord Lyttelton, however, had seen only the first part of " The Minstrel," (the second was not published till some years afterwards,) and the first part of " The Minstrel " is as superior to the second as the first canto of the " Castle of Indolence " surpasses the concluding portion. The conception of his hero, Edwin, in which Beattie bodied forth his own early feelings, was well suited to the meditative nature of his genius. It is just sufficient to impart something of human in-

terest and sympathy to the poem, without interfering with that love of description and abstract speculation most congenial to the poet. He wanted buoyancy and invention to have carried his hero into a life of variety and action. As it is, when he finds it necessary to continue Edwin beyond the "flowery path" of childhood, and to explore the shades of life, he calls in the aid of a hermit, who schools the young enthusiast through half the canto on virtue, knowledge, and the dignity of man. The appearance of this sage is happily described.

> "At early dawn the youth his journey took,
> And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
> Then reach'd the wild where, in a flowery nook,
> And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
> An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.
> A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
> And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
> A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
> And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small."

The progress of arts and freedom, in embellishing life and restraining violence and rapacity, is then sketched; and the poet paints with much force the triumph of reason and philosophy over superstition.

> "In the deep windings of the grove no more
> The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell—
> Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
> Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell—
> No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
> Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon—
> Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
> To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
> Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.
>
> "Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
> Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
> Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
> And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
> Of heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
> Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
> But science gives the word; and, lo, he braves
> The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
> And to a happier land wafts merrily away!"

The character of Edwin gives a charm to the poem. It is a beautiful vision of purity and romantic seclusion—a being that might have existed in the golden age of the poets, before Astrea, the last of the celestials, had left the earth. Bred in obscurity, in shepherd life, among the mountains of the north,* Edwin was "no vulgar boy."

* We have heard his eulogium on Scotland warmly eulogised for its happy sententiousness, force, and precision of language.

> "But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
> A nation famed for song and beauty's charms;
> Zealous yet modest, innocent though free;
> Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

Beattie was more English in his tastes and feelings than most of his countrymen;

The muse unfolded her treasures to him in solitude, and when knowledge was imparted to him, and philosophy and science dawned on his mind, nature still claimed his first and fond regard, and from her beauties, variously compared and combined, he learned to frame forms of "bright perfection." It is perhaps fortunate that "the Minstrel" was left a fragment; the poet had not strength of pinion to keep long on the wing in the same lofty region; and Edwin would have contracted some earthly soil in his descent. The dramatic faculty was wanting in Beattie: he could not have invented a succession of incidents, characters, scenes, and adventures—he was still the professor in his robes.

In his minor poems he works with the same materials. His "Retirement" displays another Edwin, "a pensive youth," musing among hoary cliffs and woods, and paying his early vows to solitude.

> "Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
> Thy charms my only theme;
> My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
> Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
> Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
> Breaks from the rustling boughs,
> And down the lone vale sails away
> To more profound repose.
> * * * *
> "For me, no more the path invites,
> Ambition loves to tread;
> No more I climb those toilsome heights,
> By guileful Hope misled;
> Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
> To mirth's enlivening strain;
> For present pleasure soon is o'er,
> And all the past is pain.

The poetry here is fully equal to that of "the Minstrel." His small piece, "The Hermit," is equally melodious, solemn, and tender: it is the most popular of all his shorter productions, and every schoolboy remembers "the close of the day when the hamlet was still."

Dr. Beattie's prose writings are justly famed for the purity of their English, and the delicate discrimination and fancy they display. He studied Addison long and deeply, and certainly attained to his perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance. His moral dissertations, his essays

but what Scotchman is insensible to the *amor patriæ*? An interesting anecdote was told us a few days since of an old gentleman, formerly well known in London, Mr. Buchanan M'Millan, who was, we believe, connected at one time with the *Sun* newspaper, king's printer, or printer of the Parliamentary Journals. When about seventy years of age, Mr. M'Millan visited his native glen among the mountains of Loch Ness. He took a gentleman with him to see the site of his father's hut. A few stones distinguish the spot; there was a well near it, a little up the hill, and the old man, dashing aside the heath and fern, filled a bottle with water from his native spring. "I shall take this with me to London," said he, "and if I die there, the last draught I shall drink will be from this bottle!" Good old Mr. M'Millan was a prince in generosity and benevolence.

> "He carried from the parent nest
> A real heart 'neath his plaided vest."

on language, on poetry and music, abound in happy illustrations; and when he estimates the character and genius of Dryden, Pope, and Swift, we feel that he is not unworthy to sit in judgment on these immortals. A paper by Beattie in the *Mirror*, on the subject of dreams, shows how much learning and reading he could bring even to a trivial and hackneyed subject. As a metaphysical reasoner, he was deficient in originality, in vigour, and in temper. In his latter years, when his nerves were shattered, he could not bear to look on his "Essay on Truth." Posterity seem to be of the same mind.

The most marked departure from the ordinary rules of acting and thinking which Beattie, who detested all extremes, seems ever to have made, was in the case related by himself in the education of his son. He was desirous to make a trial how far the boy's reason would go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of a God. The child was in his fifth or sixth year, and could read a little. The father went to his garden, wrote in the mould, with his finger, the three initial letters—"I. H. B."—of his son's name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed. Ten days after, the little fellow came running to him, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told him that his name was growing in the garden. They went to the spot; the boy said it could not be by chance that the letters came there.

"Look at yourself, I replied," says Dr. Beattie, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?' He said they were. 'Came you then hither by chance?' 'No,' he answered, 'that cannot be; something must have made me.' 'And who is that something?' I asked. He said 'He did not know.' (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents' made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, though he could not so express it, that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what it formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being, who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."

The circumstance is like the lonely foot-print, seen by Crusoe in his desert island—a memento that could never have been forgotten. But how could the name of the Deity have been kept from the child till he was five or six years old, and after he had learned to read? There was, indeed, no maternal instruction, to breathe the evening prayer, and train the infant mind to piety, for the poet's wife was unhappily afflicted with mental alienation; but one would conceive the name and idea of the divinity must somehow have been imparted to the child. The father must have taken pains that it should be studiously concealed—a thing not easily done in ordinary circumstances, and perhaps not desirable—but Dr. Beattie's experiment was completely successful, and it has an air of striking interest and romance.

Beattie has himself given us a humorous sketch of some of his

personal peculiarities. He was in the way, he said, of becoming a *great man.* "For have I not headaches, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes, (for fear of corns,) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes, (though not of *lippitude,*) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing, invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph, the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod, the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles, (in the air;) I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rozinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil; this last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd." The capital defect in Beattie's character was a want of spirit and independence. He did not always

> "Feel his own worth, and reverence the lyre."

He accepted pecuniary assistance from Mrs. Montagu and his other friends, when, as professor in a college, and as a gentleman, he should have spurned it. He was somewhat of a tuft-hunter, (to use a well-known colloquial expression.) The first canto of "the Minstrel" was inscribed to one of his earliest, warmest, and steadiest friends, Mr. Arbuthnot. When he republished it, he transferred the compliment to another—

> "But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
> New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
> For *her* applause to me is more than fame."

His dread of going to Edinburgh, lest the metaphysical friends of David Hume should molest his peace, and almost endanger his life, is absolutely ludicrous. Some notions of self-importance are blended with this timidity. Beattie was not without his share of a poet's vanity. We have seen a curious manuscript, a short account of his life, drawn up by one of his friends: it had been submitted to the poet, and his corrections and additions are amusing. His observations on his own temper and disposition; the way in which he talks of his juvenile poems, (miserable productions they are,) as if he contemned them *more than his friends were willing to admit they deserved,* and other remarks of this kind,—betray a self-complacency which his enemies would have delighted to have known. Where there is weakness, there is always intolerance; and the manner in which Beattie attacked Churchill, after the latter was in his grave, reflects a stain upon his memory. Fortunately, the verses are as poor as the spirit in which they are conceived is mean and reprehensible. By nature, the poet of "the Minstrel" was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music, (in which he was a proficient,) affected him even to tears. He was so electrified with Garrick in Macbeth, that he had almost thrown himself over the front seat of the two-shilling gallery; and he seriously contends for the grotesque mixture

of comedy and tragedy in Shakspeare, (such as the porter's soliloquy in Macbeth, a mere sop to the frequenters of the gallery, which Shakspeare himself must have despised,) as introduced by the great dramatist to save the auditors *from a disordered head or a broken heart.* This is parmiceti for an inward bruise with a vengeance. Such a physical and mental confirmation does not bid fair for happiness in this world, and Beattie was sorely tried. His latter years were dark and lonely. His wife was in a madhouse; his two accomplished sons died when they had reached an age to stand in the relation of friends and companions to their afflicted parent, and he consoled his childless solitude with the reflection—"How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled by madness?" He became moping and peevish, and sought refuge in that fatal opiate, wine, till repeated attacks of paralysis removed him from a scene in which he had ceased to take interest, and where he had become almost an alien and a stranger. We stood lately beside his grave in the churchyard of Aberdeen, and, recollecting the painful circumstances that darkened the close of his life, we remembered with emotion his noble stanzas, appealing from earth to heaven—from the ruins of the fleshly tabernacle to its renovation in a purer and higher state.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, let's the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

THE PIRATE.[1]

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

When the crowd of combatants was thus effectually dispersed, we, who had taken no part in the fight, and who consequently neither felt nor feared the captain's resentment, perceived that the Kentuckian, who lay silent and motionless, had a dagger sticking in his throat, from which the blood gushed out as often as he drew his breath; while close by him writhed poor Brissac, with his eye literally torn out, he himself mingling execrations on his enemy with his uncontrollable cries of anguish and dismay, and continuing to strike at him furiously with his dagger.

"Bah! is it thus you amuse yourself in pricking a messmate?" demanded Stamar: "don't you see the poor devil's past praying for, as the Spaniard said of the dead bull? Be a little merciful: blow his brains out at once, and put an end to his misery."

Probably it was only in this especial way that the agonised Gascon could, just at that moment, have been induced to "be a little merciful." Seizing the pistol which the captain held out to him, he obeyed his command to the letter. The corpse of the Kentuckian was then tossed overboard, and the Gascon went below to seek the aid of the surgeon.

Three days had now elapsed since the fierce and fatal conflict between the Kentuckian and the Gascon. The latter, though already greatly relieved from the tortures of his cruel wound, by the skill of the pirate-doctor, Mathorée, who was not a little delighted with the luck of having so important a case—the unfortunate Gascon, disfigured for life, and deprived of an eye, spent the greater part of his time in bestowing every imaginable curse of his native country upon pirates in general, and Kentuckian pirates in particular.

"What will my wife say—for I have a wife, doctor—when she sees that her dear Brissac is one-eyed? unless, indeed, I could make a little fortune on board of this accursed ship."

"Upon that point," rejoined the doctor, in his gravest and most sententious manner, "you may set your mind at rest. Serving with our brave and worthy captain, you will speedily get gold enough not only to fill the orifice of your eye, but the entire cavity of even your capacious skull, if you think fit! *Au reste*, you may think yourself extremely fortunate that your case has come under my care. Already you may perceive that you are in a fair way of being cured. I have completely—I may venture to add skilfully—extirpated the interior ligaments, which, if neglected, might have been productive of inflammation, and eventually of death. You will shortly be quite free from pain, and by wearing a glass eye you will prevent your misfortune from being detected by any but your most intimate acquaintance."

[1] Concluded from p. 251.

"Many thanks to you, doctor," sighed the unhappy Gascon; "I am far enough from being ungrateful for your cure; but nevertheless I much fear that my wife will die outright with vexation."

"Moreover," continued the doctor, pursuing his own idea, and utterly disregarding the geremiads of the unfortunate Gascon, "you are quite sure to concentrate in the one eye that is left to you all the visual forces that properly appertained to both. You will see, in fact, just as well with one eye as ever you did with two."

"*Dieu vivant!*" said the Gascon; "it is all very possible; nevertheless, I should greatly have preferred the preservation of both the eyes which nature bestowed upon me."

While the doctor was thus complacently lavishing compliments upon himself and consolation upon the monoptic Gascon, we found ourselves in sight of the Isle of Cuba, and fast making the entrance of the old canal. In the east rose the black points of innumerable rocks, on which broke furious waves, dashed against them by the impetuous current.

Stamar, coming upon deck with Lorenzo, swept the horizon with his telescope. After keeping it fixed for some time upon one point, he suddenly passed it to Lorenzo, exclaiming, in tones of vexation and rage, "May the devil die to-morrow if there are not those two infernal cruisers, which are everlastingly hovering about here to cause annoyance to honest gentlemen of our stamp. What say you?—am I right or wrong?"

Lorenzo just glanced in the direction indicated by Stamar, and then replied, "It is only too true."

"And that blind mole at the mast-head never to see them! Cardic, sing out for the animal to come down, and give him something to freshen his way and brighten his look-out."

Cardic applied his lips to his shrill whistle, and in a few seconds the negligent look-out stood before him. The instant he did so, Cardic, without a word on either side, beat him with a severity which left nothing for even the ferocity of Stamar to complain of.

The two vessels which he, poor devil! had been unlucky enough not to discern, or careless enough not to announce, now bore down upon us under all sail, and were speedily near enough to hail us.

Stamar paced the gangway, now whistling for a wind and anon abusing the helmsman with great facility and onction; but beyond this, not showing the slightest symptom of either fear or emotion. Probably his apparent carelessness arose from his feeling confident in his means of avoiding hostilities; for I had already been informed by Peters that fierce as our captain was when he met with merchantmen, he was exceedingly happy at avoiding battle when there was any chance of his meeting with more than his match. Lorenzo and the rest of the pirates stood in silence, awaiting whatever orders their chief might choose to give, and endeavouring, but vainly, to read his intentions in the strongly marked lines of his sombre and impassible countenance.

At length Stamar broke silence in giving an order unexpected by all on board, and by none more so than by me.—"Lorenzo," said he, "let the red flag be displayed! Peters, is Dumby well loaded? To your post, and prepare to fire."

This order given, Stamar seated himself on a gun-carriage, and smoked his cigarita as coolly as though he had been a hundred leagues from danger. The two hostile ships were now far within cannon-shot; a lurid column of flame leaped from one of their guns, and the shot struck us within six paces of the gun on which sat Stamar, who, however, continued to smoke on with the most entire indifference. The two strangers now hoisted the American flag astern, and Stamar shouted, "Peters, take good aim; we must wing that fellow: let them have it!—fire!"

A tremendous detonation was the instant reply to this order, and we saw the enemy's long-boat cut from its slings, and dashed into a thousand pieces.

"Not so badly aimed, Peters! Helm a-weather, there, and let all go aloft."

The Shark obeyed her rudder to admiration, and dashed rapidly through the narrow passages formed by the rocks: in ten minutes we were beyond the reach of the enemy, whose greater draught forbade them to endeavour to pursue us.

"Poor Yankees! I knew very well they would not attempt to follow us into the canal! But these devilish cruisers quite spoil our game here; we must try for better luck off the coast of Saint Thomas."

Five days after this narrow escape, the negroes who lead their savage lives in the woods of Porto Rico, saw a tiny brig, completely black, and slenderly and rakishly masted, making her way, under close-reefed sails, to the shelter of their shore. This brig was the Shark, which, in the whole of her cruise hitherward, had not fallen in with a single prize.

Stamar, more sombre and ill-tempered than ever, vainly swept the horizon with his eagle and eager glance; and the pirates already began to assemble in little groups, and murmur aloud at what they termed their ill luck. Even Brissac did not quite approve of being a pirate, and yet getting nothing by it. "If this continues, Daumont," said he to me, "we shall all have time to get hanged before we see the colour of any one's money. And yet I ought to get a good sum to pay me for the loss of my eye, and enable me to console my wife."

Scarcely had the Gascon given utterance to his discontent when the man at the mast-head sang out, "Deck a-hoy!—a sail to windward!"

Stamar went aloft with his glass, and in a few seconds returned, and said—"Every one to his post. We're in luck at last!"

Cardic's whistle responded to this order. Every man took his arms, and we bore up towards the stranger under all the sail we could carry. It was a truly horrible thing to observe the sinister expression worn by all the hideous countenances of our lawless crew. Dirty, bearded, and already scenting blood, their eyes flashing with the fires of cupidity and cruelty, the wretches all gazed in the direction of their prey, as though they wished to annihilate the distance which separated them from it. In a very brief space we neared our victim, a large merchantman, whose appearance promised at once an easy conquest and a rich booty. At a signal from Stamar, a shot was fired across her bows to bring her to. She immediately hoisted a white flag, and began to take in her sails; but this obviously pacific inclina-

tion was quite thrown way upon the commander of the Shark.—"Give that fellow a shot between wind and water," cried he; "it will perhaps teach him to be quicker in his manœuvres, and not keep worthy fellows so long waiting."

We were now within pistol-shot of the stranger, and Peters, bringing his musket to bear upon one of her crew, fired, and knocked the man's straw-hat from off his head, frightening the poor devil a good deal, no doubt, but doing him no farther injury.

"Pretty fair, that!" said Stamar; "but another time level lower. Halloa, you sugar hogshead! send a boat aboard us."

The order was obeyed on the instant, and the boat coming alongside us, a young and handsome man leaped upon our deck, without the slightest appearance of fear or suspicion.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Stamar, "loblolly-boy of yon craft, or cook's swab's second mate?"

"I am neither one nor the other, sir," replied the young man, firmly, "I am her lieutenant."

"Oh, well, Mr. *Lieutenant*, you see my flag?—it's red, as perhaps you can perceive. Go you back, and send your captain hither; I am not in the habit of treating with swabs of lower rank."

Pale with anger, and knitting his brows, the young man preserved, however, sufficient mastery over his temper to depart without reply; and in a few minutes the boat returned, bringing the captain.

"Where are you bound from?" demanded Stamar.

"From Martinique."

"What's your lading?"

"As usual from that port—sugar and coffee."

"But how about specie? None of that, eh?"

The French captain made no reply. The sound of his voice, when he first spoke, had struck me as being very familiar to me; and the more I pondered, the more certain I became that this captain, who had so unhappily fallen into our power, was well known to me. Stamar, guessing the truth from the captain's silence, resumed—"I see how it is—you *have* specie on board! Well; your boat will just do to bring us so much of your freight as we may find it convenient to accept of."

"There is no help for it," replied the unfortunate captain, "and falsehood would be disgraceful without being of any service. I frankly confess, then, that I *have* specie on board. To it, and to everything else we have, you are welcome; but, I trust that, in return for my giving you no trouble, you will allow me and my crew to depart without experiencing any personal ill treatment'

"For whom do you take us, messmate? Fie upon your suspicions! You may go as soon as our visit is paid. My lieutenant will accompany you."

The captain of the merchantman bowed, and returned to go to his boat, accompanied by Lorenzo.

As the captain turned to depart, I was enabled more closely to examine his features, and I at once recognised him as one of the oldest captains in the employment of my father, to whom, no doubt, the ill-fated vessel belonged. I endeavoured to go forward without

being recognised by the unfortunate captain; but before I could do so, he had caught sight of my countenance, and rushed towards me, exclaiming, "Good God! Mr. Eugene, do I see you here!"

These words turned all eyes upon me; and Lorenzo said, with his usual sneer, "Ah! what the Signor Daumont is an old acquaintance of yours, is he, captain? That's lucky; for he is a friend of ours also! But let us make haste, for time is precious to men of business, you know!"

And pointing to the ladder with an air of authority, which seemed literally to freeze the poor captain's blood, Lorenzo put a stop to all further communication by showing him into the boat, into which he himself immediately followed.

"Is that some old friend of yours?" said Brissac.

"If you wish to accompany him in his journey," said Cardic, "you have some distance to travel."

"What does he mean?" said I, in a low whisper to Brissac.

"Hush!" said he; "we are observed; the less you say now, the greater your chance to be alive to-morrow morning."

In about a quarter of an hour the boat returned from the merchantman, laden with bags of money, and with a variety of merchandise, the whole of which was brought on board of us, and carried aft. Lorenzo, who also came in the boat, went up to Stamar, and whispered some few words to him.

"Well!" replied Stamar, in a far louder tone, "bring her along, and we shall see."

Five or six times the merchantman's boat went and came, bringing off to us all that the pirates judged to be worth taking; and Lorenzo, taking with him half a dozen men armed to the very teeth, then returned to the plundered vessel, and in a few minutes we saw the pirates under Lorenzo's orders thrust a lady, and her mulatto female servant, into the boat.

Lorenzo then saluted the officers of the merchantman with an affectation of politeness, and descended into the boat, from which the unfortunate prisoners sent forth their pitiable but most unavailing shrieks.

"Thieves! villains!" said the young lieutenant, of whom I have already had occasion to make mention; "infamous rascals! you are even more cowardly than you are cruel!"

On hearing these words, Lorenzo turned coolly round, drew a pistol from his belt, and laid the young lieutenant dead upon the deck, saying, as he fired, "You would have done well to be more polite, my young friend. As for you others, a good voyage to you! You will find it a long one, I fancy, and your last."

The boat was soon alongside us, and the young lady, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes red and swollen with weeping, was led, or rather dragged, aft. Her singular beauty had led the vile Lorenzo to suppose that she would be a prize by no means the less welcome to his still more brutal captain; and yet, with a strange inconsistency, the same beauty that led him to doom her to a fate so unspeakably terrible as that which he believed to await her, so far softened him, that he did not forbid her being accompanied into her horrible captivity byher faithful and attached Creole attendant.

The sight of the lovely young female in a situation so appalling filled my heart with a sentiment of mingled admiration and grief; and yielding to an impulse as powerful as it was undefinable, I hastily advanced towards her.

"Oh, no!" said Lorenzo, with an ironical glance at me; "you appear to be extremely attentive, my young gentleman."

Recalled to all the terrible realities of my situation, by the sinister tone in which these words were spoken, I retired, blushing and confused, to my former position; and the beautiful captive was dragged to the feet of the ruthless Captain Stamar. Looking coldly and yet attentively upon her features, the savage said, "Tolerably pretty! take her below." His order was obeyed, and we could hear, at times, the low moanings of the young captive and her faithful Creole, who were kept closely confined in the cabin.

All this time the captain of the luckless merchantman had been standing in silent expectation of the final orders of Stamar, who now said to him, "You can go on your way now, my friend; and of a surety you cannot say that we are so *very* wicked—we others!"

The captain thus addressed bowed in silence, hauled up his boat, and commenced veering to proceed on his route. The Shark then gently laid herself broadside to; Stamar gave a signal to the infamous Lorenzo, and exclaimed at the same time to the merchantman's captain, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

Scarcely were the hypocrite's words uttered when a fearful explosion of our whole range of guns shook every plank of the Shark, and for a few moments both vessels were completely hidden in the thick black clouds of smoke. Stamar now gave the word, the Shark darted forward under all sail; and when the smoke had somewhat dispersed, we could see the unfortunate merchantmen dreadfully torn by our shot—her deck covered with wounded men, whose cries and groans were truly dreadful.

On perceiving that our broadside had merely crippled the merchantman, instead of sinking her, Stamar flew into one of his fiercest paroxysms of rage.

"Fools! brute beasts!" he exclaimed, stamping on the deck; "why did they not give it her between wind and water? It's a mere waste of powder and shot! Master!—start me all those novices—put the very best men on board at the guns; above all, see that they ram home well, and level low!"

Scarcely two minutes elapsed from the giving of the ferocious order, when the new broadside of the Shark vomited death and destruction upon the crippled and helpless merchantman. Again for a few minutes the horizon was obscured by dark and heavy clouds of smoke; and some minutes elapsed before they cleared away sufficiently to enable us to see the effect produced by our volley. Frightful but impotent imprecations reached us through the livid atmosphere; and, at length we distinguished the aged and unfortunate captain mounted on the bulwarks of his shattered vessel, now tearing his hair, and anon extending his clenched fist towards us in vain menacing and detestation. Traversed as his ship had been in every direction by our balls, she was rapidly sinking; and just as she was finally settling

down, some of her crew sought shelter in her tops, while others plunged into the sea, and swam towards us. Alas! the case of those who still clung to the masts of their sinking ship was not a jot more hopeless than that of the unhappy men who looked for safety in the mercy of Stamar. Seeing that they swam vigorously and perseveringly towards us, he shouted, "Shoot me off a few of these jolly fellows. *Mort Dieu!* they seem marvellously well inclined to aid in the consumption of our grog and biscuit. Take good aim, I say, there, some of you, and shoot me them off!"

His orders were obeyed to the very letter. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and man after man fell beneath the murderous aim of the ferocious pirates. Now and then a cap or a straw hat rose to the surface, and floated round the shattered vessel which the foaming waves were now fast engulphing.

Suddenly, with a sound like the rushing of a huge water-spout, an immense chasm opened in the waves, the merchantman balanced herself for a moment or two, and then, with one lightning-like bound, descended; the tops of her masts were for an instant seen lashing the waters, and then she, and the unhappy wretches, who were still clinging to her, disappeared for ever. To the tumult of the horrible scene that had been enacted there succeeded for a few moments a frightfully expressive silence, which was broken by the voice of Stamar, who in tones of infernal irony exclaimed, "Adieu! a pleasant voyage to you!"

To describe the horror I experienced at witnessing this scene of cowardly and useless murder is absolutely beyond my power. Pale and almost insensible, I seemed to be writhing under the pressure of some infernal nightmare; and it needed some stern external reality to restore my bewildered senses. The voice of the Gascon aroused me from this most painful state.

"Upon my honour," said he in a low tone, "I did not think that even a pirate could be so downright diabolical. I verily believe that I would rather lose my other eye, than witness such another brutal butchery!"

Nor was this feeling confined to me and the Gascon. Even the crew, ruffianly brigands as they undoubtedly were, had hitherto maintained a profound, and, as it seemed, a painful silence. It was solely the voice of their ferocious leader that could arouse them from this reflecting mood: once aroused from it, however, they speedily resumed their habitual ferocity, songs and shouts rang as loudly as ever through the ship, and at the suggestion of Stamar, preparations were made for a division of their booty.

"Faith," said Brissac to me, "as those poor devils have taken their leave of all sublunary affairs, these bags of piastres can be of no use to them, so I shall take my share of them with a good conscience. Will you come, too, Daumont?"

I turned from him with disgust, and remained on the forecastle, while every one else was busy aft sharing in the ill-gotten booty. Our fair captive naturally formed the chief and most painful subject of my thoughts. How beautiful was her countenance even amidst all her grief, and despite the disorder of her attire; and to what hor-

rible ill-treatment was she not liable, thrown as she was into the power of the ferocious Stamar! The mere thought of so beautiful and young a creature being in the power of such a monster, filled me with rage, and that rage was increased by an interest, a prepossession on behalf of the victim, which I was in no state of mind to be able to analyse or to define. I longed to learn who she was, and to what Stamar designed to doom her, and to make her aware who I was, and how ardently I desired to deliver her from her horrible position; and I fully made up my mind to seize every possible opportunity to communicate with her, even though my endeavours to serve her should cost me my life.

Both officers and men were too busy with the partition of their plunder to attend to the manœuvring of the craft; the deck was strown with small arms of every description, which the pirates had cast aside when their work of murder was complete; the matches, still burning, stood in the tubs, close by piles of cartridges, which the rolling of the ship continually threw from side to side. Such was the disordered state of things upon our deck when the man at the mast-head suddenly sang out—"A sail! a sail to leeward!"

"Parbleu!" said Stamar, "this should surely be more food to give to the sharks."

For full five minutes he kept his telescope directed upon one point, and his black and bushy brows were knit over his tiger-like eyes.

Suddenly he kicked aside the piles of piastres which lay upon the quarter-deck, and his glance was so fiery and furious, that the boldest and greediest of the pirates, who were near him, hastened off in total forgetfulness even of their beloved booty.

"To work, to work, men!" he then shouted; "haul down the flag. To work, to work with you, if you would not dance upon nothing at the end of a yard-arm; or follow the fellows you have just sent to Davy's locker."

These words, pronounced in the short, stern, and terrible tone in which he always spoke when very greatly excited, struck terror into the hearts of even the desperadoes of the Shark, and he was as promptly obeyed as though there were no such thing in the world as gold to be divided, or to be quarrelled about.

"To work," the pirates, in fact, went with such good will, that in a few moments the Shark had almost exactly reversed her course, and had crowded every sail in the endeavour to gain the wind. Unfortunately for the views of Stamar, however, the ship in sight approached with such speed, and held the wind in so superior a style, that she neared the Shark almost as rapidly as though the latter had been riding at anchor.

Lorenzo, pale with terror, after gazing attentively for some time in the direction of the chase, exclaimed, "It is a French frigate, and she carries a broad pendant at her mizen."

"Ah!" replied Stamar, "have you discovered that already? I compliment you—I can do no less—on your sagacity. Nevertheless I had made the same discovery a good half-hour since."

"But they are gaining upon us hand over hand," remarked Lorenzo.

"Well, and what then, Master Barber? In what bright way do you propose that we should act? Can we fly like yon gull? They near us in spite of our best seamanship and our utmost press of sail. Well! if they turn out to be stronger, as well as fleeter, than we are—let us see if they have pluck enough to follow us below. "And he pointed with a significant gesture to the blue depths of the mighty mass of waters,—a gesture which seemed to impart very little comfort to the terrified lieutenant.

For my part, I watched the approach of the redoubtable frigate with about equal pleasure and inquietude. True, if we were captured, I was not in reality one of the guilty; but who could assure me that our captors might not doubt the truth of my asseverations, and hang me along with the worst of my persecutors? Moreover, how was I to escape, should Stamar, as his gesture had threatened, blow up his craft rather than allow her to be taken?

Having my papers constantly about me, however, I was not without hope of obtaining a fair hearing from the captain of the frigate, and I resolved to throw myself overboard, swim to her, and endeavour to persuade her captain to board the Shark, and endeavour to rescue the fair captive and her attendant. So much was I excited with this project, that I had infinite difficulty in concealing the rapture with which my frail hopes—alas, *how* frail!—inspired me.

Peters, close by whom I was standing, easily read in my features the thoughts that were passing in my mind. He took me by the hand, and said with a smile,

"You sadly deceive yourself, my poor Daumont, if you see in yonder frigate a means of saving either yourself or others. You but little know Captain Stamar, much as you may fancy you have already seen of his skill and daring. We shall either get away or blow up the craft."

I paid but little attention to his words, my notice being just then too much engrossed with the powerful frigate, which by this time had gained so much upon us, that the whole of her hull was well up, and from which a shower of balls was thrown towards us, from time to time, by way of preliminary. The affair now began to look so serious that the pirates stood about in sad and silent groups, attentively watching the countenance of Stamar, who stood with his arms folded gazing at the frigate. Suddenly he sprang forward, a hideous and withering sneer of triumph curling his pale thin lips.

"Master!" he cried, "let one half the men go below, but hold themselves in readiness to go aloft at the very first signal. Lorenzo, see that the Colombian flag be displayed; and strike your topsails."

His orders were obeyed as rapidly as they were given, and, electrified by the audacity of their chief, our pirates passed at once from despondency to a complete feeling of security. The Colombian flag streamed gaily out abaft, and, to my indescribable amazement, we brought to and awaited the chase, the commander of which, on nearing us, hove to in his turn, and hailed us.

Stamar seized his speaking-trumpet and replied, in Spanish, that he would go to leeward; and our brig, by means of sweeps, was

slowly and silently urged forward, as though that had really been his intention.

On the poop of the French frigate several of her officers were collected, who, with their glasses bent upon us, watched every movement upon our deck.

The Shark swept forward till she got close astern of the frigate, and Stamar profoundly saluted him who seemed to be her principal officer. For an instant we seemed to be luffing a trifle, so as to range alongside the frigate, and under her lee; but suddenly Stamar sprang to the helm, and jammed it hard a-weather, his stentorian tones at the same time rang far over the heaving waters, as he shouted,

"All hands aloft! see all clear, and let go the topsails!"

The orders thus given were executed with an almost inconceivable celerity, and the Shark, obedient to the new and powerful influence thus given to her, sprang swiftly forward beyond the reach of her enemy.

This bold manœuvre of Stamar caused a tremendous outcry of disappointment and rage on board of the French frigate, from which shots were quickly, but quite innocuously, sent after us; but long before they could resume the chase, we had gained the vicinity of a group of islets close to Saint Thomas, each new discharge of the enemy's guns only affording a subject for new sarcasms from Stamar, and new laughter from his now confident desperadoes.*

* To be continued.

DELAVAL O'DORNEY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.[1]

When Delaval and his bride had reached Glencastle, the amiable Count O'Dorney was no more. For some time before his death his affairs had gradually fallen into much confusion; mortgage had been tacked to mortgage, till at last foreclosure had so contracted the estate that it now comprehended little more than the old castle and the adjoining grounds. This, together with a small portion of his mother's fortune, was the entire inheritance to which the unhappy Delaval succeeded, and with which he had to support a noble name. Yet severe as were these misfortunes, they appeared light and easy to be borne, when compared with the remorse and sorrow which had fastened on his mind. His thoughts constantly recurred to the unhappy Deyncourt. He thought of his noble bearing—his generous forbearance—his condescension—his rejected friendship, till, with a mind filled with reproaches, to vent his grief he would seek the deepest solitudes.

This extreme sensibility and increasing horror of a fatal event which he accused himself of having provoked, was probably heightened by collateral circumstances. He had found that the assertion of his rival had not been without foundation—that his father had been secretly represented to government as an agent of the French party in Ireland; as a plausible ground for which was adduced his being by birth a Frenchman, and his frequent allusions in conversation to his personal acquaintance with several of those celebrated men, to whose conversation and writings the French Revolution has been frequently attributed. A private examination at the Castle of Dublin was all the direct inconvenience he had suffered from this malicious accusation, but it had an embittering effect on his social happiness: he found reserve and coldness, where formerly had been unrestrained warmth and cordiality, and the too-hospitable hall of Glencastle shunned by its former guests. His son deemed he felt the result of this, to him, most unhappy occurrence. Either from the caution at such a crisis, which made men shun familiar intercourse with those on whose slightest movement the eye of government was supposed to be vigilantly fixed, or from personal dislike to himself, Delaval had not received, on his arrival with his bride, those customary gratulations which he considered himself entitled to. Instead, however, of leaving the country, and seeking society in the crowd of a capital, he sought relief for his wounded pride in a life of increased seclusion.

One bright drop, however, of the elixir of happiness, as my poor father deemed, was mingled in his bitter cup. He had brought with him from "the land of song," from "the pleasant land" of Italy, a being, whose love one endowed with less simplicity than my father would have supposed sufficient to disperse or brighten the darkest clouds of fate, and to disarm adversity of half its sting;—that being was my mother—was Beatrice.

[1] Continued from p. 317.

Unskilled as the eye of youth is, in the days of childhood, to mark or feel the lineaments of female beauty—though faint is my early recollection of my mother, which time and events that have nearly shaken reason from its throne has served still more to lessen—yet this form of my memory is more like the beatific vision of the blessed Madonna, as she seems to the devotee in his dreams, than the idea and remembrance of a child of earth. But, alas! those beauteous features wore not the chastened repose, the air of heaven, which, like a glory, beamed upon the brow of the Virgin: in those full dark eyes there lurked a fire which told of other passions slumbering in the soul than the dove-like meekness of the vestal mother. Ill was the burning daughter of Italy wooed and won beneath the shade of the delicious gardens of Naples—ill was such a one calculated for the gloomy seclusion of Glencastle—to soothe the sorrows and raise the drooping head of the now unhappy Delaval. She could not sympathise in the feelings of her husband; she did not see that the stricken deer will seek the glades and copses from whence he began his fatal race, to hide his wound and lay him down and die. The scathed mountain, the roaring torrent, and the gloomy lake, were not the scenery she loved; and soon did my wretched father feel, with all the bitterness of a wounded spirit, that he was without a partner in his sorrows. By degrees they ceased to commune together as they were wont, till gradually their intercourse with each other became reserved and distant—they were already estranged.

In this state I was born, the child of an impetuous passion, nurtured in convulsion, to endure the dreadful trials that awaited me. For a time my father seemed to lose the remembrance of his sorrows, and my mother to relax from her apathy and indifference; but, alas! the change was but transient. Soon their monotonous state of existence returned; my father sought once more the darkest glens of the neighbouring mountains, while my mother lamented in secret, or with her maid Bianca, the barbarous exile they were condemned to endure.

Of my mother's fondness I can now recal but few traces; it was wild and fitful, but at times passionate and intense. I well remember that evening—for, alas! how much cause have I to remember it! The shades of coming night were fast falling on the waters of Loch ——, where lay my father's boat, as he himself, resting upon the oars, a favourite wolf-dog his only companion, gave himself up to his wonted solitary musings. My mother sat at an open casement, looking from a square gray tower, slightly mantled with ivy, which formed a prominent part of that wing of the old castle. I was with my mother; a more than usual sadness rested on her lovely and expressive features. She called me to her, and passed her fingers through my hair. Her eyes filled with tears as she gazed upon me. "He has his father's features, Bianca; but see, has he not the hue of the warm south, and the haughty lip and dark eye of the Montricci?"

She took from her neck a small dark cross, and with a braid of her own raven hair, suspended it from my neck. "Wear this," she said, "at least for my sake, poor boy!—it belonged to my sainted mother, who sleeps with the faithful departed, near the shrine of our Lady of Loretto—her prayers will now avail thee more than mine!"

She kissed me, and I felt her bosom heave with suppressed emotion. O that blest remembrance of maternal tenderness!—though for an hour, that single recollection hath hallowed in my soul thy memory; and those compunctious visitings of thine for the rash act thou didst contemplate, hath won the pardon of him it injured most. Often since have I recalled that interview, for the leading and fatal event of my life hath given its most trifling circumstance a fearful importance.

That night my mother, accompanied by her Italian servant, left the halls of my father for ever. Morning came, and my father's cup of misery was full—his desolation complete: the tempter had been under his roof, and found his victim apt—the destroyer had come and taken away "the one ewe lamb," which had ate of his bread and drank of his cup,—which had lain in his bosom—her, for whose sake he had stained his soul with blood—had sacrificed more than unreflecting man holds dear—had mocked and abandoned him! His house desolate—his child motherless—his wife——!

It needed but little inquiry to ascertain who was her seducer. A nobleman, who had been on a visit to his estates in the neighbourhood, had several times met and entered into conversation with Delaval, in his angling excursions. Lord Warrenmore was a most fascinating man, and to a very prepossessing person added a polished frankness of manner that gained at once upon the good-will of those who conversed with him: he had also travelled much and resided long abroad, particularly in Italy; and, as there is perhaps scarcely anything that sooner creates an intimacy between men than a community in their travels, the acquaintance once begun, Delaval and Lord Warrenmore soon became friends, or what the world calls so; and, after a day's successful salmon-fishing, Delaval so far departed from his unsocial habits as to invite Lord Warrenmore home with him to Glencastle. The visit was often repeated. To the friendless Delaval the society of such a man as Lord Warrenmore, in this wild and secluded district, possessed a charm of no ordinary kind. For a time the spirits of former days seemed to revive in him, and he forgot, while listening to the brilliant description of his accomplished friend's adventures, or warming in the recital of his own, the sorrows which preyed upon his heart. But O to the drooping Beatrice the appearance of Lord Warrenmore, fresh from her own sunny land, breathing of Italy, with a soul deeply alive to, and skilled in, the witcheries of its poetry and music,—was like the coming of the orb of day when seen from her own Napoli, dispelling the mists of night over the gray heights of Capræ. But the tone of melancholy, which was become habitual to the mind of Delaval, returned—the joyousness and perpetual gaiety of the young nobleman grated harshly at times upon his ear, and again he was observed to seek his solitary wanderings.

Lord Warrenmore and my mother were unfortunately left but too often together. That he was a cold calculating seducer I can hardly believe, nor indeed did the world, usually so exaggerating and unsparing in its condemnation, affix any peculiar circumstances of aggravation to this unhappy affair; it was its results, alas! that made it so pre-eminently fatal.

Lord Warrenmore had been unfortunately driven within the sphere

of one whose beauty stood alone, whose beauty was matchless—and without reflection giving himself up to its fascinating influence, a desolating passion soon usurped the place of admiration. Soon did he bring himself to look upon the unfortunate Delaval as a moping misanthrope, and upon his frail but lovely wife as the victim of neglect, till, without pausing to consider on the incurable nature of the wound he was about to inflict on the man he had called his friend, he was hurried on to a conquest that a train of unhappy circumstances only rendered too easy, and which he himself wanted forbearance and magnanimity to resist. But I shall not enter further into the feelings of Lord Warrenmore; what has Delaval's son to do with them? That my father ever suspected anything improper in the attentions of Lord Warrenmore towards his wife is very improbable. He was of all men the least likely to do so, absorbed so deeply in his own egotistical musings; but if he did—O who that has ever loved, and loved unhappily, when gazing upon female loveliness,—upon that beauty which has betrayed and destroyed him, did not find it difficult to believe that those features, stamped indelibly with the impress of their divine creation—that that face, worthy of an angelic nature, was only the deceitful index of a foul and corrupted heart!

When my father awoke to a full sense of the dishonour which had been done him, his brain was almost fired to madness. He summoned the few retainers that still lingered near the ruined home of his forefathers around him, and bade them with steed and brand pursue the fugitives, and revenge the disgrace offered to their chieftain's honour. He himself was the first in the saddle; but, alas! the guilty pair were now far beyond his reach, and his friends almost rejoiced when the helplessness of a convulsive fit, the effect of his excitement, gave them an opportunity to bear him to his couch.

My father slowly recovered, and, with returning reason, bestowed more of his notice upon me than had hitherto been his custom. He seemed to take pleasure in having me with him; we walked forth together, and together sought his favourite haunt. It was by a path that led along the course of a mountain torrent, whose sudden descent, as it hurried towards the lake, formed at intervals a not unmusical waterfall; a few purple beech and drooping willows, with here and there a mountain ash, skirted the ravine that formed its bed. These my father seemed to regard with a melancholy interest; their leaves had fallen before the blast of autumn. "Ay," said he, "like me their glory has departed—they are stripped of their beauty—they are bare and friendless; but, unlike me, soon will that beauty return—the reviving influence of the approaching spring will have clothed again their branches in all their emerald freshness, when thy poor father moulders in the dust."

He walked to a rude grotto, which he himself had formed on his first arrival. It commanded, through the tangled copse, a view of the foaming stream, as it chafed against the rocks below; and upon the opposite side, above the precipitous bank, rose the gray towers of Glencastle, now more than ever desolate. My father entered and sat down—tears filled his eyes, for the tutelary deity of the place had deserted it—Beatrice would never more be there!

Here had they often sat after their arrival at Glencastle, whenever a fine evening would draw them forth; and together watched the silvery salmon leap in the stream below. With deep and quiet pleasure did he then behold the surprise and delight of his lovely wife, charmed with the novelty of the wild and romantic scenery that surrounded them, and pictured to himself that in this secluded dell, all in all unto each other, their years should have glided away in serenity and peace;—and now he wept aloud. The grief of the royal psalmist was his; his heart was broken—he returned within the old walls of Glencastle, and never left them more.

While he lay upon the bed of sickness, from which he never rose, his foster-brother and faithful attendant, Connell, brought him a packet from his uncle, Cornelius Delaval. As a young man, he had been much at Glencastle, and becoming attached to his nephew, always continued to take a great interest in his welfare. Cornelius was now a lawyer of considerable eminence at the Irish bar, without ever having forfeited his independence, or prostituted his talents to the service of a party; he had advanced to the highest grade in his profession, and counted the entire public as his clients. Amidst all the absorbing study and undivided attention which the nature of his avocations demanded, he never forgot or lost sight of his nephew, Vincent Delaval. When the latter returned to Ireland with his youthful wife, Cornelius, understanding that his affairs were in great embarrassment, promptly addressed him, making an offer of his services, both pecuniary and personal, to extricate him from his difficulties; but this Delaval rather haughtily declined, and of late years they had seldom communicated: still their friendship for each other remained undiminished; and the kind and generous overtures of Cornelius were stored up in the grateful recollection of his kinsman, and in his will, after expressing his gratitude in the warmest manner, he appointed him executor and guardian, with the fullest powers, of his only son, myself. The object of the present letter was to condole with Delaval on his unhappy bereavement, and again, in the strongest manner, to make an offer of his services. The same post brought him an English provincial newspaper, forwarded by one calling himself his friend, but who, whilst expressing sympathy in affliction, seemed to have studied how to make its pangs the more poignant and severe. He had no doubt, notwithstanding Lord Warrenmore's power, that his friend would be able to procure him justice from a jury of his country. My father smiled bitterly, and went on to another part of the letter which called his attention to a paragraph in the newspaper, "The ——shire Chronicle," which the writer of the letter considered as emanating from Lord Warrenmore, either directly or indirectly. My father hastily turned to the enclosed newspaper, and ran his eye down its columns; but there was little need of search; his careful correspondent had scored and interlined the offensive paragraph with red ink. It was headed, "Lord W—r—nmore and the late elopement," and thus went on:

"This nobleman, with whose name rumour has been so busy for some time past, has arrived amongst us at his seat, St. Maur Castle:

the lovely and unfortunate Mrs. D——— accompanied his lordship. We would be the last to excuse, much less to vindicate, this deplorable occurrence, but in justice both to Lord W—r—nmore and the unfortunate lady, whose character is involved in it, we are bound to say, that we have heard sufficient, *and that too from the best authority*, to convince us there are circumstances of no ordinary mitigation in the present case, which, if they do not justify, go far at least towards palliating, the step, which the parties have perhaps rather inconsiderately taken. We *believe* that Mrs. D——— and his lordship were intimately acquainted and warmly attached to each other some years ago in Italy; but we *know*, that as a wife this lovely woman was made the victim of brutality and neglect, on the part of the unfeeling misanthrope, whom an evil destiny had made her husband. We abstain from entering as fully as we could wish, and as we have ample materials for so doing, into this painful transaction; they will, doubtless, be made the subject of judicial inquiry. Indeed, we have heard that exceptions are taken on the part of his lordship to the legality of the lady's marriage, and that means will be taken before the ecclesiastical courts for having the marriage declared null and void. Here for the present the matter rests."

My father gazed upon this false and malignant statement, this tissue of audacity and misrepresentation, for some moments with much astonishment, and then breaking silence with a burst of indignation, "Hah!" cried he, "shall our name then, a noble one, till now unstained by the breath of slander, become the opprobrious mark for every ribald jester in the courts? Villain! villain!" He clenched his hand, and, raising himself suddenly from the bed, shook it with fierce and menacing gesture; and then, overcome by the exertion, sunk back in the arms of Connell. He was soon raving in all the incoherence of delirium. On regaining his faculties, he added a short codicil to his will, beseeching of his kinsman to take every means, during my youth, to keep me ignorant of the character and fortunes of my mother—to prevent, if possible, any allusion ever being made to her in my presence; so that I might be spared the insults which he dreaded. At the age of twenty, (or upon the eve of marriage, if before,) I was free to read an account, which he himself had drawn up for my instruction, of these his domestic calamities; and, in conclusion, he besought me, as his last injunction, and in the most solemn manner, to beware of forming an inconsiderate attachment or marriage, to take warning from his own rash and ill-fated union, the cause of all his misery.

But the last sad scene of this earthly melodrama, and of the sufferings of my father, was approaching. In one of the most desolate chambers of the old castle, for he had removed from that which he occupied with Beatrice, lay the expiring Delaval. He had desired to be alone, and all had left him but Connell, who sat watching every change of his countenance, and anticipating his wants with the quick apprehension of zeal and love. No priest was there, for though my father had clung with hereditary attachment to the religion of his forefathers, yet his mind was of too proud and lofty a character to

seek for consolation and support, even in his weakest hour, from a creature like himself. "No, Connell," said he, "I can prepare myself to die." And his end was indeed come. As Connell watched through the long winter's night by the bed of his dying master, he trembled in every limb as the reen of the banshee smote upon his ear. He approached the casement, and looking out into the moonlight, beheld the white woman, as she sat beneath the old porch of the castle, her head, with its long tresses, buried in her lap, as if with excessive grief, she clapped her hands and wailed her "notes of woe." It was with a sinking and despairing heart that the faithful Connell sat down again by the bedside of his departing chieftain. His last hours, which had been tranquil but for the fresh insult offered, as he thought, by his reckless wife, thus blazoning to the world his infamy and her own, were at intervals disturbed by a fierce remembrance of his wrongs—he would break forth at first in reproaches, till rousing in all the fearful strength of fever and delirium, he would call for vengeance on the destroyer of his peace and honour. "Yes," he would say, "I could have forgiven ye all—I could have blessed thee, false one, with my latest breath; and thou, who didst betray the sacred name of friendship, with christian spirit have forgiven; but this last superfluous wrong hath fired my soul to madness, and my dying voice shall curse ye." Well had it been that these wild cravings for vengeance had fallen on duller ears than those of Connell; he but felt that his loved chieftain had been wronged, his hospitality abused, his name dishonoured; that dying he asked for vengeance, and he registered a vow, silent but effectual, never to rest till he himself had gained it for him. But gentler feelings still struggled in my father's breast with these malignant passions, tender recollections returned, and the evil spirit seemed charmed to rest: he spoke of other and happier scenes, until his voice died away in murmurs.

"Will I bring again your honour's noble boy?" said Connell, as he perceived a rapid change in my father; his breathing became shorter, and more laboured, while the cold dews of death were gathering fast upon his pallid forehead. "Will I bring my young master to your honour?" inquired Connell anxiously.

Delaval looked up, his glazing eyes brightened for a moment, but some painful emotion seemed to overpower him; he waved his hand—"Nay, nay," he said, in accents scarcely audible, "not now—he is so like her—my voice is failing—thou knowest my wishes, Connell. Yon packet is for him, the other is for my kinsman; tell him he must not—mind Connell, do this—and then—then——"

"Revenge thee!" said Connell, as the expiring breath of Vincent Delaval departed in a faint sigh from his lips, and his eyes, lately beaming with an unearthly lustre, settled in the cold senseless gaze of death. "Yes," said Connell, as seizing the stiletto, which always lay by the bedside of my father, he brandished it over his lifeless form, "here do I devote myself to avenge thy wrongs; nor sea, nor clime, shall protect thy foe. I will fall upon his track—like the slow hound will I pursue him; I will come upon him when he recks not of danger or destruction; I will strike him, when exulting in his perfidy; thy

own weapon, this very blade, shall take away thy reproach, when it trickles with the blood of the Sassenach!"

By the death of Vincent Delaval all obstacles were removed to their union, and Lord Warrenmore and my mother were united.

Connell left the country shortly after the funeral of his master, none knew whither; but years rolled away, and he returned to his native land a strange and altered man; his former friends and acquaintance scarcely knew him; he seemed to have suddenly grown old, but not with years, and bore about him the traces of much travel: for he had acquired the complexion and manners of other and warmer climates: all interrogation, however, as to the scenes he had visited, or the cause of his absence, were utterly vain; upon these points he continued to preserve the most determined and systematic silence.

Cornelius Delaval, for "auld lang syne," and out of respect and love to his deceased kinsman, generously assisted him, and he was located for the short period he lived after his return on a snug farm near Glencastle.

But flesh and blood could not long endure the vigils and penances with which the wretched man afflicted himself. The peasant, in the gloaming of evening returning from labour, started as he passed his door, at the sound of the scourge, and as the low moan of suffering and agony fell upon his ear! And again, long before the lark had hailed the dawn, the miserable "Roteen," the name given him by the neighbouring peasantry, was seen walking on his knees, in prayer, round the ruins of the old chapel near Glencastle. He passed away, but to the priest alone who shrived him, and in his dying hour, did he reveal the dreadful secret which had made him an estranged and solitary being amongst his fellows.

After my father's death I was removed to Dublin, and henceforth became domiciled in the house of my kind old guardian, who in every way treated me as his own son: this was, indeed, somewhat natural, as Cornelius Delaval was a widower and childless, as far as having no offspring of his own went, but in Emily Weston he enjoyed all the fondest affection of a daughter: she was the only child of his deceased wife by a former marriage, and towards her he entertained a father's most thoughtful and devoted love.

I will pass over the days of my boyhood, as having nothing more than ordinary in them, till the time of my entering the university, when I was seventeen; my kinsman, Walter O'Dorney, also entered at the same time. My education, up to this period, had been conducted strictly according to the wishes of my father, having never been at a public school, but under the careful superintendence of the best private tutors. I was now placed at the feet of the learned Dr. Hieroglyph, one of the most esteemed Fellows of the Irish University, and an old and intimate friend of Mr. Delaval's. Setting aside a little pedantry, derived from the erudite nature of his favourite pursuit, the good doctor was in every way a most amiable man; his munificent charity was as boundless as unostentatious, and it is with sincere regret that I look back upon the time I misspent, while under

his charge, and consider the consequently little advantage I derived from the admirable lectures, which he was in the habit of delivering to his pupils.

Of my academical career, indeed, I shame to say I possess no more honourable memorial than a sprig of poplar, torn from one of the trees which overhang the parapet wall flanking the northern side of the college. It lies withered in my desk, the sad memorial of a fatal adventure, that ended a course of folly and dissipation. As it terminated my connexion with the university, and was, perhaps, the main incident that gave such an unhappy direction to my future life, I shall dwell upon it more at length.

Horace Franklyn was, like myself, a fellow-commoner of old Trinity; a class-fellow and boon companion, with talents of no mean order: had he survived these "his brandy-and-water days," as he himself used to call them, he would have won distinction for himself, and reflected honour on the profession for which his fond and admiring father had destined him; but, alas, he wanted that fixedness of purpose and constancy of application, which can alone insure success. The very activity of mind which he possessed, and which joined to them would have been his greatest strength, was to him a curse. With an insatiable craving for excitement, it hurried him into pursuits noble or contemptible; and both he alternately followed with a zest and energy that remarkably exhibited the strange inconsistencies of his character.

The first time he attracted my attention was as an opponent in a debate upon the relative merits of a purely democratic with a monarchical form of government. It was mooted in the Historical Society of the college, a society in which some of the highest names that have adorned, as orators, the pages of our modern Irish history, have been from time to time enrolled.

Never can I forget the enthusiasm with which he advocated the superiority of the democratic institution—alas! how little could have any of his small but cultivated auditory, though differing with him in his conclusions, listened with unmingled delight as he pictured the glorious achievements that man in his free-born majesty has effected, when unshackled by the fetters of jealous tyranny, or the more insidious meshes of priestly superstition; little, indeed, could they foresee that that being, rejoicing before them in all the pride of youth and intellect, who seemed worthy those heroic ages he described, ere a short month was passed, should lie on the public pavement a lifeless and mangled corpse.

With all his faults, his heart was noble and gentle and full of sympathy: oft have I seen him in our hours of study weep over the impassioned scenes of Euripides, as they depicted the desolating grief of Medea, or the fearless death of the high-minded Polyxena; and the same wild student, waking for a moment from the mental torpor, which too often followed the midnight debauch, to hand, with a tear of pity, and words of gentlest compassion, some relief to the wretched fallen being that had crossed his way.

But to the end:—I had been to a rather late party one night, and was returning homeward to my rooms in college, when, passing down

——— Street, I observed two young men on the opposite side of the way; one of them was leading the other, who appeared inebriated, and seemed to be persuading him to enter a house that fronted me. My attention was attracted—he seemed to succeed, for they approached and ascended the steps together; but there again the young man paused with evident reluctance, and while the other expostulated with him on his hesitation, he turned his head away, and the light from the street-lamp fell upon the pale features of Horace Franklyn. I rushed forward, but ere I reached the door of the house at which they stood, half opened, it admitted them, and as the stranger gave the word, "all right," it closed, and I heard a chain grate across the inside.

I now at once conjectured the nature of the establishment—it was a hell—a gambling-house—that devouring maelstrom, which is now to be found in all our large cities, unheeded and unchecked by authority, bringing many a noble vessel into its destructive depths.

I have seen man in many forms of his varied lot—I have seen him alternately actuated by every evil passion of his fallen nature; but in none does he seem so utterly lost to every noble feeling—so deeply imbued with selfish and malignant principle—as when the spirit of gaming takes possession of his degraded soul. I knew not, and even then could scarcely believe, that this mean and despicable vice was added to the unhappy catalogue which marred the many amiable qualities of my unfortunate friend. I knew, too, that his means were limited—a family lawsuit, on which his ultimate prospects mainly depended, and which it was absolutely necessary to prosecute, obliged his father to confine him to a very moderate allowance. That father was a clergyman, and this painfully flashed across my mind as I thought of the time and scene in which his thoughtless son was engaged. The day was approaching—it was indeed already the sabbath morn.

"I will save him," said I,—"I will save him from ruin, and from himself."

I knocked, and giving the signal as I heard it, was admitted and ushered up stairs. The glare from a dozen burners burst painfully on my sight as I entered two brilliantly-lighted rooms. Around the different tables were seated a crowd of anxious-looking beings—the ball of the roulette-table taking its course—the shuffling card—the croupier's dull monotonous voice, were heard in discordant succession. I looked for my poor friend, and there, with flushed cheek and contracted brow, his eye rolling with all the excitement of suspense, his trembling hand holding a set of large ivory counters—I beheld him at the hazard-table beside my kinsman, Walter O'Dorney. Casting a look of scorn and indignation at this, his treacherous seducer, I approached poor Horace, and, not wishing to give him pain, asked him his success.

"I have lost a trifle," said he, in a hoarse but feeble voice, and he tried to smile.

"'Tis strange, indeed," said Walter, "our friend has been so unsuccessful—they say that at first spoonies always win; but, *nil desperandum*,—try again on this caster."

He did so, and threw out five counters—he lost—again and again with the same result, till his large pile of counters was all gone.

"You will come home now, Horace," said I, and then cheering him in an affectionate tone—"it is like the house of feasting and the house of mourning—it is better to lose here than win." He shook his head.

"I must win back some of that money—the luck cannot always run against me. Walter, can you lend me ten pounds?"

"Oh, certainly! By-the-bye, you may as well give me an I. O. U. for what's between us."

With a trembling hand he took the pen, and wrote the required memorandum—the money was converted into counters—staked, and lost in a few minutes. He rose abruptly from the table, called for brandy, and, before I could prevent him, had taken a large draught. He then rushed distractedly down the staircase, and into the street.

"Horace seems to feel his loss to-night too deeply—with his temper he should not play," quietly remarked my hated kinsman, who, assuming the name of friend, had led his thoughtless and unsuspecting companion into this scene of misery. With a disgust which I could scarcely conceal, I turned from him, and followed Franklyn, whom I overtook as he was passing the college gates.

"How now, Horace," said I; "are you not coming in?"

"Yes; but I dare not force the gates," he replied; "my name has been but too often before the board of late, and my poor father must not hear of this—no: I will cross the walls."

I tried to dissuade him; for, though I was aware that he had often done so before with safety, setting aside his present state of excitement and very questionable sobriety, there had been for the last two hours a very heavy fall of snow, and the night, or rather morning, was uncommonly dark. I pointed out, therefore, the more than ordinary danger of such an attempt, but to no purpose.

"It matters not," said he; "it would be a fit sequel to this night's folly." He walked rapidly forward.

At this moment Walter O'Dorney came up. He seemed on this night the evil genius of poor Franklyn.

"Ah, Horace! you cross the walls? Quite right! I join you—there are impertinent whisperings of my shaking the dice, which I must not confirm by my hours."

I was thus overruled, and we proceeded onward into ——— Street, until we reached the railing which joins a high stone wall, topped with a broad flag coping sufficiently wide to allow a man with a clear eye and a firm foot to walk cautiously along a *cheveaux du frise* of iron-work, separating the wall from the railing. Rapidly did Franklyn scale this dangerous impediment, and ascend the wall—we followed, and I observed Horace, as he preceded me, with the greatest anxiety. With desperate fearlessness he strode along that slippery wall, as if upon the broad pavement of Sackville Street. On—on—he went. We were near those old blackened trees which overhang the street,—my attention was painfully called to his safety, and the new danger which they presented. I called out to him, but he heeded or heard me not—I followed faster—I would have seized, and stayed him—already was I within a yard of him.

"Ah, she follows me!" he cried, and rushed wildly forward—his foot slipped in the melting snow—he caught at a branch of a poplar tree to stay his fall, but it snapped away broken in his hand, and the unfortunate collegian fell headlong into the street below. I stood for some moments horror-struck, and was only aroused by the voice of Walter O'Dorney, bidding me get forward and drop into the courts before the watch gathered round Franklyn, and we should be discovered. My brain was fired with hatred of the wretch.

"Villain!" cried I; "you have destroyed my friend, and now you would have me abandon him."

He heeded me not, but quickly passed me, and dropped himself down within the wall; but I only listened to the tortured groans of my friend, as he lay under the wall beneath me. I called aloud for aid, and a man, who was just then going his rounds to extinguish the college lamps, assisted me with a ladder, and I descended from the fatal wall to receive the last words of my dying class-fellow. They were but few and incoherent, but between his agonizing groans he muttered something of a vow made to his dying mother, that he would never enter a gambling-house. We were now surrounded and taken into custody by the watch, and a stretcher being procured, on which they placed my wounded friend, we proceeded to the station-house. Surgical aid was instantly obtained, but in vain; the practitioner had scarcely arrived, when the noble and generous, the gay and brilliant Horace Franklyn breathed his last sigh, in the common midnight receptacle of the vicious and abandoned.

I underwent a short investigation as to the circumstances which led to this fatal catastrophe, and, of course, only stated what was sufficient to account for its occurrence. As might be expected, this unfortunate affair created no small degree of excitement in the university. An inquiry was instituted by the board, and though all its members exonerated me from any blame in the déplorable result of our scaling the walls, yet, as being a flagrant breach of the collegiate rules, I was admonished by the provost, and "rusticated" for a twelvemonth.

SHAKSPEARE FANCIES.

No. V.

CLEOPATRA AND MME. DE STAEL.

THERE is gentleness and sympathy in Charmian's reproof; an evidence that her mistress's woes distress her, and that it is for her own (Cleopatra's) sake she wishes her to be pacified. It has therefore the desired effect. And there is a grandeur in Cleopatra's excuse, a ready yet a subdued wit, characteristic of the woman, the genius, and the afflicted—"Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt!"—The despotic tyrant, selfish by education, speaks in the subsequent phrases; "Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures turn all to serpents!" and yet a generous requiring of sympathy from inanimate as well as animate nature; not like a lonely tower on a rock (like Napoleon) was she born to stand and fall; the elements she asked to weep over her destiny, the fountains of life to avenge her fate. Sorrow does not stupify her, like Desdemona; while there is a possibility of acting it merely spurs her on; apparently idle lamentations have then their office in stimulating her to exertion. There is dignity in her reproval of self for her childish ebullition of temper; and thus, while she acknowledges error, there is energy in her commands. It is not equally depressing—we cannot question the propriety of events—it does not cast a superstitious damper over future plans, when the misfortune which overwhelms us has originated in ourselves. *That* whose source eludes our vision, and seems comparatively free from the influence of chance, has more the appearance of injustice, fretting rather than subjugating the spirit. Cleopatra would, orientally, consign half her subjects to destruction, if their ruin could secure the smallest pleasure to herself, not so much from wilful cruelty, as that their interests never entered her consideration. She regarded them not; when had she been taught to think for others? she simply recollected that by their loss the value of her realms would be diminished; and what cared she for any realm compared with that of love?

How often a woman insists on the repetition of every detail respecting her lover! Though the tale were a million times told, to hear it again would not fatigue, but delight her. It is alike whether the particulars are pleasing or the contrary. If in the former event she has joy, in the latter she has a sorrowful satisfaction. How frequently does she not return to the burden of bad news, as if to try whether her senses may not have misled her, whether there be a possibility of mitigating the severity of truth, whether any atonement for its disagreeability can be discovered. Yet there, despite all her endeavours, lie the ill-tidings, as heavy and ugly as ever, as dead

[1] Continued from p. 336.

and unprofitable a weight—unless to that happy constitution which derives good from everything, which, if inspired by felicity to diffuse it, is by adversity impelled to lessen it in those around who suffer, grief having established congeniality. Portia is the only one of our friends, as yet, capable of such conduct; Desdemona at once involuntarily sinking under trial; Juliet, like the Indian, resolutely throwing herself beneath the wheel of the temple-chariot of the god of misery, to be crushed; and Cleopatra, labouring for self alone, contingently only, benefiting some, and injuring many more of whom she kept no count, from the carelessness induced by those circumstances, which had nursed her in the rights of prerogative. Now, as is always the case with those in trouble, her faults rose up before her, and misfortune seemed but their punishment; yet, though passive from the immediate effects of the stunning blow, she will resist her doom; her talent already perceives the probable means of extricating herself, and directly she sets her instruments to work. Is he who could forsake worthy a recal? It would be nobler to let him take his course, and pine and suffer from the loss he had spontaneously incurred; yet, no! cold calculating dignity is not in her disposition; he is free to learn his power over her; and she is of sufficient importance to authorise her to such proceeding, for she was equally necessary to him as he to her. True, he is faithful, but she is fond of adventure, and there is a charm in the toils she is about to weave. If he were like a bird, easily retained in his cage, quiescently submitting to the slavery which he scarce feels and hardly recollects, she would not have wherewith to exercise her talents or stimulate her appetite. The rover, after all, was to her taste: if false, he was various, and the pleasure of regaining exceeded that of maintaining, giving her opportunity to triumph over a rival woman, and to prove her own superior attractiveness. If *he* were too good she would be tantalized by the reflection that *she* was not good enough: but she was his match, and truer, fonder, faithfuller than he. Besides, in the world there was not his compeer; throw him off, and where should she supply his place? (and she could not live unloved.) Could the brutish simpleton, Lepidus, fill it? or the vacillating, much-talker and little doer, Pompey the younger? or the tame, cold-blooded, mean-souled Augustus? or the ferocious pirate, Menas? or the coarse-minded Enobarbus? or the self-loving, complacent parasite, Mecænas? or the fierce, condemnatory, country-engrossed Agrippa? Where was the glow, the vigour and manhood, the luxury, the brilliancy, the variety, the poetry, the action, the love, which dwelt with her Antony? On these must she meditate till they kindle her spirit, to the enrichment of her plans. Disturb not such lover-like rhapsodies! "Stay with me, Charmian," she seems to say, "to remind me that I must work, and not idly and uselessly bewail; but speak not to me; your heart is uninterested, and your cold phraseology would chill my delicious ardour; support me from myself, but mix not up Antony with your thoughts; you are too small to comprehend his grandeur."

Cæsar's brotherly affection is his only attraction in the piece before us—a love of which the selfish and sensual Antony was scarcely ca-

pable: his mistress he might be fond of, but whom beside? There is refinement in the disinterested attachment of a brother and sister, each loving, and proud of the other. (Are we not reminded of Byron's stanzas to Augusta Leigh?) Octavia's is a very sweet character. Why, for worldly purposes, did Augustus throw her away on one whom he well knew unable to appreciate, and incapable of enjoying her? Here was a blemish on the purity of his attachment; but sordid motives have impelled worthier beings than the second Cæsar. He did not dream of self-accusation on this score. He was thus elevating his sister to a rank, above which none but his own wife could exalt herself. He was bestowing her on a constitutionally good-natured man; and, in all wants, he deemed fear of himself a guarantee of his good treatment of her. Octavia, of submissive temperament, we may yet suppose to have been dazzled by Antony's fame, and touched by the nearness of connexion ordained between them. She was one to dwell with fond imaginings on the good points of character, and to blind herself in charitable lovingness to its criminality; one to fancy the evil she could not comprehend merely an exercise of talent above her understanding; one to form plans for the future of tranquil happiness never to be realized; one to endure trial meekly; and, without any violent exertions, like Fulvia's, on behalf of the ill-doer, yet to refrain from evil thoughts of him, and never, like Fulvia, to yield to a slanderous and revengeful tongue. If the first wife spoke too much, the second spoke too little to please the indolent, yet hot-blooded Antony. He might be led by the nose to his own destruction at the will of an epicurean, but not guided to self-denial and improvement by a stoic.

> "Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
> The elements be kind to thee, and make
> Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
> My noble brother!"

We have not hitherto seen this affection exhibited by Shakspeare, nor shall we again see it until we come to Laertes and Ophelia—not one such sweet touch of it as these two sentences give. Walter Scott was famed for the manner in which he drew the union existing between a father and his daughter; this path had been left untraversed for him by our author, who, in one instance, that of Cordelia, pictures the beautiful love of a daughter for her sire, but has left unpainted that of the parent for his girl. Though the circumstances of Prospero and Miranda are affecting, yet the love of the father is reserved and stern, rather than chivalrous and tender. In the sentences which we have quoted, is not a life of love developed? Is not the essence of the affection, when most attractive, disclosed? The venerating tenderness which her divine purity elicited, felt to elevate her by moral goodness, as he was exalted by the superior powers of his sex; the fond conviction of her single-minded, zealous love, which kindled his warm regard; the mingling, watchful, observing, discerning, sympathy, which she had ever poured on him, evoking his fostering, considerate kindness; the enjoyment of all circumstances which augmented the happiness she participated, because his, inducing a grateful satis-

faction when her prospects seemed auspicious; her earnest desire, and daily prayer to the gods, that all should tend to his advantage, to his worldly prosperity, as it increased his pleasures, to his intellectual profit, as it would render him worthier of a high place in eternity, and produce more solid satisfaction, causing him to hope that the contentment she so well merited might be hers; and the submissive, admiring worship of the dependent, yet in her excellence independent sister, are all shadowed forth in her expressive epithet, in her tearful attitude. And why did not Antony's estimation and admiration of such beauty improve him beyond the inducement of a tender and poetical description—

> "The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
> And these the showers to bring it on."

What a mediatrix is woman! With Octavia's will how unquarrelsome should have been the friendship of her husband and her brother! Her delicate interest in the former is prettily typified by her unwillingness aloud to intercede. In a whisper she besought Octavius. She would not have her stranger-bridegroom to hear all the praises she blushingly uttered. Besides, thus alone with Cæsar she might have more influence. If Antony had been a party Augustus might have been less yielding; as supposing it would be believed he acted from fear, or that he thereby confessed his rival's equality or supremacy; but to his gentle sister, whom he was about to lose for ever, nay, whom he had lost, what could he deny? Antony must no longer be regardedas *his* foe but as *her* husband.

> "Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
> Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather
> That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
> And neither way inclines."

Here is another of those graceful, easy, simple illustrations, rife of poetry and nature, which we have remarked as appropriately appertaining to this discursive play. How unsensual was the delicate Octavia! sorrow for parting from a brother was not swallowed up in the first excitement attending the acquisition of a husband; and Augustus felt that he was separating from his only true friend, from her who would equally have loved him, though he were a mere soldier of fortune instead of emperor of the world. All others were more or less influenced by his station. His wife, who shared his glory, might love; his sister would love as devotedly, though not similarly authorised to triumph with him. Octavia was conscious that the affection of her brother would cool in absence, which had been kept alive by that untiring devotion of her previous life that had not expired in vain wishes, but yielded the perennial fruit of hourly deeds. Still she experienced a woman's want of love, and without a struggle she would not resign that which she had once possessed. And he thought he should not forget her; and was not simple remembrance enough for him to bestow on an objectless sentiment? Might he not, therefore, by an assertion of unforgetfulness, satisfy the companion of his infancy, the friend of his youth, and the sharer of his manhood's

success? This one particle of feeling composed, then, that slender cord which united the otherwise earthy and material Augustus with the world of spirits. If we may judge of a character by its influence on others, how may we not estimate the loveliness of Octavia's, since it inspired the sordid Lapidus with poetry.

> " Let all the number of the stars give light
> To thy fair way!"

Antony, too, by her means, grew momentarily loving to the person of Cæsar, who, on his part, merely tolerated his sister's spouse, not the person of his competitor, for he was not, like Antony, the child of fickle impulse.

Opposition only stimulated the passion of Cleopatra. A certain degree of rank devolves on a woman when she comes into possession of a lover or husband; and if deprived of either, she then duly estimates the value of collateral importance. Characteristic of the individual and the sex are her inquiries concerning Octavia; (which remind us of Elizabeth and Queen Mary,) and though in the company of flatterers and encouragers she depreciated her merits, in solitude she deemed them but too great and many. Lower of stature, as she was not so commanding in mind; lower in tone of voice, as she was not so eloquent of speech; still in motion, as her attitudes were not so fascinating; round face; soft features, calculated to please at length rather than strike at first; her forehead low, as she possessed moral rather than intellectual qualifications; her hair brown; her complexion a medium between blond and brunette, neither electrifying by a glance, like the latter, nor, by infantine charm, bewitching like the former—we can fancy Octavia to have been very pleasing, to any one but one with cloyed appetites like Antony, who demanded the brilliancy of a Corinne, the abject devotion of a voluble slave, the piquancy of perpetual change, rather than the sober sameness, though faultless—the dignified, self-respecting worship, though true-hearted—in a word, the uninterestingness of an unwearied continuation of good acts. He would rather have toyed with the foolish and ignorant Lucilla, though he were to lay her aside in a month, than calmly participate even prosperity with his blameless, well-informed, and prudent bride. There is some more excuse for Cleopatra's disparaging observations than for those of Queen Elizabeth; in the latter case vanity only was concerned; the heart and affections in the former.

Octavia is too unoffending to be ill-treated: she deems too worthily of Antony, and too meanly of herself, to retain him. Cleopatra had self-confidence, and contemplated his weak points, thereby to acquire dominion. It was only to please her affection, to flatter her selection, that in private she dwelt on his heroic qualities. Antony, who could be domineered over by means of the apparent submission of adulation, was less influenced by the moderated respect shown him by Octavia. He almost quarrelled with her protracted regard for her brother, and was not spoiled by her resigning him in fine for her consort's sake. She was too unaffected, had too little artifice, and too well-regulated a mind, to aim at obtaining mastery over him. Poor virtuous moderates are thus too often slighted and tossed hither and

thither by all parties: each endeavours to make use of them; and, when baffled in converting them to instruments of doubtful purposes, each scorns and almost hates them, for their moral superiority and total inefficiency. Octavia was beginning to hang like a dead weight about the neck of Antony, and he was by no means grieved at the opportunity to get rid of her. She was a clog upon his pleasures, for she was so loving, true, and tender-hearted, as never to leave an opening for abusive or ill-bred treatment, thwarting her taste, and offending her principle; therefore she acted as a constant check upon his follies, and she was too icy herself, to afford prolonged gratification; the novelty of esteem, and the quiescence of partial admiration soon passing away. She enjoyed the welcome of Augustus (which was rendered especially cordial by his spiteful gratification at her unconsciously proving a new means of holding up his rival to ignominy) when compared with the measured coolness of her husband's farewell, though with others she occasionally saw him so excitable and enthusiastic. Her state is pitiable: what so wretched as to be unawares a butt—the object of scorn and compassion, while you believe yourself that of envy and estimation—to dream of happiness; to endeavour, nearly successfully, to banish doubts—to check effectually, as sacrilege, the least anxiety respecting your lover's fidelity, while misery has passed over your threshold, where felicity can never more enter—to be chilled by uncongeniality, deserted by the world, forsaken by him who could atone for all beside, abandoned, and for ever, a momentary return rendered undesirable. Painful as the placid smile of incurable derangement is such self-deception. To a proud woman the retrospect of such would be more distressing, or rather humiliating, than to the gentle Octavia.

What a consolation to the weak Antony, to be received in the open arms of Cleopatra, and nowise taunted for his past defection, at least until she had secured him in a lasting embrace—to be treated as a god, he who had lately been followed by common mortals, and towered above by one who had thrown him into the shade of comparative insignificance. Assumption blazoned in words insults others, and is far less easily borne, far more offensive than that of deeds, when accompanied by modesty of demeanour. Who aimed highest, at least who acted most steadily, to accomplish that object, of which he never lost sight; who, neglecting or shunning those trifling exactions which annoy the rabble, and gratify only the imprudent, was content with the solidity, if without the blaze, of power—Antony or Augustus? —the latter, certainly; and yet he gave not so much umbrage as the former, who thus left a handle, by which his enemy dispossessed him of affections, influence, fame and fortune, paving the way to his dethronement by first unseating Lepidus, who, like a *last*, had been inserted to fill up a nominal vacancy till the proper owner stepped in to expel the block. Propriety was instinctively attended to by the well-bred Octavia. In the meeting with Augustus she recollected the respect due to his station, to his superior rank, as head of her family and master by his sex, before she permitted the play of her tender feelings. His interests and his designs alone occupy Cæsar, who endeavours to incense her against her husband. She has christian charity

and will not harbour a suspicion; if such had, against her will, lurked within her bosom, she would have done her best to eradicate it, that her mediation might have been more powerful with Octavius, who, whether he discovered legitimate cause or not, was yet determined to be wroth, that he might grasp an uncontrolled and undivided sceptre. Women are fond of show: proceeding on the knowledge of this, Cæsar tries to vex his sister because more of outward deference had not been paid her; and he talks of that which he, though her husband neglected her, would have shown *her*, the wife of his rival, if she had forewarned him of her approach. But Octavia is above this petty feminine vanity; and though the seed of annoyance may, unconfessedly, be taking tantalizing root, yet, spurning the unworthiness, she displays no mark of dissatisfaction on her sweet face. Such mode of travelling she affirms to have been her own choice, and the decision of Antony only to please her. True to the absent, with the faithfulness of friendship, she defends Marc; less loving to the present, who could advocate their own cause, than to the distant, who were consequently helpless and dependent on the aid of others. No spirit of revenge is prompted, even when his ungrateful betrayal of her is affirmed; she feels sorrow, not anger; and, truly, the wicked are more to be pitied than blamed. Augustus artfully insinuates, that on her account he had delayed attacking Antony, complimenting thus her intercession; while, in reality, he was but awaiting a plausible pretext; when, how little, how nought, should his sister be considered—her inclinations or happiness. Now, if she desert the side of her husband, she shall once more have the protection of her brother; he does not conceive that such arrangement is insufficient for her perfect felicity, comprehending not the lovingness of a female's heart, her want of love, and the impossibility that a pure and virtuous one should, at will and an instant's notice, change the object of devotion; he understands not the kindliness of her disposition, which impels her to overlook ten thousand faults, to forgive all those committed towards herself, on the offering up of the first meagre apology, of the most common-place, cold entreaty, on the slightest plea of possibly returning attachment—on mere fatigue of another, or paltry spite against her, though that *ennui* and vexation may pass, and he again revolve to his former position. Instead of unquestionably believing, Octavia, by the furious assertions of her lord's abominations, treachery and rebellion, is only brought so far as to simply inquire, whether all is really the case. Privately she will excuse him, and invent twenty methods of subtracting from the sum of his guilt. In respect of leaving herself, he was seduced by her competitor, whose allurements, like those of a magician, no spell-bound mortal could resist. And why should her vanity be fretted on that score? Had not Antony been Cleopatra's slave long before he had ever laid his eyes on Octavia? Who could tell but that if she had been previously beheld, the charms of the mistress would have been in vain exhibited to dazzle from his allegiance the faithful spouse; or, if too much of a witch to be thus withstood, that her sway should have been comparatively transitory. As it was, her influence had gradually undermined his noble qualities; surely he was not to be condemned for this, his misfortune. Besides, was not she

herself marvellously inferior in powers of all kinds to the Egyptian? Why should he not, therefore, in comparison, slight her? Might she not rather wonder how she, the poor in spirit, lowly in body, mediocre in personal attractions, had so long detained him from the peerless queen—bright as the morning-star—gorgeous as the setting sun—learned as a Grecian—beautiful as a goddess? Octavia will in secret lavish her thoughts on Antony, and pray (not like Camillus, but like the Greek on being banished from his country) that he may never regret his course, never experience her loss, never be reduced, bitterly to grieve for her, when her consolation, assistance, and presence are unattainable, and on her part impossible. She will weep then over her own disappointed hopes—but only in secrecy—on her lonely, lonely pillow. She would show no cause why offence should be taken against him who had once laid in her bosom. She seeks not for compassion at his expense. She bears herself cheerfully and composedly in public that she may do honour to him whose name she bears—to him who voluntarily consented, with manifest if fleeting gratification, to take her to his home and heart: she will not disgrace him with whom she has been, so dear, though short a space, associated. How men are loved!—with what holy, pious fervency! Rarely do they know—seldom, if they were even told of it, could they comprehend the nature of that worship, so pure, angelic, and protecting;—no self-interest mingling, although, it is true, a woman's happiness lies in thus yielding her affections; the more worthless the object the more does this unpayable guilelessness and singleness of purpose develope itself, refined, instead of polluted, by the contact; as the lamb shows gentler beside the wolf, the vine tenderer by the elm, the infant softer by the ruffian.

When all is over, and that Cæsar flatters himself Octavia is securely on his side, he grants her, in the effusive satisfaction ensuing, one most endearing epithet—"My dearest sister!" Once more he was a true brother to her. But she who had so lately owned a husband could not readily banish his image from her breast to be replaced solely by that of a less intimate connexion.*

* To be continued.

CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

No. II.

BY A SOLICITOR.

WILLIAM SIMPSON, OR THE COUNTRY SHOPKEEPER.

THE nobility of England are like the oaks and elms which adorn her soil; both have been the silent growth of many years, and both are valuable alike for use and ornament. Yet every one knows that, however usefully trees may shelter the corn-field or meadow, grass will not grow immediately beneath their shade; and in the same way the patronage of the great, however beneficial to trade in general, will sometimes ruin the individuals who fall too closely within its influence. Perhaps there is a natural incompatibility between the manor-house and the shop, or possibly the difference which still exists between the laws of landed and personal property may not be without an influence; but, at all events, whether from these causes, or "for any other reason why," the patronage of the great house does not always bring prosperity to the country shopkeeper. On the contrary, many of my readers will probably recognise, in the following account of William Simpson, a strong resemblance to similar instances within their own experience; so that his case may be considered rather as an example of what is daily happening around us, than as anything remarkable in itself. It is the marble foot, from whose muscular formation we can guess at the general character of the statue.

Lawford Park, ——shire, the seat of Lord Wilverton, was a fine old place, much admired for its picturesque mansion of Charles the Second's time, and its magnificent trees of still greater antiquity. The family had long occupied a high station in the county, though their elevation to the peerage was only of modern date; and, perhaps, in no part of England could rank and landed property confer on the fortunate possessor greater respect and influence. Lord W. was a jovial, good-natured man, hospitable to the rich and charitable to the poor; popular from his careless liberality of temper, and if not distinguished by any remarkably good qualities, yet offering on the whole no bad specimen of the fine old English gentleman, of whom we hear so much and see so little. He was a widower, Lady Wilverton having died about four years before our narrative begins, leaving an only child, a boy ten years old, to the care of the nursery-maid and the housekeeper.

The former of these had attended the Honourable Augustus Wilverton from the time he was six years old, and was strongly attached to her little charge. She was one of those soft-hearted, cheerful people, who see "good in everything," and are easily induced to love

both from natural kindness of disposition and from weakness of character, as the feeblest plants throw out the strongest tendrils. She had been "promised" for more than a year to Mr. William Simpson, a palefaced, good-natured lad, who had just served his time to a London grocer, and was about to open shop on his own account in the neighbouring town of Somerton, with Betsy for his partner. Everything was arranged for the wedding, the dresses made, the ring bought, the banns published; and the happy couple were loitering in the old park on a fine June evening, talking over their new prospects and arranging their future plans.

"Think of my brother Sam, Betsy," said the lover, "he has given me the use of all his furniture for two years certain, and I am to buy it by little and little, as I like."

"Well, that *is* kind of him; I dare say it will almost do for us."

"*To* be sure, it is all he had himself till father died. And, Betsy, you see no one will know the furniture is Sam's, because there is nothing but an agreement between him and me, to show that it belongs to him; and we need not tell people, need we?"

"Tell them, indeed—it's no business of their's how we came by it; and, what's more, it *will* be ours before long, I'm thinking. O, William, that dear child, Master Augustus; I never said a word to him about it, 'twas all of his own head, God bless him—he went and told his papa that I was going to have a grocer's shop, and how fond he was of me, and all about us both. So his lordship calls for Mrs. Brown, and orders her to get everything from us; tea, and sugar, and currants, and raisins, and all."

"Law, Betsy, you don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed, he said everything; and you don't know what a sight of grocery is used."

"He's a real gentleman, that he is; it will be the making of us, by George; give us a kiss, Bess."

At this critical moment the lovers were standing beside a clump of dark pines thrown strongly out on the western sky by a brilliant sunset, when who should ride round but the old lord. He set up a laugh that startled the rooks from their roost, and made Betty's cheeks redder than the reddest piony; an effect not at all diminished by the jokes and winks at her expense, in which he indulged, to the great delight of the grinning groom. Simpson bowed, and smirked, and bowed again, until the great man cantered out of sight; and then turned to make peace with his mistress, who thought proper to be out of humour with him for kissing her—at the wrong time.

"I shouldn't have minded so much," she observed, "if it had only been his lordship, but that saucy fellow will trump up a fine story in the servants' hall."

How he managed to excuse himself, I have never heard, but the arguments must have been weighty, as he is said to have repeated the offence that same evening without the penalty of another lecture.

Two days afterwards the wedding took place; presents of all kinds were showered on Betsy, as the favourite attendant of Master Augustus; and a dinner was given at the Hall on so liberal a scale, that every guest, who could speak at all after it, was loud in praise of his

lordship's hospitality. A week passed in excursions, and a visit to brother Sam; and then Mr. and Mrs. Simpson settled down to their new occupations—he to the business of the shop, and she to keep house on her own account, as mistress instead of maid.

"What a luxury," said Dr. Johnson, "is the rapid motion of a postchaise;" of a railroad train, he would have said, had not his lot fallen on evil days. But if the feeling of getting on be delightful, in the literal sense, it is far more so in the metaphorical. In truth, the great pleasure of life is to succeed; and, perhaps, they are the happiest who select for their pursuit not the most important objects, but those which offer the fairest prospects of success. Estimated by this standard, how fortunate were the Simpsons! In a small country town, like Somerton, the patronage of the Wilverton family was of the highest consequence; not merely for their own custom, which was very considerable, but for the supremacy it gave to the shop, the sort of fashion it conferred; and, above all, for the monopoly of news from the great house, which could nowhere be gathered so well as at Mr. Simpson's counter. The servants from Lawford Hall were constantly looking in; the housekeeper frequently called and took tea; and the young lord himself was known to stop and chat with Mrs. S., whenever he saw her in the shop as he rode by. Of course all the gossips in the place dealt with Simpson; buying their tea and sugar in very small quantities, so as to visit the shop at least once a-week; all the poor people, who wished to propitiate the housekeeper, went to him; and as he really endeavoured to supply the best articles, and was well served by the London house to which he had been apprenticed, many families transferred their accounts from the old established dealers to the new-comer, from motives of economy alone. The tide set strongly in his favour, and he himself pulled at the oar with activity and goodwill.

Under these circumstances, the result of the first half-year was most triumphant. The Lawford Hall account, including Christmas presents to the poorer tenantry, amounted to no less than 150*l.*, and Master Augustus got the steward to pay it before the first week of January was over. The Simpsons were in raptures at this commencement, and spoke of Lord Wilverton's kindness with sincere gratitude, though from somewhat different feelings, Betsy being really attached to the family, while her husband thought of little but the great advantage their patronage gave him. During the following year affairs were equally prosperous, and the grocer's only regret was the want of capital to extend his business; but as this was a want not easily supplied, he resolved at all events not to lessen the amount by a single shilling, and therefore put off buying the furniture until a more convenient season.

In October the old lord and his son left the park for Leicestershire; but as the usual distribution took place at Christmas, the yearly bill was very near 270*l.*, and the number of other customers had considerably increased. For his last supplies from the wholesale dealers in London, Simpson had given bills of exchange to fall due in February, and he lost no time in collecting money to meet them by sending in his accounts, more particularly that with the Hall. Here,

however, the master's absence was soon apparent; three weeks passed away without any sign of payment, and when the grocer, in some anxiety, ventured to call on the steward and explain his want of the money, the latter told him fairly that he had none in hand, and was not likely to have any until Lady-day arrived. This was a puzzler—a failure in the ways and means on which he had not calculated; it left him without sufficient cash to meet the outstanding bills, not to mention the fresh supplies necessary to keep up his stock; and yet, as Betsy said, it would never do to go dunning the steward at the Hall. At last he could think of no better expedient than to consult his brother, and accordingly, on the following Sunday, the grocer set out for the country town, where Mr. Samuel Simpson resided, as a joiner and cabinet-maker.

That worthy individual was a great politician—quite a leading man in the radical club which assembled every week at the Blue Boar, where he sometimes presided in the chair with Cæsar's dignity—sometimes harangued the crowd with Antony's eloquence. When Simpson had stated the case, he shook his head with a chuckle at this practical confirmation of his own views.

"Ay, ay," said he, "the longer you live in the world, you'll find that 'tisn't the richest people that make the best customers. I'd ten times rather finish up a table or a sideboard for a decent family, than for any of your grandees; the one will pay you in something like a reasonable time; but, Lord! you may knock at a great man's door for years before he'll settle his bill. They think it is no matter, so as you get the money at last, how long you have to wait for it, nor how much time you lose in hunting after it."

In vain his brother represented the great advantages he had derived from Lord Wilverton's patronage, and the certainty that the bill would be discharged by the end of March at farthest.

"Wait a bit, Willy," he persisted; "wait a bit, and you'll tell a different story. You're all agog now with the start you've got, and your long bills at the Great House, and all that; but, take my word for it, you'll wish the bills shorter by-and-bye. Ay, ay! we shall have you at the Blue Boar yet, as good a radical as the best of us,"—an event which brother Sam evidently considered a consummation devoutly to be wished for. But, whatever his politics might be, the advice he gave was sound and judicious; to pay off the smaller debts and negociate a renewal of the larger bills until April, he himself offering to put his name to a new bill for 50*l.* as a security for the fresh goods wanted. After no small trouble, that arrangement was ultimately effected; and Simpson recovered his good-humour completely, when Betsy met him on his return from London with the news that in three weeks Lord Wilverton would be at the Hall, and Master Augustus with him.

He came; but it was on a bier. A fall while hunting had killed him on the spot, and, instead of the jovial old lord in his travelling carriage, a dead body and black-plumed hearse passed up the stately avenue of Lawford Hall. The regret for his loss was universal among the tenantry; they could have better spared a better man, for seldom do the poor see faults in a superior who addresses them with

unceremonious heartiness, and throws about his money with careless liberality. When he was laid in the family vault, the whole neighbourhood attended; yet among the assembled mourners few were more sincerely affected than Betsy Simpson, whose attachment to the family, and to the young lord, was real and disinterested. When the latter went to his guardian, and the Great House was shut up, a cloud seemed to gather over the bright prospects in which she and her husband had so long indulged: it was indeed the shadow which coming events cast before them, a warning to prepare for storms and rough weather on their hitherto prosperous voyage.

A. D. 18—. About the latter end of March, in this year, my professional connexion with Simpson commenced. He and his brother called at my office to consult me on the difficulties which had arisen from the embarrassed situation of Lord Wilverton's affairs, and the consequent refusal of his executors to pay the numerous debts which he had contracted. "Yes, sir, his lordship has done everybody he could," was Mr. Samuel's peroration; "and my brother here among the rest. I told him how it would be, but he was green enough to think a lord must be a safe customer. Well, you'll know better next time, Willy," said he, "hitting him a pat on the back, that sounded fearfully hollow; "live and learn, as the saying is. So you see, sir, the main thing is, how to make these chaps pay; that's the job, sir—how to make 'em pay." And down went his oak stick on the floor with startling emphasis.

Now the problem of "How to make 'em pay," like many others, though easy enough to state, is sometimes difficult to solve. The scientific method seems to be, first to ascertain the existence of funds, on the philosophical principle of *ex nihilo nihil*, and secondly, to apply the best process for securing them to the creditor. Nor is this latter part so easy a matter as mathematicians may suppose; for there is this remarkable difference between the principles of law and science, that in the former nothing not only comes from nothing, but frequently from something also. I got rid, therefore, of my talkative friends as soon as possible, in order to commence inquiries into the real state of Lord Wilverton's affairs.

March 27. Called on H. and Co., the family solicitors, and had an interview with Mr. A., the common-law partner. It seems, from his account, that the whole landed property is strictly entailed on the young lord, and that Lady Wilverton's fortune is also settled on him; the creditors, therefore, can only come upon the personal estate; and, if Mr. A.'s account be correct, their chance is a bad one. The late Lord W. not only spent every fraction of his income, but was always considerably in advance; unfortunately, too, he died just before quarter-day, and as the rent due at that period belonged, under the deed of settlement, to his son, the creditors' fund was still further diminished. Debts to a large amount had been contracted on all sides, and no less than three executions had been laid on the furniture, &c., by different claimants, who had better security than my unhappy client. In short, there never had been sufficient assets to pay half the specialty debts, and of course a mere book-debt had no chance at all. "All this looks very bad," said I, "but, my good Mr. A., I shall not take your representa-

tion as gospel; a family solicitor has a way of stating things that is 'very peculiar,' and 'statements,' in general, as professional men know well, are like telescopes, magnifying or diminishing, according as the larger or the smaller end is presented to the eye."

April 2. This day I wrote a long letter to William Simpson, containing the result of my inquiries. I explained to him that, from the number of creditors who were entitled to payment before him, all chance of recovery at law was hopeless, and that, from the strict entail of the lands, a court of equity could not assist him; that the only course left was to appeal to the justice and good feeling of the trustees and guardians, who could scarcely suffer a tradesman to be ruined, where the demand was just and the sum comparatively small; and that a letter to the present lord would probably settle the business by his personal interference, though he himself could do nothing until he was twenty-one.

April 10. This morning the Simpsons entered my office, wrapt up in great-coats and comfortables, fresh from the top of the coach, and seemingly in a great hurry. The cabinet-maker was the chief speaker, and plunged in, *medias res*, after the manner of the Greek historian. "Here's a pretty business!" he began, "it's all up, sir; it's all up at last; they've made a bankrupt of him," pointing to his brother, who looked wretchedly nervous and miserable; "and the best of it is," he continued, with an unhappy attempt at a laugh, "that it's all laid at my door, as if a man must not look after his own furniture!"

It was quite evident, from Mr. Samuel's manner, and from the vapour which so gracefully curled from his great-coat and half-bald head, that his steam was up in more senses than one, and where it would have carried him to is hard to guess, had I not subjected him to a little cross-examination. It appeared that W. Simpson had been endeavouring to get a renewal of the bills due in April to his chief creditors in London, and with every prospect of success; that, in the mean time, his brother, as a measure of precaution, had most of the furniture removed to his own house; that this came to the ears of the London firm, who, in consequence, presented the bills as soon as due, and, in default of payment, struck a docket against the unlucky grocer. But the main cause of Mr. Samuel's excitement was a letter which he had received from a London attorney, claiming the furniture on behalf of the creditors. "I wish they may get it," said the cabinet-maker, with an air of scornful security, "no, no: I'm not such a greenhorn as that comes to; it's all mine, every bit of it, and here's what will prove it, if they go to loggerheads,"—and he produced from his capacious coat-pocket the written agreement between himself and his brother already referred to.

"Really," said I, on perusing the document, "I am afraid this will not avail you; no doubt it is the secret understanding between yourselves, but the creditors, I suppose, knew nothing of it?"

At this intimation the Simpsons stared in ludicrous dismay; the younger turned pale, and the elder red; he scratched his head, gnawed the knob of his oak stick, and looked puzzled to the last degree. "I don't know anything about that," he said, at length, in a dogged tone, "all I know is, the furniture's mine, and I'll have it, agreement or no agreement."

"But, my good sir," I replied, "the bankrupt laws are against you: they say, and very fairly, that if you give a man the possession of goods, and make him apparently the owner, so that people are induced to suppose him a man of property, and give credit accordingly, you shall not turn round and say the goods were in reality yours, under a secret agreement. Now here you have let your brother treat this furniture as his own, and, since he is a bankrupt, in my opinion his assignees have a right to sell the whole for the benefit of the creditors generally."

"They sha'n't sell it; I say they sha'n't sell it," exclaimed the cabinet-maker, in a rage; "it's mine, I tell ye—mine, every stick of it, and let them touch it if they dare."

And my poor desk suffered a bang from his great fist which made the inkstand rattle.

"It's all his, I assure you, sir," repeated poor William Simpson; "I was to have bought it by degrees, when I could spare the money, but I never paid for any of it, and I can't see how it can go for my debts at all."

After repeating my explanation half a dozen times, Simpson and Co. appeared to comprehend their situation; the poor bankrupt grocer lost heart entirely, and passed his coat-sleeve several times across his eyes, without saying a word; but Mr. Samuel rose with the occasion, his face reddened, and his small eyes twinkled with excitement—"That's the law, is it?" he began, with a bitter radical grin, "that's the law for us rabble? Now you see, gen'lmen," (evidently fancying himself at the Blue Boar,) "what a fine thing 'tis to be a lord. Here's we sends a lord goods for the matter of three hundred pounds; well, 'Pay,' says we, 'pay for what you've had.' 'O,' says his lordship's 'xecutors, 'my lord's dead, and the park, and the place, and the estate, goes to his son by a family 'greement atween themselves, and you tradesmen, you low fellows, may go whistle for your money.' How was we to know that? How the devil, gen'lmen, was we to know that? I say it's a swindling transaction—it's downright cheating, it's the way the aristocracy grind the honest tradesman, to keep up their own extravagance. Ay, England's a fine place for the rich, but God help the poor. Talk about equal laws indeed!—humbug—fiddlestick!—don't tell me. Here's my furniture to be sold for Willy's debts, 'cause his creditors didn't know of the 'greement atween us; well, gen'lmen, we knowed nothink of the 'greement 'tween his lordship and his son, so in course they'll sell the place and pay us our money—O dear no, don't think it, my tulip; Sam Simpson's a vulgar fellow, t'other is a tip-top swell, a regular right honourable lord."

And here he paused, evidently expecting an uproarious cheer. To have attempted any reply to the Blue Boar orator would have been perfectly ridiculous, and my only anxiety was to get rid of him decently. Now it is a singular circumstance, that whenever I knock on the wainscot twice running, my clerk is sure to announce a client on particular business, and on this occasion the magical taps were no sooner given than the clerk entered with the usual announcement, and the Simpsons took the hint, their hats, and their departure.

The working of a commission of bankruptcy is not particularly in-

teresting at any time, and it will be sufficient to state the result, so far as this narrative is concerned. After the usual examinations, the grocer obtained his certificate, having paid his creditors, including his brother, twelve shillings in the pound; he and Betsy then quitted Somerton altogether, and went down to live with the cabinet-maker, and assist him in his business. Several applications were made to the trustees for payment of Lord Wilverton's debt, but without success; at length the matter was let drop, and for more than two years I heard nothing of my former clients.

* * * * *

18—. August. In the summer assizes of this year I was subpœnaed as a witness in a case of ejectment, to be tried at the county-town where the cabinet-maker had resided at the time of the transaction above mentioned. We were number four on the list; the first case, on a bill of exchange, occupied little more than an hour; the next, for some petty assault, was spun out until three o'clock, and when the third turned out to be an action on the warrantry of a horse, I gave up all expectation of getting away by the mail that night. Witness after witness for the plaintiff was put in the box, examined, and cross-examined at unmerciful length: at six o'clock defendant's counsel rose, evidently primed and loaded with a long speech, and announced his intention of calling evidence to contradict the plaintiff's witnesses. This settled the business, and I started immediately for the Red Lion, to luxuriate on a fried sole, beef-steak, and "pint of sherry wine," as the waiter called it.

It was a miserably wet evening. I sipped and sipped until my *petit bouteille* was exhausted, read the county paper, though there was nothing in it, dozed off once or twice, and was in imminent danger of sleeping away the evening, when a bright thought struck me, and I rung for the waiter. "Did he know a Mr. Simpson, a cabinet-maker?"

"O yes; lived close by—No. 27, Wood Street."

"Very good," said I, "just give me the direction and my umbrella, and order me some stewed oysters for supper; I shall be back about ten."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, probably for the fifty thousandth time in his life, and off I set for Wood Street.

The premises at No. 27 seemed to be substantial and extensive; the shop was shut up, and I rung the side-door bell. Mr. Simpson was out, and so was Mr. W. Simpson, but "Missis would take any message I had to leave;" so I walked into the back parlour, where Betsy was at work, sewing strips of yellow worsted fringe on some red merino curtains. (I do abominate yellow worsted fringe.) She knew my name at once, and readily answered my inquiries about her husband and brother-in-law. They were gone to the club at the Blue Boar, which met every Saturday night, to smoke, and drink, and talk politics. Ever since his misfortunes William had turned radical, and abused the great folks worse than his brother.

"It is natural enough," I remarked, "after the bad treatment he received from the Wilverton family."

"Yes, sir," said Betsy, mechanically.

"It's very odd," I continued, "that the young lord should never do

anything for you, who nursed him so long, and to whom he used to be attached."

Betsy reddened, and worked quicker.

"I have sometimes thought that he knows nothing of the business, and has been kept in ignorance by his guardian."

"O, sir," said poor Betsy, laying down her work, and taking out her handkerchief; "O, sir, I thought so too for some time. He was always a kind-hearted boy, and I couldn't believe he would leave us to be ruined by his lordship that's dead and gone, and he meaning us so kindly too. So I wrote him a letter unknown to anybody, to a place abroad where they told me he was staying, and when William and the rest spoke hardly of him, I used to wish for his letter to come and show them how wrong they all were. One day, when they were all out, the letter came. I was *so* glad, and ran up for my scissors to open it without breaking the seal; but I needn't have been in such a hurry. There was only six or seven lines, to tell me that his lordship wouldn't read any letters that wasn't sent through his guardians, and that I must write to them. If he had only said," she continued, sobbing at the recollection of her disappointed hopes; "if he had only said he was sorry for us, and would help us by-and-bye, it would have been something; but he didn't say a word about our troubles at all. Nobody knew that I had the letter, and I didn't tell because it would only make things worse. He used to love me when he was a curly boy, and if he's got proud and hard-hearted since, it's not my part to set people against him."

After chatting with her nearly an hour, I came away with the full conviction that she was an affectionate good soul, and her former charge a selfish ungrateful little cur.

Finding it was only nine o'clock, I determined to look in at my friends at the Blue Boar, by way of pastime until the oysters were ready. I soon made out the house, an old-fashioned rambling tavern in a narrow back lane, from which every now and then there issued a stentorian cheer. The club, it seems, was a free-and-easy—open to every one, so I slid quietly in, ensconsed myself behind a table in the corner, and called for a glass of negus. The room was of a good size, but low, with beams across the ceiling, in farm-house fashion. Three rows of tables down the middle and sides were filled by a miscellaneous assortment of clubmen and visiters, in great variety of costume; and in an arm-chair at the head of the centre line, Mr. Samuel Simpson presided as deputy grand-master, or "my grand," as the speakers called him. Above his head were three portraits of former presidents —hard-headed, shrewd-looking men enough; and over the mantelpiece a black tablet, displaying in gilt letters the date of the institution, was flanked by a printed paper, enjoining all men to be uncovered during club hours. Pints of porter and ale, quarterns of gin, and glasses of the same, "hot with," or "cold without," stood in groups upon the table; here and there a farmer-like man was cutting away at a fair allowance of bread and cheese; but the great majority sat with pipes in their mouths, motionless and grave as the Roman senators awaiting the barbarous Gauls. I have, personally, as great a dislike to tobacco as good King James himself, yet it must be con-

fessed, that smoking is admirably adapted for debating societies. William Simpson was on his legs, and spouting with great vehemence a string of radical common-places, such as may be found in the liberal newspapers of the present day: he gave them, at all events, with good lungs and good will, and if they were not particularly new, why he couldn't help that; so the pipemen good-naturedly cheered him when he sat down. The next speaker was a very different sort of person, a logical, sarcastic chap, with a ready acuteness of intellect that would have made him a tough customer anywhere; he was evidently one of the club leaders. After him, up rose a red-faced man in a blue coat, with the look of a commercial traveller; he was half tipsy, and spoke with his eyes shut, treating us to a long-winded rigmarole against Lord Castlereagh, which tired even the Blue Boar audience; and as the hon. gentleman refused to take sundry broad hints from the meeting and the chair, there was no resource left for putting him down but a general insurrection—the last argument of public assemblies. When order was restored by "my grand's" strenuous exertions, a man with a pale face, little piggy eyes, and a penny-trumpet voice, began what was really a most eloquent speech. Notwithstanding his physical deficiencies, I listened to him with great pleasure for more than half an hour, when, perceiving by the clock that it was a quarter after ten, I slipped away unnoticed by my former clients—not that I loved eloquence less, but oysters more. The cool fresh air was welcome indeed, after the hot, crowded, smoky club-room of the Blue Boar.

* * * *

Another long interval of three years had passed away, and, to say the truth, I had almost forgotten all about the Simpsons, when the matter was suddenly revived in a very gratifying manner. My clerk announced one morning that Lord Wilverton wished to see me, and in came a tall, light-haired young man, with a good-natured face, pleasing manners, and a particularly well-made coat. He began immediately to make inquiries about Betsy and her husband, and showed great concern on hearing of the troubles they had undergone through his father's well-meant patronage. His guardian, it seems, had kept him in complete ignorance that the old lord's debts were unpaid, and all inquiries about the Simpsons had been evaded by general assurances that they were going on well. Betsy's letter had never reached him, nor did he know anything of what had occurred until his return to England a few days before. He then accidentally heard of William Simpson's bankruptcy, and that I had been the solicitor employed, which led to the present interview. Great indeed was his vexation on learning how many of the neighbouring tradesmen had suffered through his father's imprudence, but the ruin of Betsy and her husband actually brought tears into his eyes, and he begged me in the most earnest manner to make inquiries about them immediately, he himself being obliged to remain in town for a few weeks on particular business.

Now, though I would have done so readily enough without any view to personal advantage, yet I was not the less ready because, from some expressions the young lord dropped, he seemed not over well

satisfied with his present solicitors; and as a tin box or two, with "Lord Wilverton" painted in front would be worth something as office furniture, why if I could help myself while helping the Simpsons, it would be just as well. I resolved, therefore, to go in person to the county town where Mr. Samuel Simpson resided.

He and his shop were still there, but poor Will Simpson had been dead nearly two years. Betsy cried a good deal while she told me how he caught a cold which fell on his lungs, and brought on a cough that wasted him till he died; yet it was more from her natural kindness of temper, than from any great attachment to the dead. After some time spent in condolence, I told her of Lord Wilverton's arrival in England.

"Yes," she said, "the people at the Hall were very busy getting ready for him and the lady he was going to be married to."

"Ho, ho," thought I, "this was his particular business, then, in London." However, without saying anything of his visit to me, I represented to her how favourable the opportunity was to apply for payment of the old lord's account, both in order that her late husband's creditors might be paid in full, and that some little provision might be made for herself. She showed great reluctance to stir in the business; nor was it without some difficulty that I persuaded her to give me the list of creditors, and their respective debts, for the purpose of strengthening her claims on the present owners of Lawford Hall. With these documents I returned to London, and soon afterwards the Papers announced the marriage of Lord Wilverton with Constance Elizabeth, only child of Sir William Allerton, Bart., and that the happy couple had gone on a bridal tour to the Lakes of Cumberland.

The conclusion of this narrative cannot be better told than in Betsy Simpson's own words.

"I was sitting," said she, "in the back parlour, a sewing some bed-furniture, and thinking of all the grand doings at the Hall, and how times were changed now, when the shop-boy said a lady and gentleman wanted to see me. Well, he showed them in, and I was just asking the lady what she pleased to want, when the gentleman said, 'I suppose, nurse, you hardly recollect me?' Sure enough it was Master Augustus himself. Well, I was all over a tremble, and didn't know what to do. I thought of our trouble, and the letter, and poor William that's dead and gone; and how his lordship was grown, and how I used to wash him and curl his hair when he was in petticoat and trowsers; and so at last I fell a crying like a baby, for nothing at all. And so Master Augustus came and sat beside me, and said how sorry he was, and how he never heard a word about our trouble, nor the letter, nor anything; and that he would make it up to me as far as money could; and hoped I wouldn't lay the blame on his father, who didn't mean to harm us, and a great deal more as kind as could be. And then he kissed me himself, and bid his lady kiss me; and she said as I had been nurse to her Augustus before, I must come and be his housekeeper now. Then he sends for brother Sam, and shows him our bills all paid, and the money for

his own besides; but Sam behaved shocking bad, for he never said thank ye even, and kept muttering that it wouldn't bring poor Willy to life again. To be sure that was true enough, poor fellow! but he needn't have said so just then.

"Well, the next day we set out for the Hall, and such doings I never saw afore. All the bells in Somerton were ringing as we passed; then we was met by fifty of the tenants on horseback, with a band and flags, who rode after us to the park-gate, where there was hundreds more, and a fine arch done up with flowers so beautiful! and then Mr. Hopkins made a speech to his lordship, and his lordship stood up in the carriage and thanked them, and bowed, and my lady smiled and bowed too; and there was such a hurra! And there was an ox roasted, and great barrels of ale for any one that chose, and bonfires in the evening, and dancing in the Park like mad people."

I shall only add, that in consequence of Lord Wilverton appointing me his solicitor, I visit Lawford Park occasionally, and am well taken care of by the housekeeper. The butler, too, is extremely attentive, especially of late, and I rather suspect there is something going on between that worthy individual and Mrs. Betsy. As to Mr. Samuel Simpson, he has retired from business altogether; and though at one time his political influence was in jeopardy from the modified tone in which he denounced the aristocracy, yet he appears to have somehow weathered the storm, as his name occupies a prominent station in the present list of town-councillors for the borough of ————.

GOING RATHER TOO FAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMER."

The feelings of the Honourable Theophilus seemed now worked up to a climax. The horrors he was imagining were in fine contrast with the comforts he was enjoying, and the delineation of imaginary suffering diminished not a jot from the sense of present luxury. Mine inn was liberty hall, the wine was very respectable, and had it been many more degrees removed from perfection, gentlemen are not quite so critical after the second bottle as before the first. The Honourable had likewise found that the chairs were of a construction that just doubled comfort by using two; and that if one were necessary for his head, another was equally needful for his feet. In fact, nothing could present a more perfect picture of bodily and mental contentment than the aspect of the Honourable gentleman as he thus reclined, glass in hand; and it was precisely at this juncture, with the words, "Penelope *my* wife!" upon his lips, that a little scuffling, treading, and confusion were heard on the outside, and the door was hastily burst open, and the very identical Penelope, dressed in the identical pink bonnet, with the roses inside and the roses outside, rushed into the room, with a face flushed to a maroon colour, and long curls, uncurled, floating over it in dishevelled tresses, exclaiming, as she entered, in a voice that would have done for Drury, "Is he yet alive! Is he yet alive! Am I in time to save him!"

Now, as we never endeavour at impossibilities, and are, therefore, not quite sure that we could perform them, we do not attempt to describe the sensation which Miss Penelope's entrance excited on this present occasion—a sensation never equalled by any entrance into any room by any young lady under any supposable circumstanoes. The Honourable Theophilus, in his first emotion, dashed the brimming glass, through which he had been peering, on to the floor, and set his heel upon it, after the fashion of a Jewish bridegroom, being determined that no other lip should ever sip out of that glass again: —that was emotion the first: emotion the second, was to give a tremendous and an ungrateful plunge with his right foot against the chair which had been so kindly administering to his comfort: emotion the third, was to bestow an equally ungrateful kick with his left on its kind companion which had supported his head; and, these sanguinary measures perpetrated, there stood the Honourable looking at poor Penelope, like Macbeth at his untimely visiter, the shade of Banquo; or like Priam, at the pale-faced man who drew his bed-curtains so unceremoniously, before the proper time in the morning; or like anybody who ever saw a real, true, genuine, substantial ghost, and no make believe.

"He is still safe! Still in existence!" exclaimed Penelope, as these outward demonstrations of bodily animation met her vision, and proved the possibility of his survival apparent; "and you will pro-

mise me now to be calm and rational. Won't you, now? won't you?"

"I shall go mad!" exclaimed the Honourable, in a voice that would have sounded exceedingly well in a cell in Bedlam.

"No, O no!" said Penelope, walking close up to him, and gently stroking down his sleeve, and speaking in a soft coaxing voice, as if endeavouring to soothe a mad person, or a passionate person, or a little child. "No, O no! you will be calm—do pray compose yourself—I know that you will compose yourself now that I am here."

This last reason for composure seemed to affect the Honourable in a contrary way, for he dashed his hand upon his forehead, and began to retreat away from poor Penelope, as though she were the complaint rather than the antidote, while she the while followed him round the room, assuring him that she had come to comfort and console him, and to save him from all the dismal consequences of despair at her absence.

"I shall go mad!" once more ejaculated the Honourable, as he somewhat fiercely shook her off, and, suiting the action to the word, he seized the prostrate chair which he had so ungratefully dismissed from the honour of his service, and hurled it with all his might and main at the audience who were congregating at the door of the theatre where this scene took place—an audience into which were fast gathering all the waiters, and grooms, and helpers, and stable-keepers, and chambermaids, and kitchenmaids, besides supernumeraries. Poor Penelope had made no little commotion in storming the quarters of the Honourable, exclaiming most pathetically that she had come to save his life, and most heroically that she would not be hindered; and exciting, as she did all this, a most extraordinary wonderment, which wonderment found tongue in exclamations that a mad lady had made her appearance on the stage, and consequently there was little surprise in her finding an audience—an audience so rooted and rivetted that even the gentle intimation so amiably made by the Honourable that their company could be dispensed with, as the present was only a private rehearsal, was not found efficacious in clearing the gallery, and Captain Stalks, instead of following up these mild inuendos, found it expedient to order the whole fraternity off in his very gruffest voice, and to shut the door in their faces.

"O Captain Stalks!" exclaimed Penelope; "do you think he is to be trusted? How wild he looks! and his eyes—how they are rolling!"

The Honourable stamped on the broken glass very energetically, and lucky it was for mine host and his inn that the house was not of very modern erection; had it been built in the last fashion, it would certainly have quailed under the Honourable's paroxysms.

"And pray, madam," said the gruff captain, "may I beg to know what has brought you here?"

"Brought me here! Have I not come all the way from town to save his life, because I saw that he was frantic and would attempt it, and I thought that *I* might soothe him, *I* might save him, when no one else could have any influence over him! And do you not see how wild he looks—how glaring? Nay, now, dear Mr. Dugdale, *I* am here—*I* am here!"

The Honourable must have misunderstood this source of comfort, judging from the mode in which he dashed himself away; but Penelope was bent on enforcing his comprehension, following him round the room, and speaking in a coaxing, cajoling voice, as though she were petting a spoiled child.

"Now, do listen to me! do listen to me! You know I would do anything to make you happy! You know I would, if pa' were ever so angry! Nay, now, pray don't look so wild—pray be calm—pray be reasonable. You see that I am here!—you see that *I* am here!"

The emotions of the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale seemed to be so great as very nearly to choke him; but with a most vehement exertion he ejaculated "Stalks!"

"Well!" said the gruff captain.

"What am I to do?"

"Got into a scrape—get out of it if you can."

"But how?"

"Ask the gentleman in the moon."

The Honourable was getting very fast into a most formidable rage.

"Listen to me," said Penelope, "and do not mind him. I would do anything to make you happy, and we won't care if pa' *is* angry, will we? No, that we won't."

"Stalks!" said the Honourable, stamping with passion.

"Well!" once more replied the phlegmatic captain.

"Don't be a brute!"

"Don't you," said the captain.

"Help me," said the Honourable.

"I don't know how," said the captain.

"Hark ye!" said the Honourable, in a hissing whisper, "persuade her to go home again."

"It would be the best thing she could do for herself," said the captain, "so I'll even try."

"Pray, madam," said the captain, addressing Penelope, "how did you manage to get here?"

"I came in a postchaise." She dropped the postilion's blue jacket.

"Then will you allow me to advise you to get into the same postchaise, and go back again?"

Penelope gave a shriek, threw herself upon the sofa, and forthwith went into strong hysterics.

Just at this moment a fresh commotion was heard in the court below—the rattling in of wheels, the energetic peal of the ostler's bell, the pouring out of the whole regular establishment, and of all the supernumeraries.

The Honourable Theophilus thought a moment before that his sufferings admitted no amplification, but this most unphilosophical mistake was very speedily dispelled by a gentleman who was no philosopher at all. The stamping of a heavyfoot upon the stairs despite the carpets, something like that of an elephant, and a sort of running growl, very much resembling the amiable utterance of a bear, gave symptoms of some fresh acquisition, and in a moment more the door was violently thrown open without much regard to courtly ceremony,

and in stalked no less a personage than Alexander Dumstormanville, Esq.

We suppose that the perceptive qualities were not very considerably diminished in the mind of Miss Penelope by those hysterics, as the fit was most vehemently increased by the arrival of her father, and she laughed and cried more energetically than ever. The Honourable grew red and white by turns, and Captain Stalks whistled.

Now, if the arrival of Alexander Dumstormanville, Esq., excited some consternation in the present little assemblage, among whom he threw himself so unceremoniously, the circumstance could scarcely be wondered at, as he never went anywhere without creating a sensation. Ladies frequently fainted, children always cried, and men were obliged to remember that they were men. In fact, the gentleman in question was quite formidable; six feet three in height, broader than proportion warranted, enormous hands without any gloves, enormous feet with boots even too large for themselves, an enormous head that no hat could fit, with very fierce dark eyes, most furious whiskers, and a voice like thunder in the same room with you.

"So, so!" said this very gentle gentleman, and never before did the little monosyllable express so much. "So, so!"

Now this was a speech, eloquent though it might be, peculiarly awkward to answer, because it was very difficult to know what it meant. The Honourable strove hard to comprehend it, and to recal his own scattered senses, feeling it very likely that he might require all that he could justly call his own; and Captain Stalks gave over whistling.

"So! so!" reiterated Mr. Dumstormanville; "pretty doings! pretty doings, indeed!"

The Honourable, better understanding this, thought he might venture on a reply, so he just assured the gentleman that "he did not know what he meant."

"Mean!" exclaimed Mr. Dumstormanville, and he dashed his clenched hand upon the table with a violence that made the whole paraphernalia on the surface ring again. "Mean, sir! why, what do you mean?"

This was a question that the Honourable did not exactly know how to answer, so he could only assure the gentleman "that he meant nothing at all."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Dumstormanville, with another slap on the table, and another stamp upon the floor which reverberated through the house like the rumbling of an earthquake, with an accompaniment of thunder in his voice—"now, sir, if I were not the most gentle man alive, I should be in the most terrible passion. 'Pray, sir, what do you mean by trifling with the honour of my family by trepanning away my daughter? Pray, sir, what do you mean? What do you mean, I say, sir?"

"O pa'! don't be angry!" exclaimed Penelope, in one of her breathing intervals.

"Hold your tongue for a fool!" was the amiable answer; on which gentle rejoinder Penelope forthwith continued her hysterics.

"Now, sir," resumed Dumstormanville in his voice of thunder, "as I said before, if I were not the most gentle and peaceable man alive, I should be in a most confounded passion to see the honour of my family thus compromised. If you had taken a fancy to the girl, (she tells me you are dying for her, and all that confounded nonsense,) why did you not speak out like an honourable man, instead of cajoling her into making such a fool of herself as this? I don't know but I might have listened to you, for you are——" This being meant for a compliment, the Honourable bowed ironically. "You are, upon the whole, rather a respectable match as times go, and I might perhaps have been persuaded to—— Still, sir, your family is only a family of yesterday, and the Dumstormanvilles lived among the Druids, sir!—among the Druids, sir!"

The Honourable would have been very happy if they had died among the Druids.

"Still, sir," said Dumstormanville, in the same gentle voice, "I am a moderate man, a very moderate man indeed, and I do not expect to meet with a family equal to the Dumstormanvilles, and I believe you are very well as times go. I understand you have a pretty little competency of your own, which will be about trebled at your uncle's death; and so, sir, as I said before, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Sir," said the Honourable Theophilus, "I am greatly flattered at the tolerable opinion of me which you are pleased to express, and at the same time am fully sensible of the honour that an alliance with your family would confer on mine; but I must confess that my humility never yet allowed me to aspire to it. I can assure you that this act of Miss Dumstormanville's condescension was perfectly gratuitous."

"I don't understand you!" shouted Dumstormanville. "Do you mean to say that you did not inveigle her after you? Inveigle her, sir, I say!"

Just at this juncture, the gruff captain took upon himself to interfere. He thought it very unnecessary that Miss Dumstormanville should be harassed by hearing a discussion of which she herself was the subject.

This opinion being very graciously coincided in by 'papa,' he very obligingly intimated his opinion to the lady in question, saying, with his usual gentleness, "get out of the room, Penelope." But as poor Penelope's hysterics had by no means subsided, Captain Stalks had the decency to ring the bell, which was answered as instantaneously, as though the waiter had been on the outside of the door, and ordered up a chamber-maid, which order produced two of those amiable ladies with equal promptness, who, taking Miss Dumstormanville between them, conveyed her, despite her sobs, into a more commodious place for their indulgence.

This little interruption had enabled the Honourable to collect his thoughts, and to speak with decision; so, putting one foot in advance firmly on the floor, and speaking in a voice that made up in a sort of sneering decision what it wanted in height and depth and strength of the organs of Dumstormanville, he said,

"*Inveigled!* It does not seem necessary; the lady's actions are perfectly unprompted."

"The girl's a fool!" exclaimed Dumstormanville. "She always was a fool! she always will be a fool!"

The Honourable bowed, "A great recommendation in a wife."

"And you know it; and are the greater rogue for practising on her folly!"

"Since you honour your daughter with the one designation, I must, I suppose, gratefully receive the other, being, I believe, rather the most complimentary."

"And harkye, sir, the honour of a Dumstormanville was never before compromised, neither shall it be now. I despise you, sir, with all my heart, and I believe you to be as much of a rogue as my daughter is of a fool; but still she is a Dumstormanville, and as such shall not bring a speck upon the name. No, sir, you shall either marry her or——"

"What is the other delightful alternative?"

"Consider yourself horsewhipped, sir."

"I cannot hesitate in so agreeable an option," said the Honourable.

"Name your time, sir; name your place, sir," shouted Dumstormanville."

The Honourable was prevented from doing so. Another rumbling had been heard in the courtyard, another tremendous peal of the ostler's bell, and a great deal of trampling up stairs: the door was opened again, as unceremoniously as before, and the three great giants of men, yclept Roderick Dumstormanville, and Harold Dumstormanville, and Anthony Dumstormanville, strode into the room.

Of these three colossal gentlemen, who now entered with brows like thunder-clouds, and eyes like daggers, Roderick was the tallest, Harold the broadest, but Anthony the fiercest, and he it was, who, stalking straight up to the Honourable, exclaimed—"Sir, you have insulted the honour of our family."

"The honour of our family," said Harold, stalking after him.

"The honour of our family," said Roderick.

"And you shall wash it out with your blood!" said Anthony.

"Ay, with your blood!" said Harold.

"With your blood!" said Roderick.

"Coward and poltroon!" said Anthony.

"Poltroon and coward!" said Harold.

"Coward and poltroon!" said Roderick.

"You are too obliging, gentlemen," said the Honourable, bowing low; "too obliging: with whom shall I have the honour of exchanging shots the first?"

"I was the first," said Anthony, "the first who called you coward and poltroon."

"Then certainly you seem to have the best right to my life," said the Honourable, "unless these gentlemen can urge any prior claim."

"I *ought* to have been the first," said Harold.

"I *meant* to have been the first," said Roderick.

"This affair belongs to none of you," thundered out the elder Dumstormanville. "I am the representative of all the Dumstormanvilles, the head and chief of the family, and therefore the most just and right asserter of its honour, and I call upon you first to fulfil your engagement with me."

The three giants growled together like three young cubs.

"If you are determined on the first turn, I *will* have the second," said Anthony.

"And I the third," said Harold.

"And I the fourth," said Roderick.

"In turn—at your pleasure," said the Honourable. "I follow you."

The elder Dumstormanville, grumbling something about pistols which he had left in his chaise, stalked down stairs, followed by the three amiable giants.

"Stalks," said the Honourable.

"Well?" said the gruff captain.

"What shall I do?" said the Honourable.

"Got into a scrape—get out of it—if you can."

"Thank you," said the Honourable.

They had reached the landing-place. "Dugdale," said the gruff captain.

"Well?" said the Honourable.

"I like you better than I did. I think you're a brave fellow. It's a pity you should be such a rogue."

"Thank you," said the Honourable.

These gentlemen had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs, intent on murderous purposes, before one of the chambermaids, whom Penelope had already made a confidante, and enlisted in her interest, had communicated to her the purpose on which they were departing, having gathered it partly from the waiter, who was seeing through the keyhole whether he were wanted, and partly by taking turns with him in the same peculiar mode of personal alacrity. Penelope was by no means unhappy in her present distressed situation, having never been of so much consequence in the whole of her life before to any mortal being, and feeling greatly interested in the great interest which she was now exciting. She was lying on a bed, her hair dishevelled, the bonnet and roses thrown on one side, half a dozen pillows to support her, and surrounded by hartshorn, and sal volatile, and salts, and all sorts of things, one of the chamber-maids being on duty in attendance on her person, and the other out on surveillance; and so speedy and effective was the mode of conveying communications, that Penelope was aware of the dreadful horrors in contemplation before the intended perpetrators had well reached the bottom of the stairs.

At one and the same moment Penelope started from her recumbent attitude, and the wheels of a plain, dark-coloured travelling-carriage rumbled into the inn-yard. Again there was the peal of the ostler's bell, and the running here and there and every way of all the principalities, powers, and dependencies of the inn; and a little man, with a peculiarly attenuated, sallow visage, and a very small, thin, shrill, cracked voice, emerged from the carriage, and began to ascend the stairs just as Penelope was rushing down them; and he being rather small and insignificant in appearance, she would infallibly have run over him, had not one of the confidential chambermaids held her forcibly by the sleeve, which, being fabricated of four good yards of muslin, floated about a yard and a half behind her, and so most luckily

enabled the chambermaid to arrest her progress, to entreat her not to overturn the little gentleman, and to tell her that, diminutive as he might seem, he was no less a person than Godfrey Dugdale, Esq., the very rich uncle of the Honourable Theophilus Dugdale.

This intelligence altered the whole aspect of affairs, and entirely overturned all Penelope's intentions, supposing her to have had any. She immediately caught him by the arm, and, holding him as fast as possible, began to exclaim,—"Save him—save him! dear, good, kind sir—save him!—save him!"

Mr. Godfrey Dugdale, as well he might, felt himself rather surprised at this most unexpected address, and somewhat incommoded with the weight of Penelope upon his arm; but, being rather a gallant man, he tried to make as light as he could of the matter, while he replied to the former, assuming a sort of martial air, and heroically exclaiming, "I should be unworthy of the name of a man of honour and a gentleman, if I could turn a deaf ear to the commands of a fair lady. Pray, then, have the goodness to tell me what I am to do, and you shall see me fly to obey you."

"Oh, they are going to murder him!—they are going to murder him!"

"Who is going to commit murder?"

"O, papa, and my brother Anthony, and my brother Harold, and my brother Roderick."

"A goodly troop! and I suppose because your bright eyes have looked kindly on some favoured swain."

"His whole existence depended on me," said Penelope, with great simplicity.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dugdale, with something like a smile.

"He was going to destroy himself for my sake, but I came all the way from town to save him."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dugdale again, with another smile rather more arch than the first.

"And then papa came, and my brother Anthony, and my brother Harold, and my brother Roderick."

"Indeed!" once more responded the gallant old gentleman, "they are very unfeeling to interfere with a fair lady's wishes."

"And won't you go and save him?—won't you?—won't you?"

"I fly," said the old gentleman, putting out the smallest foot that ever belonged to the masculine gender, "I fly to overcome these hard-hearted fathers and brothers—I fly—but whither?"

"O anybody will tell you," said Penelope, glancing at the congregating supernumeraries, who were gathering round them to see what they could see, and hear what they could hear—"O, anybody will tell you—anybody will show you."

"Were they so kind as to advertise their intentions? Tell me, that I may rescue your adorer, and bring him again in safety to your feet!"

"Mr. Dugdale, sir," said one of the waiters, who had a glimpse of common sense, "has just taken his pistols, and gone out with Captain Stalks."

"Mr. Dugdale!—pistols!—Captain Stalks!" cried the little gentleman, turning serious in a moment; "what do you mean?"

"Mr. Dugdale came, sir, as you had appointed, "but was afterwards followed by this lady and some gentlemen from town; and they had words, sir, and they have all gone out together, sir, only a minute ago."

This piece of information drove Mr. Godfrey Dugdale off in a moment too, leaving Penelope, despite all his gallantry, lying on the stairs. The little gentleman ran himself out of breath, directed by the stable man and waiters, but he arrived just as Captain Stalks had stalked over the twelve paces which were to divide the combatants. The paternal giant was standing with pistol in hand, and the three filial giants were waiting in a row, according to seniority, ready to take his place, an arrangement of circumstances which might have made the premium on the Honourable's life rather high had he been proposing insuring it in any of the offices. But the appearance of the Honourable's uncle, though he was so very slight, light, and diminutive, seemed to throw something like a balance into the scales, as he ranged himself by the side of Captain Stalks: at any rate, there must have been something like a balance of power, whatever there might be of weight, for hostilities were immediately suspended, and a little blank silence ensued, while poor Mr. Godfrey did what he could to catch his own breath.

"And, now," said Mr. Godfrey, when he had partially succeeded, "be so good as to tell me, some of you, what all this is about?"

The Honourable began to talk as fast as possible of the insults he had received, and all the Dumstormanvilles as loud as possible about the wounds in their family honour.

"Pray oblige me with silence, gentlemen," said the little man in his sharp shrill voice; "and you, Captain Stalks, who happen to have common sense, explain these circumstances to me."

"Well, all hear me," said the captain, "and bear witness that I set nothing down in malice. Your Honourable nephew amused himself in town with making something of a fool of these gentlemen's daughter and sister."

"I deny it!" said the Honourable; "she was a fool before."

A low grumbling began among the Dumstormanvilles.

"She is a lady," said the uncle. "You ought to be a gentleman."

The Dumstormanvilles would have embraced him, but that might have been dangerous.

"At all events," resumed the captain, "she was silly enough to believe that Mr. Dugdale had got the disorder dangerously; and she came down here after him in order most magnanimously to save his life."

"He inveigled her!" said Anthony.

"He trepanned her!" said Harold.

"He deluded her!" said Roderick.

"The honour of our family—think of that!" said the elder Dumstormanville; "and we would have received him into it!"

"Will you do so now?" said the little man.

"Yes, for the sake of the honour of the family," said the Dumstormanville.

"Then listen to me, mine honourable nephew," said the little

uncle. "I came hither to meet you on purpose to second your proposals by my interest in another quarter. You have now made that impossible. I give you until to-morrow morning to consider whether you will make such honourable amends to the lady in question, as shall restore quiet into her family, or be henceforth a stranger to your own."

The little man stalked off like Tom Thumb, and the giants after him.

The Honourable Theophilus Dugdale rose to breakfast the next morning with what appetite he could. He had found his bed exceedingly ill-made, and that "thought murdered sleep." He had been weighing and measuring the reasons "to be or not to be" allied to the Dumstormanvilles, but he found himself so very much like a bird in a net, or a fox in a trap, that the free will of the matter seemed rather out of question, and almost out of sight.

Once or twice he meditated bold measures, for he was not without mental courage, which is not always joined to personal bravery. His plan was to go to Miss Lindley as early as might be in the morning, and endeavour to secure her fair hand, and all its valuable appendages. He calculated that Miss Lindley's fortune, which he might possibly gain, would be about a fair equivalent for his uncle's, which he should certainly lose; and though he had hitherto hoped to possess both, yet as they were now severed for ever, the wisest plan in his miserable plight was to secure one. But should he by this mode of action gain anything, or might he not rather lose all? Might not Miss Lindley have already heard of his ridiculous adventure, and, if so, even though he had made the most favourable impression on her heart, or her fancy, or whatever it might be that received such impressions, would she forgive either the absurdity or the treachery of the thing? or, supposing her still ignorant of his philandering with Penelope, she could not long remain so in a country neighbourhood, and would she then feel herself bound by any promise made in ignorance. No—the Honourable could not hope it—so he gave the matter and Miss Lindley up together in despair, and decided that it would be better to keep the safe reversion of his uncle's property, even though with it he were obliged to take Penelope.

Now, it was an exceedingly mortifying thing that he who really admired dignity and intelligence in woman, especially in the woman he might honour so much as to make his wife, should have all the credit of the ill-taste of choosing Penelope; but it was perfectly maddening to think that he, with his acuteness, his discernment, his long-sightedness, his sharpness, his shrewdness, his everything, should have been outwitted—no, not outwitted—baffled by her very silliness. Had she been one grain less silly, the thing could not have happened; but because she was only one degree removed from a fool, the abundance of her folly had outmatched his serpent's wisdom. No cunning could have competed with his shrewdness; but the folly of a fool had been his ruin.

He submitted, however, to be presented to Penelope as *accepted* and *accepting*. The gallant little uncle led him to her feet, for which service

Penelope embraced him—a mark of favour which Mr. Godfrey Dugdale received as a proof of the innocent simplicity of her character. In fact, nothing that the Honourable could say against Penelope could persuade his uncle to see anything in her, but an exceedingly affectionate, guileless, open sincerity of heart, that was perfectly delightful in these days of dissimulation and hypocrisy, and Penelope, in the exuberance of her happiness and self-importance, did not commit a folly, or utter an absurdity, but the little old gentleman congratulated his nephew upon its delightful simplicity. If the Honourable Theophilus could have cursed himself and all the world, it would have been a little relief to his benevolent feelings; but as he could not be indulged in words, the sentiment could only find vent in looks—looks which poor Penelope, in her innocent guilelessness, interpreted into proofs of the depth of his passion, and the strength of his feelings, and therefore persisted in persecuting him with consolations in the shape of a thousand childishnesses which almost drove him mad. However, he was soon to assume the rights of a husband, consisting, of course, in the undoubted prerogative of being as cross as he pleased. A special licence was obtained, for it did not consist with the honour of the Dumstormanvilles that Penelope should return to town excepting as a bride, and they were—*married.*

We hope our reader feels a little interest in Captain Stalks, notwithstanding his gruffness; and in Miss Lindley, though he has only heard the sound of her name. The Honourable Theophilus Dugdale had not overrated his powers of pleasing, when he flattered himself that he had made some impression on Miss Lindley. He had, as he boasted, whispered, and sighed, and smiled, in the right places, and it is more than probable that he would have prospered in his wooing; but when his duplicity of character stood confessed, Miss Lindley despised him, and, by a natural reaction of feeling, began to look favourably on Captain Stalks, not because he was what she admired, but because he was the antipodes to what she detested, and the captain, who had long looked and loved, yet because he loved was timid as a child, at last took courage, and so it all ended in the usual way.

Captain Stalks had not seen his quondam friend, the Honourable, since his marriage, until, towards the end of his own honeymoon, he chanced to encounter him at a party in town, and then they met in the usual routine of daily circumstances which the Honourable had so graphically described. The Honourable Mrs. Theophilus Dugdale was announced, and Penelope came with her silly titter, and more senselessly childish than ever; for those faculties, and she possessed none other, were becoming more developed since her marriage, and since she had ceased to be afraid lest pa' should be angry.

As to the captain, happiness is so softening, and soothing, and remodelling him, that we are obliged to disown his acquaintance—he is no longer our gruff captain; and the Honourable Theophilus is still more altered—not a trace of his former suavity remains; he contradicts everybody, and everything, and is more surly and cross than all the Dumstormanvilles put together.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

In the autumn of the year 17—, a young English officer, Captain Montagu, whose regiment was at that period quartered in Ireland, was rambling over a wild and unfrequented part of that interesting country. With his dogs and gun, he had thoughtlessly pursued his way in quest of game, until the night shadows began to gather over the landscape, and the evening star shone above his head, in the only blue spot which the clouds of an approaching storm had not enveloped with their shadowy mantle. So far as his eye could penetrate the increasing gloom, the surrounding scene wore the aspect of desolation; and the cold night-winds swept mournfully from those storied hills, where the ghosts of Ossian's heroes sing of "the hundred bards in the hall of shells." The mind of young Montagu was neither tinctured with the feelings of superstition, nor filled with the vagaries of romance. Englishmen are rarely the slaves of the first, and (unless when in love) not commonly much alive to the latter. A native of Germany, in the situation of our hero, would have composed a tale of passion and *diablerie*, and a son of Spain a serenade to his lady-love: but Montagu only made use of the light of mind to dispel the gloom of nature. He was, moreover, a philosopher, and much addicted, even at that early age, to those studies that furnish a man with rational reasons for things mysterious only to common and uninformed minds. However, the actual approach of night, and the threatened approach of a storm, in a strange place and country, conjured up no very agreeable train of thought; and, despite his philosophy and courage, he heartily wished himself and his weary dogs by his own warm and cheerful fireside. It was too late to think of retracing his way, had he even been able to do so in safety; but, without a guide to direct his steps from the treacherous bogs that he remembered to have passed, it was not to be thought of. After wandering for some time at hazard, he at length found a rugged but firm footing, which, from the deep ruts that he occasionally stumbled upon, or rather into, he knew must be a road to some village or human habitation; and upon this he determined, if possible, to keep, until he should find some place of rest or shelter for the night.

The storm that had so long threatened at length opened its floodgates upon the weary night-wanderer, and the wind, rising almost to a hurricane, blew the rain and sleet so violently in his face, that it was with extreme difficulty he could now proceed at all. He, however, was young and light-hearted, and still contrived, in these unpleasant and annoying circumstances, to keep his courage up; although philosophy, which is "a good steed in the stable, but a sad jade on the road," did not attempt even so much as to whisper that "pain is not pain." At last, the storm and the road, as if they had agreed between themselves, both took a turn, and each a favourable one, for our benighted travel-

ler. The sky cleared its angry brow, and shone like the blue eye of beauty with the light of love. Stars began to glow and twinkle in the moist air; and the moon, which Montagu could almost have worshipped as the Persian does the sun, now showed her friendly lamp high above the horizon. An extensive prospect of hill and valley lay stretched before him, with woods, or what appeared to be woods, lost in the shadowy distance. Still no human habitation, or sound of human life, gave hope to the weary pilgrim, who began to think, with another "soldier bridegroom"* of poetical renown,

"The heath this night must be my bed:"

and though Montagu had, even at that early period of his martial career, sometimes slept under the blue canopy of the sky, upon the hard bed nature had provided, and the rude pillow necessity had contrived for him, he had never wrapt his military cloak round him in a more chilled and exhausted state, than he now closely buttoned up the slight shooting-jacket that so badly guarded him from the cold night-breeze. As he kept on his way, he made his eyes active in every direction, to detect, if possible, some house or hut that might afford him shelter. Suddenly the barking of his dogs attracted his attention, and he soon, to his great joy, distinguished the sound of a horse's feet advancing towards him at a brisk pace. He hailed the rider as he approached, who immediately drew up, and Montagu, addressing him in English, was most agreeably surprised on receiving an answer in the same tongue. All his difficulties now vanished, and he requested the stranger to direct him to some place where he could obtain food and a bed for the night.

The man sate silent for some moments, as if in a reverie, and Montagu now looked up in his face with an inquiring curiosity. It was a handsome John Bull countenance, sleek and rosy with good health and good living; but there was a something in the expression Montagu's heart did not readily warm to—a look of extreme cunning, clearly distinguishable in the full moonlight, and a firm compression of the lips together, that seemed to indicate one who could do much and be secret. Montagu repeated his request.

"Why, sir, I knows no house hereabouts, where you would be at all likely to get a bed, or food either, that's fit for anything but the pigs. You should be welcome to go home with me, for that matter; but——"

"What, my good friend?" asked the young sportsman, eagerly.

"Why, you see, I lives at my lord's castle—that is, I and my wife are put in to keep it aired, and so on, but with strict orders from my lord never to take in no strangers whatever."

"That is singular," said Montagu, "and very unlike the far-famed hospitality of Ireland."

"Why yes, so it be; but my lord's a strange man in his ways, though as good a master, as to pay, as any man living, and I should be sorry to give him offence. However, I think there can be no great harm in letting you shelter for the night; you could go away in the

* Captain Montagu had recently been married.

morning, before Old Mick the gardener's up, as servants love to tell tales of one another, and 'twould be as much as my place is worth if my lord found that I had disobeyed his orders."

Montagu assured the man that, like all sportsmen, he was an early riser, and would observe his injunctions; and, with the renewed vigour which hope gives to the weary, he now set off, with his guide, towards the castle of his inhospitable lord, which he understood lay at the distance of about two miles. The man did not seem much disposed to cultivate an intimacy with his guest elect; and the pair went on silently, till, having arrived at the entrance to a wood, Montagu could discern amongst the trees, now nearly stript of their foliage, the high battlements and antique windows of a castellated building, glittering in the moonbeams. His guide now dismounted, and, leading his horse up a narrow pathway, that branched off to the left of the wood, they came full in front of the once-proud dwelling of baronial power, where "chiefs and ladies bright" once held their pleasant revels, in those halls now only trodden by the feet of some solitary domestic, as she goes fearfully at nightfall, and, startling at the echo of her own footsteps, to close up the Gothic casements.

At any other time our young soldier would have lingered long, and curiously, to survey an object of such interest to the reflective mind: but hunger and fatigue were now far more imperative in their demands than any other feeling, and craved as speedy an entrance through the antique portals, as the preliminaries of bolts and locks would allow. At last all gave way to the touch of the unseen hand that came prompt at the bidding of Redmond, (so the man was called,) and the door was opened cautiously by an aged female of most uninviting aspect, and whose strange costume added not a little to her witch-like appearance. Her brow was puckered up in wrinkles, her nose sharp and prominent, while the two little molish-looking eyes, peeping out under the shaggy brows and white straggling locks that resembled the plant called "the old man's beard," were partly hidden by the blue cloth hood of her cloak, held closely with one hand at the chin, while the fingers of the other grasped a dirty bit of candle in true Irish fashion.

Ushered in by this lady-in-waiting, Montagu entered a long narrow passage, and finally a large hall, where a cheerful fire blazed within the wide grate, and, with the addition of one solitary candle, helped to lighten one half of the spacious apartment, while the other, remaining in dim obscurity, left the imagination to fill it with those guests most congenial to its character of gloom. The family of Redmond consisted of his wife, two daughters, and his wife's grandmother, the self-same aged sybil who had opened the door to them.

"Kathleen," said Redmond to his wife, a pretty young woman, (too young evidently to be the mother of the eldest girl, a lovely fair-haired creature, who stood bashfully eying the handsome Englishman,) "Kathleen, what have you got to give us to eat? this here young gentleman must have good need of something. He's been out all day, wet and shine, and had nothing since mid-day; so let's have the best—and be quick, my lass."

"The pratees, Hugh, dear, will be boiling presently, won't they?"

said the good-natured Kathleen, casting a look of pity at the stranger. "Moyla, jewel, take the master's coat."

And Moyla, doing as directed by her step-mother, hung the coat of Redmond on a large wooden linen-horse, while Kathleen left the apartment

"On hospitable thoughts intent."

The supper-board was soon spread with a plentiful supply of smoking potatoes, whiter than the cloth they were placed upon; while a piece of cold boiled beef and some pickled herrings completed the repast. Montagu did not fail to do justice to the "pratees," with which Kathleen, with genuine Irish hospitality, kept filling his plate, and the beef that Redmond strongly recommended, both by speech and example. After supper, Redmond placed a bottle of whiskey on the board, at the same time assuring his guest that it was as prime as ever passed the lips of mortal man. It needed not this verbal eulogy; for had it been much less excellent than it really was, Montagu had never been less in a mood to be critical upon what was set before him, either to eat or drink.

While he sate enjoying the whiskey and the fire, he made some general inquiries respecting the castle, and its noble owner, Lord Belvidere. Redmond did not appear, as his guest thought, to be particularly communicative, but rather chose to wander back to the history of past times. He enlarged upon the valour and other admirable qualities of some of the early ancestors of his master; and in answer to Montagu's inquiry respecting a very melancholy-looking personage, whose portrait was suspended over the mantel of the apartment in which they sate, informed him that he lived "many years agone," and that he believed his lady ran away with a priest.

"Good cause, indeed, to make him look so melancholy," exclaimed Montagu.

"O the powers!" said Kathleen, lifting up her hands; "how can you say so, Hugh, dear, of a holy father?—sure and granny must be after knowing best, won't she?"—and she turned to the old sybil.

"Och! and ye say right, jewel! When did ever a precious darling of a priest bring shame upon the blessed mother of God, and all the holy saints? Sorrow take them as says evil of any jewel of a holy confessor! There never was the like of such, since holy saint Patrick first set the print of his blessed foot in ould Ireland."

"Well, granny," said Redmond, "I can't be sworn that she ran away with a priest; or, if she did, it might be a priest of the law church."

"Ay, ay, like enough," retorted the old woman; "they're not ower particular, anyhow. But they say, jewel, turning to Montagu, "that her ghost has been seen about the castle at nights, poor crater!—och! ay!"

"I don't pay no attention, not I," said Redmond, "to such old women's tales: but there's one room you see, sir, as they pretends is haunted, and Kathleen and the girls frightens themselves at nights, when the old furniture cracks, or the wind shakes and rattles the doors and windows of the long galleries."

"Och! an' for sure, it's dismal enough at nights, Hugh," said his wife, "especially the long winter time."

"But come, Kathleen," said Redmond, observing his guest grow drowsy, from the combined influence of excessive fatigue and the genial warmth of the blazing fire, in spite of this well-authenticated ghost-story: "you had better be stirring, to get the gentleman's bed ready."

"And pray," said Montagu, rousing himself at the not unwelcome sound, "let it be in the haunted chamber."

"O! I'm blest if I'd enter it for all the world," exclaimed Kathleen, "an' it's all dropping to pieces, the ould dismal tapestry, and the velvet curtains, and the chairs, as no living body could sit down on, any how."

"Och! an' ye'll be like to take the aguy, jewel, or it mit be the rheumatics, with sleeping in the damp place," added the old woman.

"Well," interrupted Redmond, somewhat impatiently, "get the gentleman's bed made up in the green chamber; it's been the last slept in, and it's warmest, being to the south;" and at the same time he exchanged some significant glances with his wife, which awakened for the first time an undefined suspicion in the mind of Montagu, of he knew not what.

Kathleen now left the hall to prepare his bed; and Redmond immediately afterwards absented himself likewise, for the purpose, as he said, of looking to his horse. After the lapse of half an hour, Kathleen informed her guest that the bed was ready, and the aged sybil, taking up a candle, led the way. Montagu followed her along divers winding galleries, and up several flights of stairs, till they came to a suite of large and lofty chambers, whose furniture and decorations, though imperfectly seen by the dim candle his conductress carried, gave him some idea of the splendour and state in which the former occupiers of the castle had lived. There is something solemn and affecting in the appearance of an old deserted mansion, in the stillness of those noiseless chambers, once teeming with human life and gay with the hum of happy human voices. Fancy still sees the joyous home-circle gathered round the cheerful hearth,—silver age and blooming childhood,—youth, with all its gay expectancies, and manhood, with its riper experience, but still breathing hopes. What merry festivals, what joyous weddings, and sorrowful funerals, pass before the "mind's eye," while the outward vision takes a survey of things interesting though inanimate, eloquent though silent! Every chair has a tongue, every table a tale. What happy beings have sate on the one, and revelled at the other! And now all their joys and their revels are over, and all that remains of beauty, youth, and greatness, is to be found in the hollow skull, and the scattered bones that lie under the carved and lettered stones in the old chapel.

The old woman having reached the "green chamber," in whose spacious and dimly-lighted area the high canopied bedstead appeared a very minute object, she put down the candle, and wishing Montagu a good night, left him to his repose. With the curiosity natural to a stranger in such circumstances, he took a cursory survey of the apartment, which was rendered shorter than it would otherwise have

been, both by his extreme fatigue and by the notice which the flickering of his light gave him, that it was fast expiring in the socket. He observed that the chamber, though it wore an air of neglect and desolation, had been, some forty years before, both sumptuously and tastefully fitted up. He finally, by way of precaution, examined the several doors, of which there were three, one opening into each of the adjoining rooms of the suite, and one into the gallery, which gave a separate entrance to the whole. Having secured the bolts, which moved with some difficulty, he opened the shutters of one of the windows to admit the moonlight, and then threw himself on the bed without undressing, and was in a very few minutes fast asleep.

After some considerable period Montagu awoke suddenly from a dream, in which the transactions of the past day, his ramblings on the moor, and his adventure at the castle, were strangely mixed together, and he awoke with a strong impression upon his mind that his slumbers had been broken by a noise, as of some one trying the handle of his chamber-door. He sate up on the bed and listened. The wind was high; and Montagu, thinking that this might have occasioned the noise which had disturbed his rest, lay down again. At this moment the castle clock struck two. The heavy bell had scarcely ceased sounding, when he distinctly heard a noise in the gallery adjoining his apartment. He could not, he thought, be deceived; and, determining to satisfy himself at once, he sprang out of bed, and rushed to the door, on opening which he perceived a female figure in a loose white dress suddenly disappear at the extremity of the corridor. He hurried to the spot, but the vision was gone. He stood for a minute and listened attentively, but no sound met his ear, except the moaning of the night-wind through the deserted chambers.

Montagu's mind was naturally a strong one, and untainted with the slightest shade of childish superstition, but he had never felt more perplexed in the course of his life. He was at a loss whether to doubt the evidence of his own eyes, (though the strong moonlight rendered this a little difficult,) or to abate somewhat of his former incredulity. After a few moments' pause, he determined to pursue the figure, and endeavour, if possible, to set his doubts at rest. He reached the stairs by which the old woman had conducted him to his chamber; but, having no light with him, and this part of the castle being in strong shade, he felt completely at a loss which way to go. Whilst he stood hesitating and listening for any sound of receding footsteps, he fancied that he heard a noise at a considerable distance below, and he immediately began to descend the stairs. When he had cautiously proceeded down two or three flights, he suddenly reached what appeared a spacious landing-place, and found himself opposite to a large gothic window, which admitted freely the light of the still unclouded moon. Through this he perceived he was now on a level with the ground, and, going up to the window, he stood for several minutes gazing on the beautiful scene before him, which slept peacefully in the moonbeams. While he was thus employed, forgetting for a moment the immediate object of his search, he again heard a noise, but now much nearer, and still apparently ascending, as if from some place yet lower than that where he stood. This surprised him exceedingly, as

from the view which he had outside, he was now satisfied that the sound must come from some vault or cavern underground. Proceeding forward, he found at the extremity of the hall a door partially open, and on the other side of it a flight of narrow winding stairs, which led, by a rather steep descent, to the subterranean parts of the castle. He went down a few steps, slowly and with extreme caution, as he was now involved in total darkness; when suddenly the harsh sounds of men's voices, and as of more than of one, two, or three, came distinctly on his ear. To the surprise which he had just before felt, was now added, for the first time, a feeling of alarm and danger. He had clearly understood from Redmond, that there were no inmates whatever of the castle except himself and his family, consisting merely of the females whom Montagu had seen; and even were it otherwise, he would have considered it somewhat more than extraordinary, that a number of men should be assembled in so suspicious a place at so unseasonable an hour. After some little hesitation, however, he suffered curiosity to predominate over every other feeling, and very softly and slowly he continued his descent.

At length Montagu reached the bottom of the flight, and from the loudness of the men's voices, he was satisfied that he was now divided from them merely by a door. There was a mingled sound of boisterous mirth, and occasionally of something like quarrelling, although he was unable to ascertain precisely the subject of either. As he stood listening, a faint light through a crevice in the door attracted his attention, and he immediately went up to it, and applied his eye to the aperture. He perceived about half a dozen men seated round a table, apparently in deep carouse. So far as he could distinguish by the dim light which stood in the centre, most of them were of a savage and ruffianly aspect, answering appropriately enough to the idea of smugglers, or any other desperate and lawless characters; and Montagu thought that one, who seemed to be a sort of leader amongst them, had very much the appearance of Redmond, although the dress was different from that in which he had previously seen him. Some parts of the dialogue were in language intelligible to Montagu, though occasionally interlarded with the native Irish.

"Come, boys," said the man whom he took for Redmond, "it's time for us to be off. Let's drink to our next merry meeting."

"What's the hurry, masther? what's the hurry?"

"Why it's half-past two, and I must be stirring again at six. As for thee, Tim, it makes no odds, I reckon, for thou'lt be sound and snoring at ten."

"Och, truly, Masther Hugh, that's just it;" (from another rough voice.) "It suits the likes o' Tim there, to be up all night, that lies a-bed all day."

"Is it me, you're afther maning, Mick Murphy? By the powers I do as much day work, and as much honest work, as thee, any how."

"Don't know that, Tim. What o' the jintleman in the post-shay, from Barris-o'-Kane? Call ye that day-work, or honest work, Tim Karrigan?"

The only reply Tim gave to this was with a small stone bottle,

which stood near him on the table, and which he threw violently at Mick's head, and laid him sprawling on the floor.

"Stop, boys!" shouted Redmond, angrily. "I won't have this. Ain't there plenty to quarrel with without squabbling among yourselves?" And he stooped down to assist Mick, who after a few seconds came again to himself, and was staggering round to retaliate on Tim, but was stopped by Redmond. "Come, boys, you that have to attend to the stowage, look handy, and let's be off. Let's have no more bother about laying a bed, or any nonsense o' that sort." (Finishing the contents of his cup, he sings:)

"Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten:
Up started Robin, and looked at the sun,
Ho ho! brother Richard, it's time to be gone:
You shall go forward and saddle Jack nag,
And I'll follow after with bottle and bag."

"Och, masther!" shouted one; "that's just it. I'm the boy for the bottle and bag; (sings,)

"I'll follow afther with bottle and bag."

"O Masther Redmond!" roared out another; "an' ye mit be after giving us a dhrop more, seeing as it's a could night to turn out, any how."

"Well, Pat, you shall have another dhrop; only remember you must keep on your legs, or what's to become of the stowage?"

"Arrah, now; whin did whiskey iver spoil work? It niver gits down—(rising and staggering)—it niver gits down into *my* legs; it only warms the heart o' me."

"Ah! but if it should chance creep up to your head, Pat, you might likely enough be blabbing, and ruin us all."

"Och, sure; and they'll be cunning to git it out o' me, seeing there's no living sowl knows anything about it at all, but father Grady; an' whin I goes to confiss, I tells him ov it, an' he says,—'Pat,' says he, 'jewel, mind an' don't do it agin:' an' that he's said twinty times; an' will say it twinty times more. Och! he's a kind soul, an' loves a dhrop o' the crathur too, that does he; an' smacks his lips at it, won't he? And thin says,—'Pat, jewel,' says he, 'mind an' don't do it agin.'"

After a further libation, Redmond quitted his seat, and all rose simultaneously with him, upsetting whatever happened to come in their way; and, in the midst of the noise and confusion, Montagu retreated hastily up the stairs, not knowing, of course, whether their egress would be by the door at which he was standing, or by some other outlet to the exterior of the castle, and feeling that he might incur considerable danger if he were discovered. After reaching the hall, he stood for a moment to listen, and perceiving that the sounds were dying away in the distance, he re-ascended the more spacious flight which led directly to his own apartment. He immediately secured the door, and then sate down to ruminate on the strange occurrences of the last hour. He again reverted to the female figure, which had first led him on his exploratory ramble, but which had

been completely driven from his thoughts for a time, by what he had subsequently heard and witnessed in the vault below. The one was obviously quite unconnected with the other; and, whatever conclusions Montagu had drawn as to the scene in which Redmond had borne a part, it threw no light at all on the strange appearance which preceded it. On one point he quickly made up his mind, that it would not be prudent, or even safe, for him to hint to Redmond any thing of the former; and, after some deliberation, he thought it the more advisable course to abstain equally from making any remark or inquiry as to the latter. At length he threw himself upon the bed, and in the midst of his reveries he again fell asleep. He awoke no more until Redmond knocked at the door, and informed him that it was past six o'clock, and he was waiting to conduct him on his way. Montagu, being ready dressed, immediately joined his host, and, having put his gun in readiness for immediate service, he accompanied him to the gate by which they had entered the night before. They then proceeded together through the beautiful but wild and neglected grounds which lay round the castle, having reached the extremity of which, Redmond suddenly halted. He pointed out and explained to our traveller the face of the country, which now lay partially unfolded before them in the gray dawn, and gave him full directions how to proceed on his way; and, having received his thanks, as well as a more substantial acknowledgment for the services he had rendered him, he left Montagu to pursue his journey.

When the mists had gradually dispersed themselves it was a lovely sunny morning, more like spring than November; and Montagu briskly retraced the way over which he had trodden slowly and painfully on the previous night, while his dogs, bounding before him, seemed equally to enjoy themselves. On reaching a small cottage, about three miles from the castle, his appetite having become sharpened by the morning air, he stopped to obtain, if possible, something for breakfast, and to make a little inquiry respecting the castle, about which his curiosity had been a good deal excited by all that he had there heard and witnessed. He accosted a slatternly-looking woman, who was just coming out at the door, and who, with genuine Irish warmth of manner, invited him to enter, and partake of the best that the place afforded. He found her husband within, and five ragged children, who were just finishing their humble morning meal; and the good housewife now busied herself to replenish the board for the hungry traveller. This being with her not a very refined or complex labour, was soon accomplished. Some very coarse bread, some excellent buttermilk, and a piece of almost impenetrable cheese, constituted the repast; but a hearty welcome and a keen appetite gave a twofold zest to the homely entertainment.

The man having gone out again to resume his daily labour, and Montagu having finished his breakfast, now took the opportunity of putting some questions to his hostess, on the subject which had excited so much interest in his mind—the place where he had passed the night.

"You are not far from Lord Belvidere's here: the castle appears to be a very fine old building."

"Och, ay! you may say that indeed; it's very fine, and very cowld, an' that's truth!"

"It seems now to be quite neglected. I suppose his lordship has not resided there for many years."

"Not he, indeed! not for these twenty years, or thereabouts."

"Have you ever been at the castle?"

"Och, dear, an' you may say that. I worked on an' off there iver since I was no bigger than the ouldest of the childer here, the saints presarve them!"

"Has Lord Belvidere taken a dislike to the castle? or what is the reason that he never comes to it?"

"Why, you see, dear, because of my lady; he niver comes at all, at all, because she's there, a darling jewel."

"How! Lady Belvidere there! what do you mean? I thought no one lived in the castle except Redmond and his family. You don't mean that Lady Belvidere has been residing there alone during all these twenty years that you say his lordship has absented himself from the castle."

"Troth, but I do though, an' more's the pity! There the jewel has been all that time, by herself altogether, and no one wid her at all, at all."

"But, of course, it is her own choice?"

"To be a prisoner, you'll mane! Och, surely no—it's all my lord's doing."

"And do you know what made Lord Belvidere shut up his lady in this extraordinary way?"

"Och! I'm blest if I can tell the reason, any how. Some said she ran away with a fine gintleman, and the lord brought her back again. I mind me the last time as iver I was at the castle—it was the shortest day in all the year—that is, holy Saint Thomas's; and Master Redmond, bad luck to him! was walking wid my lord in the front walk: and that very day all the sarvants wint away, and they towld me I need not to come any more at all."

"And you never saw Lady Belvidere afterwards?"

"Oh, niver! I niver saw her no more, the beautiful darling! niver no more."

"She was beautiful, then, was she?"

"Ye may say that, indeed!—the darlingest beauty you iver clapt eyes upon. Och! an' they said she cried like the rain, an' spoke niver a word, no more than the dead."

"And was it thought there was any just cause for his lordship's jealousy?"

"I'm blest if I can tell, jewel: father D'Arcy is the man to tell you that. I've heard him spake of it myself, an' he knows all about it, the darling man. He came to the parish, you see, when father Murphy fell ill of the aguy—that is, the mittimus fever, as it is called."

"Where does father D'Arcy live?"

"Och, jewel! an' I don't know that he lives anywhere, seeing he's dead, any how; the blessed virgin and all the holy saints help his poor sowl out of purgatory. Och, the blessed man!; he was a

jewel of a man, an' made us all go to mass twenty for one to ould father Murphy. Och! an' it was a bit edifying to see him reading his holy books, an' turning up his eyes to hiven all the time—indeed was it! An' he was a fine man, an' an able man, an' confessed illigantly, an' stood six foot out of his shoes—that did he, a jewel!"

Montagu, now finding the good woman (like a true Catholic) had got upon a subject on which she was not likely soon to tire, took the opportunity, while she was pausing to take breath, to go to the window; and, making an observation on the fineness of the morning, he immediately afterwards took his leave. His thoughts were much occupied by his adventure at the castle, and the particulars he had subsequently learned at the cottage. The mystery of the preceding night's apparition was now at once developed. Montagu felt quite assured that the figure he had seen was no other than the unfortunate Lady Belvidere herself, who, without the knowledge of Redmond, had been rambling in that part of the building. With all the ardour and romance of early youth, he determined to take the first opportunity of revisiting the place, upon some plausible pretext which might disarm suspicion; and then to seek an interview with the unhappy captive, and to endeavour, should she approve of the attempt, to accomplish her release. He also resolved to make known to Redmond afterwards, that he had witnessed the scene in the vaults of the castle, and to counsel him strongly to abandon such dangerous pursuits. As, however, he had partaken of the man's hospitality, Montagu did not feel himself called upon to interfere further than with his urgent advice and remonstrance. He now hastened on his way homeward, wholly absorbed by his own reflections, and he could not help inwardly congratulating himself, that he had not suffered his mind on the previous night to be swayed, for a single instant, by groundless superstition or idle fears. He resolved more firmly than ever not to surrender, under any circumstances, his reason and his judgment to the mere impression of the moment, however plausible it might appear; nor to account for any occurrence, however strange or mysterious upon supernatural grounds, while even a *possibility* remained that it might come within the ordinary course of events. He often said subsequently, that he found a strict adherence to this resolution of essential service to him, on many occasions in after life.

Some weeks passed over before Montagu had an opportunity of attempting to put his chivalrous design into execution. In the mean time he learned, by incidental inquiries, that, as is usually the case, various opinions prevailed in the world as to the guilt or innocency of the unfortunate Lady Belvidere: but this did not cause him to waver in the least in his secret purpose. If innocent, he considered it to be a case of the most cruel injustice and oppression; if the contrary, he thought (with the warm and kindly feelings peculiar to his age) that she had already sufficiently expiated her offence. He at length obtained a short leave of absence from his regiment, and set out upon his long-projected expedition. He came within sight of the castle towards night-fall. As he drew nearer, he perceived that a hatchment had been erected over the principal entrance since he was

last there. His heart now misgave him; and he at once concluded that the being whose misfortunes had so strongly excited his sympathy was at length finally released from her long captivity, and gone to appear before the only unerring Judge. He lamented that he had been too late to bring either relief or comfort to the closing hours of her troubled life. He approached the outer gate with feelings of mingled regret and reverence, and gently rang the bell; but no one answered. He repeated the summons again and again; but still there was no reply. At length the old gardener, hearing the sound at a distance, came up to him, and Montagu now learned the true state of the case. It was Lord Belvidere himself who was dead, about a fortnight previously; and his unfortunate wife, on the very day before that of the young soldier's arrival, had quitted the scene of her solitary sufferings, and was gone to pass the remainder of her days in retirement, with a near relative of her own.

She had come out from those hateful walls like some tenant of the tomb, in the very same antique-looking habiliments which had been in the height of fashion when she last entered them twenty years before. The costume was indeed the same; but the person, how altered, and the mind how changed! Who could now have known her to be the same "darling beauty," of whom the cottager's wife had spoken so rapturously? In the height of youth and loveliness, she had then looked forward with a palpitating heart to the delusive gaieties and pleasures of the present life, then just opening upon her. Her long estrangement from them had been sanctified by the hand from which it came. In silence and in solitude she had communed with her own heart, and had learned wisdom; and with a far higher and better hope, she now looked forward to the glorious *realities* of the life promised to those who have laid up their treasure "in the bright jewellery of the sainted heavens."

Montagu further learned, that Redmond and his family had quitted the castle immediately after the funeral, and were gone to reside at a little distance; and as he concluded that the subterranean exploits must necessarily now have an end, he thought it useless to see him, or give him any caution on the subject. He therefore once more turned his back on the venerable pile, not without a feeling of disappointment, that he had been too late to make a tender even of his sympathy and services to Lady Belvidere, while they might yet have been available.

MY DAY-BOOK.

Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps remembered not.

* * * * *

Things light or lovely in their acted time. BYRON.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—LORD BACON.

It has been said, that a very curious and interesting book might be composed, if one of ordinary experience, and acquaintance with letters, were to set down but *one fresh idea or one anecdote*, which he had either heard or read every day: I here begin such a collection, and will write till I am dry.—BISHOP SANDFORD.

March 2.—*True Charity.*—A poor old woman had orders from a butcher to come to his stall every market-day, for a portion of meat, which a benevolent individual (who desired to be unknown) gave regularly to several indigent industrious persons. One day she was receiving it as usual, and chanced to see Mr. B. (reputed to be equally rich and covetous) standing near, and observing the distribution of the meat; in a burst of grateful eloquence and virtuous indignation, she exclaimed, "Ah, how long will it be before *you* do as much for the poor? God bless the giver!"

Mr. B. and the butcher exchanged a furtive glance, and the latter was interested afterwards to hear the former declare that he "then reaped the full reward of his gifts when he found that he could so well bear her reproaches." *He* was the unknown benefactor.

March 3.—The stature of the mind, like that of the body, sometimes stops growing for years, and again will shoot up, one knoweth not how, in a few short hours. Some characters are made in a moment.

March 4.—People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

March 5.—*Manners versus Morals.*—A recent elopement was discussed before old Lady Betty C., who took occasion to astonish her auditors by protesting her belief, that *manners* more frequently prevented such disgraceful affairs than *morals*, adding, "For my own part, I confess that sixty years this very day *I* should have gone off with Captain Gorget of the Guards, if my nightcaps had been in good trim."

March 6.—There *are* persons who will drown themselves to duck another, and many will get over shoes to splash a neighbour. Belinda says, "I know that Chloe must be thirty, for she was turned of age when I was twenty-three." Tom Wildash cries, "I wonder how the deuce Dick keeps afloat; his timbers cannot be very sound, for he was in the Bench when I was laid in lavender."

Fair Chloe, too, is "free to own Belinda's teeth are fine, but so they ought, we both employ the same dentist, and he is the first in town."

March 7.—What *dates* lie buried in a crowded drawer!

March 8.—*Fast and Loose.*—Perhaps one should feel in matrimony

as we do when our favourite songs are *bound up*; so long as they are loose, and throwing about from the desk to the Canterbury, from the Canterbury to the floor, we like to take them up and sing them, and fancy that we delight in them extremely; once let them be bound and the greatest favourites are no longer prized.

March 9.—*The Master Key.*—On saying to a lady who was absently examining a huge bunch of keys that lay near her on the sofa, "Is one of your keys a *master* key?" Mr. I. wittily said, "No; but she has often *missed her* keys."—(Mr. Keys.)

March 10.—*The Bankrupt Banker.*—An extravagant bankrupt banker was asked by his vexed creditors how he could account for the disposal of his capital. His reply might be applicable to many others if they were as candid—"I have educated my sons and married my daughters."

March 11.—*The Cornelius of the North.*—At the time that Russia was so sorely beset by the French, the ladies testified their patriotism by sacrificing their jewels to the public fund. When tranquillity was restored, these jewels (of which authenticated lists had been carefully preserved) were replaced by, in many cases, exact fac-similes, but *all in iron.* Many bracelets had the head of the emperor beautifully executed, but all in the same stern material; no unapt type of the harsh circumstances which led to the generous sacrifice.

March 12.—*Tradesmen* often try to sell their goods by assuring customers that they "sell more of this article than any in their shop." Such assurance has always upon me the effect of warning me not to purchase a hat precisely like that of all my neighbours.

March 13.—Some individuals are not rich enough *to afford* to be mean—the wealthy may indulge in being so with impunity.

March 14.—*A Child's thought true Philosophy.—Mamma.* "Fetch me your gloves, Hal, off the hall table, and I will mend them this evening."

Hal. "Mamma, I do not like to go—it is dark."

Mamma. "Does the dark hurt you, Hal?"

Hal. "No, but I dread it, for it is always *black.*"

March 15.—*Many a "Good Day's" Work.*—A popular physician declared that he believed he owed great part of his success to his *daily address.*

"How so?" asked a friend.

"I never," replied the doctor, "offend the tenacious plebeian by saying 'Good morning,' when *he* has dined, nor the conventional patrician by saying 'Good afternoon,' before *he* has done so."

"What then?"

"I say 'Good day,' and thrive by it."

March 16.—*Moral from the Forty Thieves.*—The late Lord C—h used to say, that he had learnt, from his experience in diplomacy, the wisdom of the wife of Ali Baba, who secretly *greased* the measure which she lent to her husband's brother, to find out what had been put into it, by what remained therein. You may generally discover what a companion's mind has been *measuring* last, for if he be properly greased, some portion of his secret thoughts will be betrayed by his words, and a skilful politician will turn this to account, as was done in the Forty Thieves.

March 17.—*Truth in Childhood.*—There was sound truth in little Hal's philosophy, when he declared "he could see any colour he liked on his pillow." He meant by pressing his eyes tightly down upon it. Has not an older eye the same power and inclination?

March 18.—Many eager aspirants after fame forget that nothing has a *firm* foundation, whose whole structure is disclosed. The splendid pillar, with triumphal statue, strikes our eye, and while we gaze enraptured, we are too apt to overlook the fact, that its *foundation is deep in the ground.* But nothing that is intrinsically good or great is based upon a surface; and they who seek to be the builders of a lasting work must be content to dig, and lay the groundwork deep, securely, and unseen.

March 19.—Too many writers of fiction of the present day continue to draw characters, as copyists do their paintings, i. e. *copying mere copies*, and often even by formulæ, till the whole is gross caricature, instead of that free, bold sketching from the life, which only can win popularity, and be secure of fame, when sketch and sketcher both have ceased to be aught but a memory of the days gone by.

March 20.—*Curiosities of Literature*, (not D'Israeli's.)—When Britton published his "Cathedral Remains," M'Kenzie made a fine drawing of Chantrey's lovely monument to the two children of W. Robertson in Litchfield cathedral. It was so elaborately filled up with architectural remains in the back-ground, that Mr. Britton, fearing the cost would be too great, instructed Le Keux to finish only the tombs, and to leave merely the outline of the other parts of the drawing. Repton coming in, and hearing this, took up in sportive mischief the engraving needle, and, unknown to Le Keux, scratched at the foot of another monumental Latin inscription, which hangs over the tomb, (distinct from it,) in fairy characters: "A fine drawing spoiled by John Britton." The plate was struck off, and several impressions got into circulation, among others, that in the writer's library.

March 21.—*The Clouds.*—Clouds are a mystery in our childish years, and haply not less so in after life.

Beautiful curtains between earth and heaven! *sole instance ye of motion void of noise, of colour without mass, of form without compression!* What is it clips ye round, and weaves your varied shapes, and tints your dazzling hues?

> "Tranquil its spirit seems and floateth slow,
> *Even in its very motion there is rest.*"
>
> WILSON.

Yes, there is rest among your crowded folds, and we may note the delicate tinctures, and almost count their shades; anon a breeze sweeps by, and the light fabric melts away, more softly than the foam floats on the summer-sea—than morning steals on night—than age succeeds to youth; but it were vain to multiply what it excels! There is but *one* flush on this nether earth, which can compete in softness, brilliancy, and beauty with the summer's cloud—the radiant blush of woman as it glows and fades!

March 22.—*The Cow-Lady.*—Lord and Lady B. carried their

young family to Spa. During a stay of several weeks they became familiarly acquainted with many of the neighbouring peasants, and one old woman availed herself so far of his lordship's benevolence, as to create an interest for herself in his mind. In one of their chats she contrived to say—"If I had but a cow, I should be perfectly happy." His lordship resolved to make her so, and accordingly a cow was bought, and given to her, and the family left Spa on a tour while her raptures were at their height.

March 23.—After an absence of two months the family returned, and Lord B., curious to know how high the thermometer of perfect happiness stood, called at the cottage. On his entrance, the old dame exclaimed—"O the bonny cow, the beautiful cow! She is a perfect treasure, my lord! It only grieves me not to have a hovel, however poor, to shelter the beast in at night."

The happiness-giver was piqued to try and complete his work; the hovel was built, and behold the old dame on the summit of possession, happy!

The party went to Paris; but as the winter came, worked their way back to Spa, where one of the first to welcome them was "the cow-lady," as the children called her.

"Well, how go on the cow and her house?" asked my lord.

"O sir, how *can* they go on, when there's no hay for the beast? if I *had* but a haystack!"

Nothing but an expectation that he might be asked for the field it had grown on, could have deterred his lordship from adding the hay-stack.

This event happened many years ago, but "the children," who have now children of their own, (and lovely children too,) always know papa is in a peculiarly happy vein, when after dinner he tells the story of "The Cow-lady and the Haystack."

March 24.—Castles in the air are the shuttlecocks of sixteen; as fast as one falls, another springs up in its place, and there is no brain so cool, no head so fully filled with the fashionable *ologies* of the hour, but some odd day in youth, a coach and six, or its equivalent, hath driven through it.

March 25.—A man shows as scant a stock of ideas as of gallantry, who compliments one woman at the expense of another.

March 26.—*The Tell-tale Trees.*—A facetious old gentleman rode one day along a road, which two lovers had previously perambulated the same morning; the young lady was visiting in his house. When they met at dinner the damsel asked her host, "if he had had a pleasant ride."

"Extremely so, my dear; the trees whispered to me all the way."

"Indeed, sir! what could they say?"

"Why, my dear, the great oak outside the town told me, that you had paused under it to adjust your shawl; the elm-row said that Sir A. had squeezed your hand the whole way it extends; the fir-belt betrayed the tender declaration, and the stunted little sycamore had heard the first kiss."

March 27.—I have known the simplicity of childhood in persons of mature age, and again, the grossness of experience, in those who could not have *learned* ill.

March 28.—*Peter the Second.*—A rascally broken-down lawyer was the constant plague of his fraternity, as he always took care to tax each one he met: he asked for *loans*, but his friends knew well that by loans was meant gifts.

Our Peter Peebles called one day (in the week previous to the assizes) on a prosperous brother attorney, and modestly preferred the old request—"the loan of a guinea."

The tired-out lawyer said,—"Here are two guineas, which I'll gladly give you out and out, if you engage never to come to me again."

Peter's grave face of calculation was a fine study at this moment. But he withstood temptation—magnanimously waving the guineas from him, he exclaimed with his slow-shaking head—"I feel your kindness, sir, and am most grateful for it; but I must be allowed to say that I rate *your* acquaintance at far more than two guineas; besides, sir, my best harvest (the assizes) now is near, and if I can but rub on till then by borrowing *one* from you, my rents will come in duly from the bench and the bar."

Peter was right—his friend's acquaintance *was* proved to be worth more than two guineas, and he was wise not to *lower his rents*.

March 29.—*The Cynthia of the moment.*—"How dull fair Cynthia looked to-night," said a Lydia Languish, one morning to her waiting-maid, as she disrobed after driving home from the county ball.

"*What* young lady was dull, because she did not get partners, ma'am?" asked the puzzled abigail.

March 30.—State, like velvet, is heavy and cumbersome alone, but when it adorns the satin of courtesy, it is elegant, rich, and admired.

March 31.—*Quid pro quo.*—The last Duke of A—— married his daughter's governess.

"I wonder," said he to the Marquis of E., (who had married a poor Welsh girl,) "that you did not persuade Lady E. to learn French."

"I wanted her for my *wife*, not my *governess*," retorted the marquis.

To be continued.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Works of Ben Jonson. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings. By BARRY CORNWALL.

This is a compact, serviceable, and beautiful volume—honourable to the English press, and to the spirited publisher that has superintended it, and put it forth. Though, in order to get such an immense deal of matter into one, not cumbrous volume, the type employed is not large, it is admirably sharp and clear. The paper is excellent. As illustrations, we have an admirable portrait of "rare Ben," engraved by H. Robinson, after the original picture by Gerard Honthorst; and a view of Hawthornden, by W. Finden, after J. D. Harding. This view is a beautiful little thing, but we cannot help thinking it misplaced and out of character. A sketch of some London tavern, or antique theatre, would have been a far more appropriate illustration. These were the scenes of Ben's glory—the places where he spent his life. He was only once at Hawthornden, and then but for a fortnight—and this fortnight was not the brightest or most honourable of his life; for, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, we cannot but attach some weight to his conversations, as recorded by his host, the accomplished William Drummond of Hawthornden. If any old view of the "Mermaid" could be discovered, that were the fittest illustration!

The editor has executed his task with his usual taste, intelligence, and learning. His introductory memoir is so admirable and amusing, that we regret he has not given us more of it. His good sense and good feeling are displayed in his most judicious appreciation of Jonson's genius and character. He does not, like Mr. Gifford and editors in general, extravagantly overrate his subject. He says, in commencing,

"The Life of Ben Jonson has been repeatedly written; sometimes carelessly, and not unfrequently in a hostile spirit. By these means, and through the treachery of Drummond, the old poet became for many years a by-word in biography: somewhat respected indeed, from a vague superstition attached to his name, ('O rare BEN JONSON!') from his undoubted learning, and from his having been the contemporary and associate of Shakspeare; but otherwise, for the most part, jeered at or condemned, as a boastful and malignant man, in the world of letters; and as a tetchy, quarrelsome, ungrateful, and ill-conditioned person, in all that related to social life.

"In the year 1816, however, the reports and allegations which had so long passed current with ordinary readers, and, in fact, had been taken upon trust even by the critics themselves, were sifted and commented on, with unsparing severity, by the

late Mr. Gifford; and Jonson at last received large amends for all former injuries, from the pen of a new biographer. Hereafter, the 'Memoirs' of Mr. Gifford must constitute the foundation for all arguments touching the Poet's moral character. In regard to his *literary* pretensions, (a question depending on opinion, rather than facts,) something must be deducted, we think, from the amount of Jonson's merits, as summed up by Mr. Gifford. The critic's indignation at the many calumnies propagated, during so many years, against his favourite author, led to his rendering him (so to speak) *extreme* justice.

"Mr. Gifford's work commences with a motto, extracted from the eulogy of Cleveland. And this, although not strictly a sample of the biography itself, announces to the reader the spirit in which it is written. Ben Jonson lived at the same 'time' with almost all our eminent dramatists who preceded the commonwealth, (including Shakspeare himself,) and yet we find him characterised, in the eulogy above referred to, as

> 'The Muse's *fairest* light in no dark time;
> The wonder of a learned age; *the line*
> *Which none can pass*; the most proportioned wit;
> To Nature, the best judge what was fit;
> The *deepest*, plainest, HIGHEST, clearest pen,' &c.

phrases which, however sincerely bestowed, are, to say the least, injudicious in themselves; and moreover do not seem well adapted to herald a critical narrative, in which strict testimony and 'the rigour of the game' are very fiercely insisted upon, at the hands of every opponent.

"We think that Mr. Gifford has estimated Jonson too highly."

The early incidents of Ben's life are familiar to every reader. He was born in Westminster in the year 1574. His father, who is described as a Scottish gentleman, but very poor, died about a month before our author came into existence. The widow married a master bricklayer, living in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross. Some generous friend, whose name is unknown, sent Ben to Westminster School, and afterwards to Cambridge. But, through some circumstances not explained, Ben was compelled to quit the university after a very short stay, and to return to his mother's house. His stepfather wanted to make a bricklayer of him; but Ben, after wielding the trowel for a brief space, preferred trailing the pike; and enlisting as a common soldier, he went into Flanders. There, according to his own account, he vanquished an enemy in single combat, slew him, and bore off the spoils in presence of two admiring armies. After a campaig nor two, he seems to have disliked a soldier's life as much as a bricklayer's. He returned to England, and commenced his career as an actor and a writer for the stage, being then only nineteen or twenty years of age.

"The commencement of Jonson's dramatic career is hid in obscurity. It is probable that he acted at the theatre called 'The Green Curtain,' in Shoreditch, and it is tolerably certain that he made additions to existing plays, and wrote others, in conjunction with contemporary poets. These, in fact, were his sole or principal means of support. Whether he acted badly, as is asserted by some, or wrote unsuccessfully, as is alleged by others, remains uncertain; and, in effect, these matters are not very important. There is no entire play, traceable to his pen, anterior to 'Every Man in his Humour,' which was not produced till November, 1596. Previously to that time, however, he seems to have established a footing at the theatres. Amongst other things, he was employed to make additions to a play, by Kyd, called 'The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again.' It has been stated by some authors, that he took 'Mad Jeronymo's' part. This is denied by Mr. Gifford, who quotes several passages to show that the personater of Jeronymo must necessarily have been of small stature. Now, to show how careful critics should be who deal hard measure to their brethren of the craft, the passages quoted by Mr. Gifford are taken from *another* play, entitled (when it was subsequently printed in 1605) 'The first part of Jeronymo,'—a production which has not been established to be the work of Kyd,—to which Jonson did not make additions,—and in which certainly Jeronymo is not mad at all. In the other play—a continuation indeed of the history

contained in the 'First Part,'—there is no mention of any stature peculiar to Jeronymo, and therefore the character might have been played, without any inconsistency obvious to the audience, by an actor of any bulk or height."

Soon after this—that is, within the course of two or three years—Ben was thrown into prison, changed his religion, and married a Catholic wife. He was wont to say that the cause of his imprisonment was the killing of a brother actor (*whose name was never known*) in a duel, wherein his adversary fought with a sword *ten inches* longer than his own! Mr. Procter, or Barry Cornwall, doubts some parts of this story. We doubt, or rather disbelieve, it altogether. It is very possible that the poet was for some time in prison, but the cause we apprehend to have been *debt*, or the changing of his religion. The "glorious days of good Queen Bess" were very intolerant days. The gaols were crowded with Catholics, and backsliding Protestants were treated as dangerous renegades and traitors. Ben was only a temporary convert—he returned to the bosom of the English church. In 1596, when only twenty-two years old, he brought out his "Every Man in his Humour," which instantly became very popular. In 1598 it was acted at the Black Friars—*William Shakspeare being one of the actors in it.* In this part of the memoir the amiable and right-minded editor rescues the character of Shakspeare from one of old Gifford's sneers and implications. In 1599 Jonson produced "Every Man out of his Humour," which attracted to the theatre the Virgin Queen, who was complimented at the end of the play by "an elegant panegyric." No doubt Elizabeth, who had an enormous stomach for flattery, thought these lines *pour l'occasion* the best in the play; we agree with Mr. Procter in thinking them the very worst. "Cynthia's Revels" and "the Poetaster" soon followed. In 1603 Ben's *tragedy* of Sejanus was acted at the Globe, and about the same time he became a frequenter of "The Mermaid" tavern, the familiar haunt of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and others—men to be named cap in hand—with crossing and blessing, if good Protestants were allowed such practices. Snug, in the arms of the sea-syren, these choice spirits brightened their wit with their wine, and their wine with their wit.

"Beaumont's lines to Jonson—

> 'What things have we seen
> Done at 'The Mermaid!'" &c.

are well known to the readers of dramatic poetry, who are also aware of the reference made by contemporary writers to this agreeable resort of the Elizabethan wits. Fuller's account of the pleasant 'wit-contests' which took place there, between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, has more than once found its way into later publications; nevertheless we shall venture to extract it once more:—'Many were the *wit-contests* between him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare (like the latter) lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.' Of Ben himself, Fuller, in another place, says, 'His parts were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur: so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit*, wrought out by his own industry."

In this same year the great Elizabeth died. To the far greater part of the writings of Shakspeare the pedantic, conceited, wrong-headed James must have been utterly insensible, but there was much in Ben Jonson that would square with his humour and taste; and doubtlessly he liked his bad, strained, artificial things best. This new sovereign (we can scarcely excuse Mr. Procter for calling him good-natured and learned) employed Ben about court to write pageants and masques; he made him poet laureate in 1616, and towards the end of his reign, in 1621, he granted him,

by letters patent, the office of master of the revels,—in reversion after the death of Sir George Buck and Sir John Astley. But there is always an unpleasant uncertainty in waiting for dead men's shoes—Sir John Astley survived poor Ben, who, upon the death of James, became poorer and poorer, and sick of palsy besides. By some ingenious applications, however, he successively obtained from Charles I. that his salary as laureate should be raised from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds sterling, and that a tierce of Canary, his favourite drink, should be added to the cash. The royal warrant or grant was signed in 1630.

"Besides this pension from the crown, Jonson had also been in the habit of receiving from the city a yearly stipend of one hundred nobles. This was given as a sort of retaining fee for his services, to be rendered when called upon. By these means, and with the money which he obtained from the exercise of his pen, he was enabled to keep a good table, and to entertain his friends and admirers; a pleasure that he was by no means backward to enjoy. Indeed, he carried his love of hospitality to a pitch of imprudence, and kept up his feasts when his pension from the city had ceased, and he was otherwise but indifferently provided for. Howell (one of the cleverest letter-writers, by the way, in the English language) speaks of one of Jonson's suppers, held a few years afterwards, (1636,) in an epistle to Sir Thomas Hawk:—'I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the year, that though Ben had barrelled up a good knowledge, yet, it seems, he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who, having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon, she took a mouthful of claret, and spouted it into the hollow bird. Such an accident happened in this entertainment. You know, *propria laus sordet in ore*: be a man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's praise stink, if he makes his own mouth the conduit-pipe of it. But, for my part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that Time hath snowed upon his pericranium.'"

We had no notion that Mr. Procter was so convivial! He adds:

"We are not inclined to quarrel with Ben's festivities; (although we think, with Howell, that they might have been equally well relished without the seasoning of self-commendation.) On the contrary, we like to hear that a poet is able to be festive. The Muses should be fed generously. Good meats and sound wines nourish and invigorate the brain. They enable the Imagination to send forth spirited and sounding strains. An ascetic diet cramps and weakens the poet's growth: it chills the fancy, and nips the flower of poesy in the bud. We are not, we confess, of Michael Cassio's way of thinking. He was 'an arithmetician, forsooth,' and was unworthy of wine. The gleams of Rüdesheim and Lafitte, of 'Burgundy with all its sunset glow,' should gladden only the eyes of true idolaters. Ben was a lover of good eating and drinking; but he did not sing the praises of the great Libyan with half the energy or gusto of Fletcher, his brother poet. Hear how that excellent writer speaks, when under a Bacchanalian inspiration.

"'God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung,
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim;
In the crimson liquor swim:
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine!'"

In 1633, owing to a quarrel with Inigo Jones, who used to do the mechanical and decorative part of the masques, Ben fell into disgrace at court, and lost the money that was to be made in writing the pageants,

&c. In the same year the London aldermen stopped their pension—"their chandelry pension," as he called it in his spite at losing it. From this time he must have floated in very low water, although it should appear he was not absolutely grounded on the shoals of poverty and want, and he slipped his cable in time to escape the civil wars, when the king had something else to do with his money than to pay pensions to Laureates—when there was no more piping and dancing—no more play-going, for the bigoted puritans put the seal of their righteousness upon the doors of all the theatres, declared all players and play-writers, not even excepting the divine Shakspeare, to be an abomination unto the Lord.

"After encountering more than the usual vicissitudes which chequer the life of man, Ben Jonson died on the 6th day of August, 1637, a widower, and childless. He had reached the age of sixty-three years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a common pavement stone was laid over his grave, having on it this brief inscription,—'O RARE BEN JONSON!'"

As specimens of the excellent editor's powers of criticism, we subjoin a few passages which we would recommend our readers to get by heart.

SHAKSPEARE AND JONSON COMPARED.

"Shakspeare was (and *is*) beyond all competition the greatest poet that the world has ever seen. He is greatest in general power, and greatest in style, which is a symbol or evidence of power. For the motion of verse corresponds with the power of the poet; as the swell and tumult of the sea answer to the winds that call them up. From Lear down to Pericles there ought to be no mistake between Shakspeare and any other writer. And, in considering his qualities, it should ever be remembered that he was not a mere poet in the vulgar sense of the term; that is to say, a creature dwelling in the regions of fancy, babbling in verse, dreaming in the sunshine, and spinning idle (although ingenious) metaphors. On the contrary, he was a man eminently acute, logical, philosophical. His reasoning faculty was on a par with his imagination, and pervaded all his works as completely. His Henry the Fifth proves that he could argue a case with the precision of a lawyer. His Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Troilus and Cressida, Lear, The Tempest, and the historical plays, show that he was profoundly versed in the secrets and ends of government, the movements of factions, the administration and abuse of justice, and all that constitutes the political world. We hold him to have been 'not one, but LEGION!' And we think that in all the cases where critics have attempted to distinguish him by any one particular excellence of intellect, they have failed. One writer has brought forward his imagination, another his sublimity or humour, whilst Mr. Gifford refers to his wit,—in which he surely has been equalled. If we ourselves were desired to point to any one quality as predominant above the rest, we should be inclined to fix upon the infinite *delicacy* of his mind, which (with equal subtlety and judgment) defined the thousand shades and varieties of human character,—all that lies between the good and the bad, the strong and the weak, the lofty and the low. Or, we might perhaps rest on that marvellous freedom from egotism, which enabled him to create so many beings, (all with the true stamp of humanity upon them,) without betraying a single touch of any humour or infirmity peculiar to himself. But we should do neither. For his great merit, as it appears to us, is, that he had no peculiar or prominent merit. His mind was so well constituted, so justly and admirably balanced, that it had *nothing in excess*. It was the harmonious combination, the well-adjusted powers, aiding and answering to each other, as occasion required, that produced his completeness, and constituted, as we think, the secret of his great entire intellectual strength!

"It is small disparagement to Jonson, to say that he stands second only to so wonderful a man. And we think that, on the whole, he must be held (in the drama) to occupy the *second* place. The palm should always be given to originality, and amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, Jonson was the most original.

* * * * *

"Jonson stood alone. His course lay beside that of Shakspeare; not in his track. He took his way, on a far lower level, it is true, yet on a way that he had himself discovered. He borrowed help, indeed, not unfrequently from his friends

the ancients, and illuminated his subjects with their thoughts; but, so far as regards the style or constitution of his plays, Jonson was decidedly original. He owed as little to his contemporaries, or to the English poets who preceded him, as Shakspeare himself.

"But whilst we allow this, we must not shut our eyes to his defects. And, in considering the claims of Jonson, as a poet and man of letters, upon the respect of posterity, we think that we shall not only do ourselves more credit, but that we shall deal more fairly with his fame, by not exceeding the due bounds of panegyric. There is nothing more trying to the reputation of a writer, than the unwholesome praises of an indiscreet apologist. Whether they proceed from the weakness or insincerity of the persons praising, the consequences are equally perilous. They raise up a strong body of opponents—some from envy of the author, some from hatred of the critic, and a few from the love of truth alone. For most persons are affronted at having dogmas thrust upon them, with airs of authority, which their own reason is very quick to reject. In many cases, an author is raised above his level, by comparing him with another of undoubted fame, and who has partisans in every person capable of forming a rational judgment. Few things are more dangerous than this; and few things exhibit a greater defect in the critic, than the fact of his being compelled to arrive at the sum of his author's capacity, by comparing him with some cotemporary. It is as though he had no positive qualities. It is always disparaging to one party, and sometimes to both. Besides, the test is never perfect. There are no two men alike in all things. There are some points on which they cannot by any possible ingenuity be brought into direct comparison; and hence there never can, by these means, be a complete estimate of either.

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"Nothing, one would suppose, could be more unwise than to bring Jonson in comparison with our great dramatic poet. Yet the "judgment" of Jonson (always a favourite point with his admirers) has been praised at the expense of that of Shakspeare. To admit that Shakspeare was the greater genius, was unavoidable. So, in order to give Jonson something towards an equipoise, his "judgment" was thrown into the scale. This mode of arranging the merits of the two poets has been admitted without an examination, and has now become a common-place, with all persons who are readier to believe than to investigate a proposition—by which we mean the majority of readers.

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"In the present case, we think that the received idea is an error in criticism. For, when we speak of 'judgment,' we must mean judgment in reference to the *entire* drama, not to a mere arrangement of scenes or events, (which are little more than its mechanism,) but to the construction and developement of characters, the conduct and style of the dialogue, and the general truth and completeness of the play. Now, taking all these things into consideration, there cannot, we conceive, be a doubt as to the immense superiority of Shakspeare. In the management of his scenes, Jonson is frequently injudicious, inasmuch as he is very prolix and inactive, making little or no progress in the story; whilst the speeches, as in 'Catiline,' and other dramas, are tedious beyond those of any contemporary writer. He is injudicious, where he introduces into his dramas a multitude of characters who throw no light upon the story, and lend no interest to it, occupying space that had better have been bestowed upon the principal agents of the plot. He is injudicious, because he has selected subjects of temporary fashion and interest as the ground-works for the display of his humour; instead of resorting to those qualities of the mind, which, however they may vary with circumstances, are nevertheless permanent in themselves, and matters of interest to all men. Again, the very principle and essence of a play consists in its attracting the sympathy of the audience, for one or more of the persons of the drama; and yet there is scarcely a male, and not one female character in the entire range of Jonson's plays, concerning whose fate we trouble ourselves even for an instant. It is these drawbacks that,—notwithstanding much good and some beautiful writing, notwithstanding an abundance of sententious sayings, and a great deal of wit and humour,—have banished the dramas of Ben Jonson from the English stage.

"And yet, the works of our author richly deserve the attention of every one desirous of becoming acquainted with English literature. For he is a sound and sensible thinker at all times. His style is, for the most part, pure and natural; sometimes, indeed, degenerating into vulgarity, (we mean, beyond what the subject requires,) but rarely exhibiting any of those signs of bombast and pretension which distinguish a weak writer. If Jonson did not feel the highest inspiration of 'the

god,' he was at least free from the false afflatus. He had no affectation, no hypocrisy. He never lent himself to mean or dishonest purposes. His objects were to brand vice and ridicule folly; and he did this with a vigorous hand. Generally speaking, he is sententious, witty, humorous, learned, observant, and acute; rich in illustration; frequently airy and fanciful; rarely pathetic; and never sublime. In enforcing a proposition, however, he accumulates sentence after sentence, thought after thought, till the original idea is lost, or looks impoverished, amidst the wealth with which it is surrounded. This not only injures the idea, but mars the truth of his characters. It is the fault even of Sir Epicure Mammon's splendid visions. There is nothing savouring of luxury which the Roman writers have put upon record, that he does not treat us with. A true epicure would have had a more select taste, we think, and have contented himself with fewer delicacies. At all events, he would not have placed all things upon a level; for that shows that he had a true relish for none. He who appreciates wines, likes the best wines, which are few. He who really loves 'the sex,' loves but one woman,—at a time.

"Jonson's great strength lay in satire, and in his power of depicting manners. As a censor of morals, as a corrector of the vices and follies of his age, he deserves especial remark. At those times, he seems really in earnest. He forgets his learning and his books, and sends forth his indignation or his contempt in condensed and vigorous sentences. The invectives which some of his characters lavish on others, are models in their way. The hate or scorn which they exhibit is intense. Nothing can exceed the abuse, except the recrimination. There is no title or epithet wanting, which the dictionary of the vulgar tongue presents: there is no sparing, no relenting; neither delicacy nor remorse. If the accusation is like some biting acid, the retort is the actual cautery.

"As moral satires, or as histories, putting upon record the manners and humours of the age in which he lived, Jonson's plays are extremely valuable. But we cannot prevail upon ourselves to entertain great respect for his (mere) *dramatic* talent. For his characters do not represent men and women, with the medley of vices and virtues common to human nature about them; but each is the personification of some one single humour, and no more. There is no fluctuation —no variety or relief in them. His people speak with a malice prepense. They utter by rote what is set down for them, every one pursuing one leading idea from beginning to end, and taking his cue evidently from the prompting of the poet. They speak nothing spontaneously. The original design of each character is pursued so rigidly, that, let what will happen, the one single humour is ever uppermost, always the same in point of force, the same in its mode of demonstration; instead of being operated on by circumstances, increased or weakened, hurried or delayed, or turned aside, as the case may require.

"Taking them, however, for what they are, they possess great merit. They have nothing to do with the passions, and do not contain the elements of the higher drama. But as abstractions, or personifications of humours, his people are in excellent keeping. They are full of wit, good sense, and shrewd observation; and exhibit the masculine character of the author, his learning, his industry, and his perseverance, (not to say inveteracy of purpose,) to perfection.

"If Jonson intended, as we will presume, to describe manners, to embody humours, and to scatter his wit and indignation upon the vices and follies of the world around him, he has succeeded in his design. And it would be unjust indeed to try him by a rule that does not apply to his particular case, or to insist that he is wanting in those excellences that he never sought to attain. In his own way he need not fear comparison with any one. It is only when his admirers lift him up, unwisely, to the height of Shakspeare, that he falls, and seems for a moment to lose his real stature and elevation."

The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts; with an English Translation and Notes. By Lady CHARLOTTE GUEST. Part I. *Containing the Lady of the Fountain.*

We wish there were more Lady Charlotte Guests in the world, or more rich ladies with her taste, learning, enthusiasm for ancient, national fragments and noble liberality; for then the poor student might be feasted

on many a choice *morceau* now wholly out of his reach, and which it can never suit trading publishers to put within it—seeing that such things must ever remain caviar to the book-buying multitude. Nor have we a right to exact from booksellers, any more than from any other class of traders, that they should gratify our tastes at the expense of heavy losses to themselves. The true way of doing the work is by club and association—but here, unfortunately, it is difficult to count on numbers, and the most enthusiastic are so apt—so very apt—to be *the poorest.*

A Welsh Manuscript Society has risen out of the meetings of the Cymreigyddion, and has undertaken the publication of the Llyfr Llandaff, or Liber Landavensis, which has long been a desideratum in British history. In announcing the progress made in this work to the Abergavenny Anniversary Meeting of the Parent Society, the Rev. T. Price, of Crickhowel, a gentleman honourably distinguished by his acquaintance with the ancient literature of his country, and his ardent zeal and love for it, added with gratified and gratifying feelings—

"There is another work in progress of considerable importance to the literary world, and that is the collection of the *Mabinogion*, or Legendary Tales of the Welsh. These curious relics are of the same stock with those ancient British traditions which furnished the first materials of the imaginative compositions of the various nations of modern Europe, and *in many instances they appear to contain the original subjects of the early romances of chivalry.* As a desire had often been expressed to see these interesting remains brought before the public, several attempts were made both by individuals and Literary Societies to accomplish this object, but from some cause or other they all proved unsuccessful; and either the absence of literary qualifications, or the want of pecuniary resources, placed an insurmountable obstacle in the way. Those who possessed abilities for the work could not venture to risk the expense; their more affluent countrymen were men not competent to the task, or else had no disposition for undertaking it. But it is with feelings of gratitude and exultation we are able to announce that the principality has, at last, found one possessed of talent and public spirit equal to her undertaking, and whose circumstances admit of bringing forward the work in a style worthy of its national importance, and that is our amiable and liberal patroness, Lady Charlotte Guest. When our difficulties were made known to Lady Charlotte Guest, she offered such assistance as might have been expected sufficient to extricate us effectually; but here new obstacles arose, which pecuniary aid alone was not able to remove. When we were thus foiled and disappointed in all our endeavours to publish the *Mabinogion*, and had given up the project in despair, Lady Charlotte Guest, with a promptness and energy so characteristic of herself, said, '*I will translate the work myself, and publish it at my own expense.*' To those amongst us who knew the difficulties attending the translation of these old compositions, in consequence of the numerous and obscure allusions they contained to occurrences long forgotten, this appeared a task more easily undertaken than accomplished; and however we might admire the resolution, we certainly did not entertain very sanguine expectations of the result; but in this we had formed a very erroneous estimate; Lady Charlotte Guest, without any further delay, procured a transcript of these compositions from the Library of Jesus College, and in a very short time produced a translation of the most admirable description. She then had recourse to the MSS. in the British Museum, and other sources of information, in order to illustrate the work; and finding that there was in the King's Library in Paris the counterpart to one of the *Mabinogion*, written in old French, and never yet published, she, without regard to expense, procured a transcript of that MS., which will be given in the Notes at the commencement of the publication. But a very few months have elapsed since this work was commenced, and so rapidly and so successfully has it proceeded, that I have now the pleasure of offering to your notice the first part of the *Mabinogion*, containing notes, and *facsimile* specimens of several MSS. And although the translator is at this moment on the other side of the Alps, yet we have assurances that the *Mabinogion* are not neglected. What additional illustrations she may discover among the libraries of Italy, I cannot venture to predict; but I can state, that having found a similar tale to the one now before you in an ancient Saga, in the Icelandic language, she is actually in treaty for a copy of that composition from the Royal Library of Copenhagen, in order that nothing may be left undone towards making this national work as complete as its

important character requires. I therefore most cordially congratulate my country upon the good fortune which has at last befallen their ancient national treasures; as, when I consider her knowledge of the Welsh language, her intimate acquaintance with the early literature of Europe, the works of Trouveres and writers of romance, and also her station in life, and the munificent patronage she has always afforded our literature, I know no person so competent to do justice to this work as Lady Charlotte Guest."

In this statement the value of the old relics is not exaggerated; they will be precious in the eyes of all who love to trace habits and manners, and the history and progress of romance. Nor is too much praise bestowed on the *learning* of Lady Guest, whose spirited translation, valuable notes, annotations, and parallels, between these Welsh Legendary Tales and the early romances of France and other countries, fully justify —nay, more than justify—the eulogium. We must not fail to add, that this curious volume is most beautifully printed by Mr. Rees of Llandovery.

Travels in Town. By the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. 2 vols.

In our last number we gave from some of the earlier sheets of this work, with which we had been favoured, extracts from the article entitled "Tattersall's and the Turf." We have since received the whole, and find it to the full as interesting as those former works of the author which have attained such extensive popularity. Not that we would be understood to say that we consider his statements always accurate; in such a multiplicity of particulars the marvel rather is, that he should be so frequently correct; but that there runs throughout the author's various productions so graphic and lively a vein, as is almost sure to lodge in the reader's memory such an amount of useful information, as it would perhaps be scarcely possible for him to gather in the same compass elsewhere.

The work is divided into the following heads—The Streets—The Park —Tattersall's and the Turf—Downing Street—The British Museum—The Newsmen—The Post Office—Bookselling—Paternoster Row—Religious Denominations.

Each of these subjects is treated of fully, beginning at the beginning, in the author's accustomed manner. Wherever we open these volumes, we find amusement and information. We shall, however, prefer quoting the following, which we have no doubt will interest many of our readers: it is at least a subject in which *we* must be supposed to feel interested.

"I need hardly observe that the Bookselling business first commenced in London. It is worthy of remark, that the great body of the Booksellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had their shops near each other, and that the locality they chose for the purpose was in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. Thus the same part of London as that in which our Paternoster Row is situated, has, from the introduction of Bookselling into this country as a distinct branch of business, up to the present time, a period of more than three hundred years, been the great mart of literature.

"I had occasion to mention in a previous work, that the number of new books annually published in London,—most of which are sold at the wholesale prices in Paternoster Row,—has averaged, for two or three years past, 1,500 a year. What the number was towards the close of the seventeenth century—at which time, as far as I have been able to learn, the Trade as a body took up their abode in their present locality—I cannot state with confidence. I am convinced, however, that it could not, including reprints, have exceeded 150 annually: for books were then expensive, and the taste for reading was chiefly confined to the clergy, and the professors and

other learned men in the colleges. But the fact which chiefly fortifies me in the position I have advanced, is, that in the year of the great fire, namely, 1666, it is stated in a petition of the printers of London to Parliament, that their number was only 140. It is probable that twenty of these may have been employed in press-work; for pressmen and compositors at that time, as in some cases they do still, went indiscriminately by the general designation of printers. This then would leave 120 as the number of compositors, each of whom, on my supposition of 150 books being then published every year, would have one book and about a fourth part of another to himself. And this, I am satisfied, when the large folio size of some of the books of that period is taken into account, and making allowance for the number of pamphlets then printed,—is as much as any compositor could, at the ordinary rate of hours of labour, accomplish. Up to the middle of the following century, the number of new works yearly published, instead of increasing, diminished about 50 per cent., making that number only somewhere about 100. This decrease may perhaps be accounted for from the number of periodicals which in the first half of that century made their appearance, and many of which acquired an extensive circulation. The 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'the Monthly Review,' and the 'Critical Review,' may be severally mentioned as instances in point.

"Coming at once downwards from the middle of the last to the beginning of the present century, we find that the average number of new books published in London —nearly all of which, be it remembered, had to pass through Paternoster Row prior to their circulation in town or transmission to the country—was about 350. From 1810 to 1820, the average number was between 500 and 600. In 1828, the number was 842; so that since that time—the number last year, as before stated, having been nearly 1,500,—the increase has been upwards of 80 per cent.

"Of the number of books which daily issue from Paternoster Row, it were impossible to form a conjecture which could be regarded as constituting even an approximation to the truth. The sale of works is dependent on a variety of circumstances. Sometimes three or four new books, all by popular authors, make their appearance in one week. The business done in Paternoster Row at such a time is immense. But then it often happens that for three or four weeks afterwards no new book of any note is brought out; consequently, business is proportionably slack during that period. Of new works by authors of established reputation, there are generally more copies sold within a fortnight of the day of publication, than there are for years afterwards. I have indeed known many cases in which upwards of a thousand copies of a work of fiction, by a popular writer, have been sold in the course of ten or twelve days, while not more than three or four hundred copies were ever afterwards disposed of. Then there is the influence which the seasons have on the sale of literary works. For four months in the year, namely, from June to November, a work of any note very rarely appears. During those months, therefore, the bibliopoles in Paternoster Row do but comparatively little business. These and other circumstances render it difficult to form even a conjecture as to the number of the larger class of books which are daily sold in the locality in question.

"The number of houses in Paternoster Row, in an extensive way of business, is seven or eight. By far the largest portion of the general business is monopolised by two of these houses. In the case of particular works, however, there are some of the smaller firms that do a far greater quantity of business than the more extensive houses. For example, while Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall will take 100 copies of a work of a strictly literary character, Messrs. Hamilton and Adams will content themselves with 25, or even a less number. On the other hand, when a work on theology, written by some popular evangelical divine, makes its appearance, the latter firm will take a greater number of copies than the house of Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall. The explanation of this is, that Messrs. Hamilton and Adams' house is an old established one for the sale of religious works of the evangelical class. If I mistake not, they took a greater number of copies of the recent 'Memoirs of Mr. Wilberforce' than any other house in the trade, owing to the circumstance of that excellent man having through a long course of years been so intimately mixed up with the evangelical party, whether in the church or among Dissenters.

"The most remarkable feature in modern bookselling is the trade in periodical literature. 'Magazine Day' is a sort of monthly era in the history of a London Bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said

to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail Bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as is periodical literature on that day.

"The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start, when their distribution is about to take place, is, as in the case of larger works, Paternoster Row; which, with that fondness for brevity of expression so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called 'the Row,' by the dealers in periodicals. It is, I repeat, not only the great, but may be said to be the only emporium of periodical literature on Magazine Day. Most persons unacquainted with the London bibliopolic trade, fancy that every bookseller in town who receives an order for a certain periodical from the country, must go for it direct to the particular publisher of that periodical. This is not the fact. The party receiving the order sends at once to the Row, where he gets the periodical in question, and where he gets, at the same time, all the other periodicals which other customers may have ordered. If he had to go for each periodical to the place of publication, he would find it impossible to get through his business, if of any extent, with the requisite expedition; as the publishers of such works are scattered in all directions throughout the metropolis. Only fancy a person having to go, say from the middle of the city, first to a house in Leadenhall Street for the 'Asiatic Journal,' and then westward to Regent Street for 'Fraser's Magazine,' 'Bentley's Miscellany, or the 'Metropolitan Magazine.' Instead of this, however, he has only to go direct to the Row, where he at once gets, from the house he is in the habit of dealing with, all the periodicals for which he may have orders.

"The actual publishers of periodicals, therefore, have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have even any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day. I have known instances in which the proprietors of some new periodical, or the new proprietors of some old one, have been extremely anxious to know the effects of the expenditure of a very large sum of money in advertisements, and yet have not been able to form the least idea on the subject on Magazine Day.

"The plan adopted by the publishers of periodicals, is to send to the various wholesale houses in the Row large quantities of their respective works, either on the evening before, or early in the morning of Magazine Day. Different houses receive different quantities, according to the relative amount of business done. Some houses take them only on the condition that the unsold copies shall be returned. They have a small commission on the number sold, over and above the regular trade allowance of twenty-five per cent. This enables them to supply the trade on the same terms as if each periodical were purchased direct from its publisher. These wholesale houses in the Row scarcely ever, by chance, meet with any other customers than the trade; and, consequently, they never get full price for any magazine or other periodical they vend.

"The quantity of business which some of the larger houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from 1200*l.* to 1500*l.* Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from twopence to three shillings and sixpence, which must be turned over from the shelves of this establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! The house to which I refer, disposes of from 500 to 750 copies of some of the more popular periodicals. The business done on Magazine Day is all in ready money. There are no credit transactions whatever. The best customers know that without money they will not be supplied, and consequently no credit is either asked or expected.

"The constant bustle kept up from morning till night, in these wholesale houses, exceeds anything of which a person, who has not witnessed it, could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for a priority of 'supply.' I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty, wedged into a shop of the ordinary size. What between the rapid and noisy movement of their feet on the floor—the clinking of sovereigns, and shillings, and pence, on the counter,—the quarrelling among themselves—the loud announcement of the names of the works supplied, and the amount of money to which each person's order comes, by the parties behind the counter, and the calls by the customers for the different publications wanted; what between all these discordant sounds, kept up without one moment's intermission, a stranger becomes literally stupified before he has been many minutes

in the place. Anything more confused, either to the eye or the ear, it were difficult to conceive. I have often thought that some of the houses in the Row would furnish a fine example, on Magazine Day, of a miniature Babel. The unfortunate persons doomed to spend that day behind the counter, undergo an incredible amount of hardship. Negro slavery, under its worst aspects, never exhibited anything to parallel the labour and fatigue which these persons are fated to encounter. The only thing that sustains them is the consideration that *the* day happens only once a month. I am satisfied that a week consecutively of such labour as is undergone in these houses on Magazine Day, would be more than the strongest constitution could endure.

"To a person unacquainted with such matters, who chanced to spend a few minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred, is observable in every word they utter. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' never gets any other name than the 'Gents.' 'Tait's Magazine' is simply 'Tait.' The 'New Monthly Magazine' is the 'New Month.' The 'Metropolitan Magazine' is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of an s. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is the 'Ency. Brit.'" The 'Court Magazine' is the 'Courts;' the 'Lady's Magazine and Museum' is reduced to the dissyllable of 'Ladies;' so that it is quite common to hear one person sing out in one breath, 'two Gents,' 'six Taits,' 'four Blackwoods,' 'a dozen Chambers' (meaning monthly parts,) 'three New Months,' 'three Mets,' 'one Court,' and 'two Ladies.' But to form some idea of the ludicrous effect which such unintelligible jargon must have on the ears of a stranger, it will be necessary that the reader imagine to himself that a battery of such terms, levelled, if I may use the expression, at the parties behind the counter, is kept up incessantly by fifteen or twenty persons at once.

"The constant bustle kept up from morning till night in these houses in the Row, coupled with the crowds of persons, chiefly young men, who are always in them, afford excellent opportunities to those persons who may be disposed to exercise their light-fingered capabilities. Handkerchiefs often disappear from one's pockets on such occasions; and when it chances to be a rainy day, and umbrellas are in requisition, the possessors of such articles will require to keep what is called a sharp look-out, if they mean to retain them for their own use. A few years since, a friend of mine had occasion, on a rainy Magazine Day, to be in one of the wholesale houses in the Row. He laid down an excellent silk umbrella while he paid for a magazine; it instantly vanished. He mentioned the circumstance to one of the proprietors of the establishment: the answer of the latter was, 'Oh, sir, everybody must take care of himself on Magazine Day.' While mortified at the circumstance, he could not help admiring the remarkable dexterity with which the theft had been committed. He hung the article on the counter, close beside himself, and is convinced that half a dozen seconds could not have elapsed before he discovered that it was gone.

"Magazine Day always occurs on the last day of the month, except when that day happens on a Sunday. In such a case, Magazine Day takes place on the Saturday. The appearance of the Row on such days exhibits a remarkable contrast to what it does on any other day of the month. On other days of the month, the Row has a dull aspect. You only meet with a single individual at distances of from twenty to thirty yards. The place has quite a deserted appearance. Very different is it on Magazine Day. Then you see crowds of young men and boys, flying about in all directions, with bags thrown over their shoulders, either partially or wholly filled with 'Mags,' as the case chances to be. They could not appear in greater haste though they were running to save their lives.

"I have referred to the quantity of business done in one of the largest houses in the Row on Magazine Day. What the entire number of periodicals which are sold by the Booksellers in the Row on that day is, I have no data by which I can arrive at a positive conclusion; but, from calculations I have made, I should think the number of copies of periodicals which issue from it on the last day of every month cannot, including the cheap ones, be under 400,000; and I should think the entire sum received over the counter for these, is not less than 20,000*l*.

"The number of periodicals of one kind or other, including the cheap ones, which are published, is between 220 and 240. Of these, there are from fifty to fifty-five monthlies which are devoted to general literature, and about forty-five to science, natural history, &c.; upwards of forty are of a religious character: fifteen

or sixteen are chiefly devoted to the fine arts; and no fewer than seven are professedly ladies' magazines, circulating chiefly among dressmakers, and the only merit of which consists in their plates. The remainder of the periodicals are of the cheap class.

"I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade; so it is also in that of another class of persons: I mean authors of books, and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine day, by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are drawn to the same locality, to see whether their articles are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents. Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom is, in such cases, so intense, that they will rather walk from the most distant parts of London to the Row—the magazines being there first seen —than wait for two or three hours till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked; when it is otherwise, they reproach themselves with their folly in having tormented themselves before the time.

"Magazine Day is not confined to the metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row, on Magazine Day, are in the hands of readers in the remotest parts of the country in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off in monthly parcels to the country is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the bibliopolic market.

"Paternoster Row is by no means an attractive place externally. It is a narrow dark street, or rather a sort of lane, and is about two hundred yards in length. The houses on either side have a dingy and gloomy appearance; and the atmosphere is close and heavy. Owing to the height of the houses, the narrowness of the street —for there is barely room for two carts to pass in it—and the fact of there being no thoroughfare in a direct line at the western end, a breath of wind is a luxury very rarely enjoyed in that locality.

"The Row is well adapted for the emporium of literature. It is not only exactly in the very centre of this great and busy metropolis, but is so very quiet, except on Magazine day, that if a stranger were taken from the country and dropped down into it blindfolded, he would, on opening his eyes, conclude he was in some small provincial town. The Row is almost exclusively occupied by booksellers and stationers. The only premises of any note possessed by other tradesmen, are those occupied by a candlemaker and a butcher. I have often thought it a pity that the first of these persons could not be induced, by some means or other, to go and manufacture his rushlights, his sixes, &c. in some other quarter; and that the second could not be persuaded to slaughter his black cattle in some less literary locality. The association between tallow and butcher's meat and the *belles lettres* is rather an odd and awkward one.

"Eight o'clock at night is an hour which is always heartily welcome in Paternoster Row. Sweet to the ears of the inhabitants is the music of Paul's bell when it strikes that hour. With wonderful celerity are the shutters put up, and the lights in the shops and warehouses extinguished: and no less edifying is the despatch displayed, in closing the doors and turning the key. In a few minutes all is darkness, save what light is emitted by a few gas lamps placed at a respectful distance from each other. The parties employed all day are sick of literature. They are happy to escape from hard work and close confinement. You see their joy at being once more free agents, depicted in their countenances. Each one hastens to the place of his destination. In fifteen or twenty minutes, the shops are all closed: all is dark. There are no traces of business. Silence reigns undisturbed in the intellectual locality."

We are persuaded we need add nothing to what we have already said in recommendation of these lively and agreeable volumes.

Geraldine; a Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel. With other Poems. By MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, Esq., M.A., Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

Our reverence for a great man made us shout and almost shriek with indignation when we saw this book announced in the columns of a newspaper, and our anger has scarcely subsided on a closer acquaintance. It would be a mighty stretch of presumption in any unfledged poet to attempt to complete what Coleridge left unfinished—the wonderful fragment of a most imaginative and thinking mind—but, to mend the matter, Mr. Tupper tells us that he wrote his sequel almost *currente calamo*—knocked it off "in a very few days!" This is surely not to be borne! Indeed we bear it so ill, that we cannot trust ourselves on any examination or analysis of his production, which is about as much like "Christabel" as Mrs. Salmon's statue of Queen Charlotte in wax-work is like the Venus de' Medici—as a Jew's harp is like the true harp—as a penny whistle is like a trumpet.

And yet Mr. Tupper, in his own small key, can make rather pretty music. Some of his minor pieces, wherein he treats of familiar things, and of his own feelings, are pleasing and graceful, and not without touches of real beauty. That we may part good friends, we will give two or three specimens.

CHILDREN.

Harmless, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest treasures,
In this mean and guilty earth.

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within;

But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutored smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles:

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion,
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him,
No man can be poor indeed;
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely,
And unwarmed by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
All unlov'd by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless man, how poor thou art!

WEDDING-GIFTS.

YOUNG bride,—a wreath for thee!
Of sweet and gentle flowers;
For wedded love was pure and free
In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
A song of joyous measure,
For thy cup of hope shall be
Fill'd with honied pleasure.

Young bride,—a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmixed with sadness.

Young bride,—a prayer for thee!
That all thy hopes possessing,
Thy soul may praise her God, and He
May crown thee with his blessing.

Young bride,—a smile for thee!
To shine away thy sorrow,
For heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

COUNTRY.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,
Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,
Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife
That rings around the smok'd unwholesome dome
Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields,—
Here let me rest in humble cottage home,
Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields:
How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam
With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;
Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,
Or at fair eventide with feathered hook
To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,
Or in the bower to twine the jasmine wreath,
Or at the earliest blush of summer morn
To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,
Or pick the perfum'd hop, or reap the golden corn!
So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.

TOWN.

Enough of lanes, and trees, and valleys green,
Enough of briery wood, and hot chalk-down,
I hate the startling quiet of the scene,
And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:
My garden be the garden of the Graces,
Flow'rs full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,
My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,
The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—
These be my joys in endless carnival!
For I do loathe that sickening solitude,
That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,
Or worse, the company of rustics rude,
Whose only hopes are bound in clods and seeds:
Out on it! let me live in town delight,
And for your tedious country-mornings bright
Give me gay London with its noon and night.

Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada. By Captain C. R. Scott.

This is a journey, or series of journeys, through the most interesting parts of Old Spain, and Captain Scott is a very agreeable, chatty, travelling companion. We have gone over most of his ground, not merely in books, but on the back of sturdy Andalusian mules, and can answer for the faithfulness and accuracy of his general descriptions. Many an able tourist has been before him; but the scenery and objects described are of so interesting a nature, that we can willingly bear a little repetition; and he not unfrequently brings something new to light, or revives some half-faded recollection. His description of the mountain town of Ronda—that land of promise to runners of tobacco and all other smugglers—is very good and spirited. The great fair at Ronda is, or was, one of the most picturesque, interesting sights we ever beheld. Smuggling must then have been a very profitable calling! Such gold, fillagree buttons and velveteen jackets on the men! Such mantillas, and silk stockings, and gold combs on all the women! Such a congeries of rings and ear-rings, gold chains, and nick-nacks! Even now, it appears, the Spanish government winks at a system which it has never had power to pre-

vent, and occasionally allows its *troops* to pay themselves by running tobacco, cotton goods, and broad cloths across the English lines.

"It was no unusual thing to send regiments, that were very much in arrears of pay, to garrison the lines in front of Gibraltar; and so well was the reason of their being sent there understood, that sometimes they would take the settlement of accounts *into their own hands.* I recollect the regiment of *La Princesa* refusing—officers and men—to embark for Ceuta, because they had not been allowed to remain long enough before Gibraltar to pay themselves. The regiment was permitted to remain three months longer, and at the expiration of that time embarked perfectly satisfied: a rare instance of *moderation.*"

In some parts of Spain, locust-hunting is a very profitable occupation. It is carried on in a curious manner.

"During our ride (between Cordoba and Seville) we observed a number of men advancing in skirmishing order across the country, and thrashing the ground most savagely with long flails. Curious to know what could be the motive for this Xerxes-like treatment of the earth, we turned out of the road to inspect their operations, and found they were driving a swarm of locusts into a wide piece of linen, spread on the ground at some distance before them, wherein they were made prisoners. These animals are about three times the size of an English grasshopper. They migrate from Africa, and their spring visits are very destructive; for in a single night they will entirely eat up a field of young corn."

"The *Caza de Langostas* is a very profitable business to the peasantry; as, besides a reward obtained from the proprietor of the soil in consideration for service done, they sell the produce of their *chasse* for manure at so much a sack."

Of late years a great many towns and villages have been destroyed in a barbarous, pitiless warfare—enough, no doubt, to make a dower for the ill-omened bird in the Eastern Apologue: but it appears that one new place has been built at the Baths of Manilla, only a few miles from Gibraltar. The cool, green vines, roofing in the streets, must be delicious in that scorching climate, but we cannot say much for the rest.

"The little village is built with the regularity of even Wiesbaden itself, but nothing can well be more different in other respects than it is from that or any other watering-place which I have ever visited. It consists of five or six parallel stacks of houses, forming streets which open at one end upon the bank overhanging the now sulphurated stream that flows down from Casares; and which abut, at the other, against the side of the lofty mountain whence the medicated spring issues. These streets are covered in with trellis-work, over which vines are trained, rendering them cool, as well as agreeable to the sight. The houses are all built on a uniform plan, namely, they have no upper story, and contain but *one room each*; which room is furnished with the usual Spanish kitchen-range—that is, with three or four little bricked stoves built into a kind of dresser. By this arrangement every room is, of itself, capable of forming a *complete establishment*, and in most cases, indeed, it does serve the triple purposes of a kitchen, a refectory, and a dormitory, to its frugal inmates. When a family is large, however, an entire lareet must be hired for its accommodation."

The Constitutionalists or Liberals of Spain are as unwise as ever in outraging the religious or superstitious feelings of the common people. The following is a strange scene. (But how came Captain Scott to misplace so important a festival in the Roman rubric as the Corpus Christi? If he saw the festival he describes, "at the commencement of Lent," it was certainly not the Corpus Christi, which occurs, generally in the month of June, on the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and has nothing to do with Lent.)

"During our stay at Cordoba we witnessed the grand procession of Corpus Christi, at the commencement of Lent, which is considered one of the most holy and imposing exhibitions of the Hispano-Roman church. It was a lamentably

splendid sight; for a more heterogeneous, heterodoxical mixture of bigotry and liberty, superstition and constitution, wax candles and fixed bayonets, it never fell to my lot to witness. It moved through the streets, preceded by a military band of music, which played Riego's Hymn and the *Tragala* alternately, with sacred airs and mournful dirges. This was only in keeping with the rest of the absurdities of the ceremony; but it was a crying sin to compel the poor old bishop to parade through the streets in his full canonicals, at a *pas de valse*.

"The *Cordobeses* of all classes are held to be very religious, and particularly '*servil*;' and this degrading exhibition was probably got up by the *exaltado* party, then in the ascendant, to bring the prelate and priestly office into contempt."

But it is by conduct like this that the ultra-liberals have indisposed that influential body the church, and led the poor ignorant people to believe that constitutionalism is only another word for irreligion or atheism. And hence, mainly, has arisen the indisputable fact, that the Spanish peasantry are, for the greater part, averse or indifferent to the cause of liberty and the young queen.

There are some things that are wearisome, and two or three long stories or romances that are perfectly ridiculous; but, on the whole, we can safely recommend Captain Scott's volumes to the notice of our readers. Whatever he sees with his own eyes he describes clearly and well.

Painting and the Fine Arts: being the Articles under those heads contributed to the Seventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. By B. R. HAYDON, Esq., and WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq.

These contributions fill a neat small volume, which ought to be in the hands of all artists and amateurs, and of all who make a study of the history of painting and sculpture. Hazlitt's essay is, in our opinion, the most perfect thing he ever wrote. He was the best critic in art that England has as yet produced, and his occasional oddity of manner serves to impress his matter on the memory. Mr. Haydon's longer essay is worthy of being in such company: it is original and spirited, rich in practical instruction and noble criticism. The manner in which he has condensed his accounts of the Italian schools, is very remarkable and masterly. Considered as a literary composition—as a finished piece of authorship, his contribution is entitled to very high praise. It appears compact, nervous, and eloquent, even by the side of the production of that penman Hazlitt. We are charmed with its hearty scorn of affectation in artists and *dilettanti;* and though we are peaceful people, we would almost join the author in his crusade against the Royal Academy and all bodies corporate in art, which have invariably degraded what they were meant to elevate and foster.

A Book of the Passions. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. *Illustrated with Sixteen splendid Engravings from Drawings by the most eminent Artists, under the Superintendence of* Mr. CHARLES HEATH.

Here we certainly prefer the eminent author, though we have seen better things from his hand, to the most eminent artists, as Messrs. Chalon, Corbould, Stephanoff, Meadows, and Jenkins, are courteously styled, albeit they have given two or three pretty faces, and an abundance of fine dresses, silks and satins, bouquets and feathers. Why these plates should have been pressed into the service of the passions we cannot comprehend, except on the principle expressed in two Latin words which we

need not repeat. There is scarcely a sign of passion or emotion in any of them, unless it be in the figure of a horse that rears and snorts in the vignette-title, throwing a young lady into the arms of a young gentleman who has a very posture-master appearance and attitude. There is, indeed, another plate, where one dandified gentleman doubles his fist, and another more dandified gentleman shows the whites of his eyes; but as there is a decanter of wine on the table, we fancy they have only been tippling. We do and really ought to expect a little more meaning, feeling, and invention, from our "most eminent artists." If the painters or designers would only do their part as well as their subordinates, the engravers, execute theirs, what beautiful things we should have in this *genre!* Nearly all the plates in the book are clearly and finely engraved: the more mechanical part is all but perfect.

The passions which the author treats, but which the artists leave untouched—or nearly so—are Remorse, Jealousy, Revenge, Love, Despair, and Hatred. To each of these passions a separate tale is devoted. Some of the little narratives are interesting throughout, and they all abound in pleasing passages. The introduction to the story of jealousy is delightful, and we rejoice to see Mr. James paying a tribute to the genius and worth of Walter Savage Landor, one of the most original-minded writers of the age.

An Impartial Examination of all the Authors on Australia; Official Documents and the Reports of Private Individuals. By an INTENDING EMIGRANT.

This is a cheap little book, intended by the compiler to serve as a guide to such as share in his intention of emigrating to Australia. The statement and opinions of a variety of writers on that country are compressed in a narrow compass, and the book may be recommended to those emigrants and "intending" emigrants who have not money or time to spare for greater works. In comparing the land of his choice to other colonies, the compiler is not strictly impartial; but when one has selected a home and country it is wise and commendable to think the best of it that he possibly can, and there is no doubt whatever that this great continent, or the part of it near to the coast, offers many most tempting advantages to the industrious settler. The compiler proposes for officers of the army and navy, pensioners, annuitants, life-renters, and others of limited means, a mutual aid emigration association; and he speaks of a plan for aiding persons of the labouring classes to emigrate, whose age, families, or other circumstances, prevent them from being taken out free by government agents. As he gives no particulars, we can merely make known that he entertains these plans, and invites co-operation.

Rudiments of English Composition, designed as a Practical Introduction to Correctness and Perspicuity in Writing, and to the Study of Criticism. With copious Exercises. For the Use of Schools. By ALEXANDER REID, A.M., Rector of the Circus Place School, Edinburgh; author of "Rudiments of English Grammar," &c.

Mr. Reid stands justly honoured among the promoters of the education of the people. His essentially popular school at Edinburgh is one of the best that exist in our island, and his numerous elementary works are among the best that have been written in our day, when so much has been

done of the kind. There is the same correctness, the same conciseness and simplicity, in this little guide, to the writing of pure English, as in his Rudiments of Grammar, his Geography, and other works intended for the use of the young. The little book will indeed be found most useful in teaching those who are their own instructors, or have time for only a school education, to express their ideas with perspicuity and taste.

The plan and arrangement of the work are excellent. The *Exercises*, which form an important part, can hardly fail, if attentively studied, to lead to the formation of a good, clear, grammatical style of writing.

Axel. From the Swedish of Esaias Tegner. By R. G. Latham M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

A translation from the Swedish is a rare thing. This does not arise from any dearth of authors in Sweden, but from the scarcity of Swedish scholars in England. In fact, in Sweden as in Denmark, the literary energies of the people are, and have been ever since the peace, in great activity; and historians, critics, poets, and dramatists, have taken the field in troops. Some of these writers are highly spoken of by foreigners familiar with the language. Councillor Leopold, from his versatility and vivacity, is called the Scandinavian Voltaire. Ling, director of the Gymnastic Academy at Upsala, and Beskov, chamberlain to his majesty Charles John, have produced a series of national historical plays in the manner of Shakspere; besides several narrative poems and minor pieces. Atterborn is so much admired that he is styled by his countrymen the Goëthe of Sweden. Vallen, bishop of Stockholm, Count Adlespar, Councillors Kullberg, Adlerspeth, and Vallmark; Professors Franzen, Hierta, Hammerskiold, Vallstrom, Nicander, Sioberg, Brinkman, Madame Sengren, and Madame Aspin, are all popular poets. The last-named lady is compared to our Mrs. Hemans.

Esaias Tegner, the author whom Mr. Latham has delighted to honour by two translations, and who, if we are not misinformed, is a Swedish Bishop, (Bishop of Wéxio,) Gejer, Palin, Liliegren, Roef, and Afzelius, are poets and poetical antiquaries, that have devoted themselves to the minstrelsy and old legends of their country; doing what Bishop Percy, Walter Scott, and others, have done in our country. They have published Sagas, and other specimens of ancient Scandinavian verse, together with voluminous collections of poetical tales, odes, and national songs, accompanied by historical and critical dissertations. Tegner, the author of 'Axel,' as an original writer, is esteemed one of the very first Swedish poets. His war-songs are said to be most glorious things, and we can well believe this upon the evidence of the translation of some warlike passages in the poem now before us. He rushes upon his subject, which is a simple but touching tale of the wars of Charles XII, with a fine spirit.

I love the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory;
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story.
For he was blythe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue, and belts of gold.
Oh! reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light;
And hold as things most wonderful,
Their coats of buff, and swords of giant height."

These seem to us fine lines, and nobly rendered by the translator, whose spirit never flags. Nor is the following picture of the warlike monarch's body-guard less excellent.

" He was of Charles's body-guard,
Swedish soldiers' best reward;
Seven in number, like the train
Of sister stars in King Charles's Wain;
Or nine at most, as the maidens be
Who weave the songs of Eternity.
They were trained to scorn of Death,
And tried by fire, and steel, and blood,
And hardened, by their Christian faith,
Beyond the Viking hardihood
Of their sires, that, fast and free,
Ploughed with keels the subject sea.
They lay to sleep on turf or plank,
With northern winds for lullaby,
And curtained by the colder sky,
As softly as on mossy bank.
Little they cared for the flames' red aid;
Save for the sake of the cannonade;
Casting light as fierce and dun
As a winter's blood-red sun.
They deemed no battle lost or won,
To lesser odds than seven to one;
And then retreated, soft and slow,
With their faces to the foe.
But harsher laws than these, I ween,
Lay upon those hardened men:
Never to look on a maiden's eye,
Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
Never to heed the sweet words she said,
Ere Charles, that cold stern chief, was wed.
No matter how soft voices strove
To match the music of the grove;
How lips might mock the rosebud's hue,
How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
Like floating swan on silver lake—
Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words,
They were wedded to their swords."

As Axel, the bravest of this body-guard, and the hero of the poem, is galloping across the Ukraine with a life-and-death despatch from the king, after the terrible battle of Pultowa—

" Hark! arms are heard! the foes advance,
With Cossack sword, and Tartar lance;"

a terrible conflict ensues—Axel, with his back against an oak—

"No fear his oath should pass unheeded,
Rollo's self but fought as he did.
One against seven—more and more—
He combats one against a score.
The man that hopes may fight for breath—
He fights for fellowship in death."

At last, overpowered by numbers, he sinks on the ground in "death or swoon." A beautiful chieftainess finds him under the oak, carries him to her castle, cures his wounds, and falls in love with him. The passion is mutual.

"So they wandered, sense-enchanted
With the love so lately planted,
Interchanging thought for thought,
As lovers change their rings,
Of childhood's hours, fancy-fraught,
That then the sweetest sings.
He told Thecla of his lot,
Passed beneath a fir-tree cot,
Underneath the beechen shade,
That his native forests made,
In his early Northern glade.
How each limber foster-brother
Grew in beauty like the other;
He alone was left of seven—
All the rest had gone to heaven.
How he oft, in childhood's days,
Loved to hear the olden lays,
Breathing low a solemn sound,
From the Saga's parchment-bound.
How they trained his soul to glories,
Dreaming of unearthly stories;
When he seemed in sleep to feel
Like a hero clad in steel;
Sitting, like a king, across
Fafnersbana's giant horse.
How he rode, his bosom swelling,
To the mystic maiden's dwelling,
Flaming from its lonely mound,
With the dark pine forest round.
All alone he loved to roam;
Then the tallest trees he clomb;
Where the eagle, bright-eyed king,
Hung his nest for storms to swing.
How his soul grew strung to war,
Painting fair the Victor's car,
Heralded by Fame, and rolling
With the sounds of thunder tolling:
Such, to his imagining,
Seemed the march of Sweden's king;
Scarcely less a child than he,
Minion of Victory."

But Axel, bound by his oath, and eager to deliver his important dispatches, quits the fair Thecla, promising to return, and rides away for Stockholm. Thecla soon becomes impatient, puts on the dress of a warrior, and follows to the Swedish frontier, where she dies in a battle in sight of her lover.

> "So Axel wept on Sotaskær—
> When day was dawning he was there:
> When day was done, and evening came,
> Was Axel there; he wept the same:
> One morn a lifeless corpse was there:
> His hands were clasped, as if in prayer;
> The tear was standing on his cheek,
> Half-frozen, for the wind was bleak;
> And on the grave of her he mourned,
> His cold unclosing eye was turned."

We cordially recommend this spirited and tasteful version, and hope that Mr. Latham, notwithstanding the present indifference to poetry, will furnish us with some more translations from the same sources. His "Frithiof," from the same author as "Axel," we have not yet seen, though we believe it has been published some time. We shall take an early opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with it. By the way, a translation of the Sagas, collected by Tegner and his confrères, with their historical and critical annotations, or even a *resumé* of them, would be very valuable to many English readers.

Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakspere. Part II. King John.

As far as the *pictorial* is concerned, the present part gives a more advantageous notion of what this choice work will be than the preceding one, which was occupied by the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"—a subject far from being the best suited to this peculiar manner of illustration. In the historical drama of King John, where there is more reality of time, place, and action, the truth-telling artist is called upon at every step for some quaint delineation—for some real scene or object of that romantic and picturesque period. Castles, monasteries, religious ceremonials, the tented field, and the battle, are among the prominent scenes; and they are given in these admirable wood-cuts with as much spirit and effect, as accuracy and a nice attention to detail. A night view of the town and towers of Angiers, the monk denouncing excommunication, the garden of the monastery, with its cool little fish-pond, where John comes forth to die, calling on all his kingdom's rivers to take their course through his burned bosom, are all given with remarkable skill and truthfulness, and are really beautiful as works of art. Another very striking engraving is that of the sculptured tomb of King John. The figures of knights and men-at-arms—the horse-litter and the carriage of those times—the party playing at cards—the fleet of shipping—the dresses of queens and dames of high degree—the coins—the furniture—taken from the most authentic sources,—help to render this manner of illustrating the greatest of our poets most useful and delightful. In our number for November last we sufficiently explained the general plan of this edition, gave our opinion as to the right feeling and taste of the editor, and enabled our readers, in part, to judge for themselves, by submitting to them some striking extracts. The number now before us is at least equally rich in clear and ingenious annotation, and in high-minded and deeply-felt criticism. The short essay on the sources of the history of King John, the parallel passages between the King John of Bishop Bale, the King John of 1591, and the "glorious John" of Shakspere, and the supplementary notice,

are full of mind and meaning, and of research—not so much in the dusty paths and by-corners, as on the broad bright road on which the dramatist marched like a demigod, and along which he ought to be followed with a modest but kindling spirit. This kind of criticism, with the noble quotations from Coleridge, Schlegel, and others, will put the young into the right way of studying these volumes, which ought to have a place in the library of every civilised Englishman.

There is one particular passage in the historical illustrations for which we must find room, both because it sets a miserable cavil completely at rest, and because it contains the enunciation of the high principles of art upon which the greatest of artists since the time of Shakspere have acted in their historical dramas—we mean of course Schiller and Goëthe, two men, we fancy, whom even Mr. Courtenay must allow to have been tolerably good historians, and not at all likely to sin through that ignorance which he occasionally and unfoundedly attributes to Shakspere.

"It would appear scarcely necessary to entreat the reader to bear in mind—before we place in apposition the events which these scenes bring before us, and the facts of history, properly so called—that the 'historics' of Shakspere are dramatic poems. And yet, unless this circumstance be watchfully regarded, we shall fall into the error of setting up one form of truth in contradiction to, and not in illustration of, another form of truth. It appears to us a worse than useless employment to be running parallels between the poet and the chronicler, for the purpose of showing that for the literal facts of history the poet is not so safe a teacher as the chronicler; and yet, at the present time, we have offered to us a series of laborious essays that undertake these two problems—'What were Shakspere's authorities for his history, and how far has he departed from them? And whether the plays may be given to our youths as properly historical?'* The writer of these essays decides the latter question in the negative, and maintains that these pieces are 'quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth;' and his great object is, therefore, to contradict, by a body of minute proofs, the assertion of A. W. Schlegel, with regard to these plays, that 'the principal traits in every event are given with so much correctness, their apparent causes and their secret motives are given with so much penetration, that we may therein study history, so to speak, after nature, without fearing that such lively images should ever be effaced from our minds.' Schlegel appears to us to have hit the true cause why the youth of England have been said to take their history from Shakspere. The 'lively images' of the poet present a general truth much more completely than the tedious narratives of the annalist. The ten English 'histories' of Shakspere—'the magnificent dramatic *epopée*, of which the separate pieces are different cantos'—stand in the same relation to the contemporary historians of the events they deal with, as a landscape does to a map. Mr. Courtenay says, 'Let it be well understood that if in any case I derogate from Shakspeare as an historian, it is as an historian only.' Now, in the sense in which Mr. Courtenay uses the word 'historian,' by which he means one who describes past events with the most accurate observances of time and place, and with the most diligent balancing of conflicting testimony, Shakspere has no pretentions to be regarded. The principle, therefore, of viewing Shakspere's history through another medium than that of his art, and pronouncing, upon this view, that his historical plays cannot be given to our youth as '*properly* historical,' is nearly as absurd as it would be to derogate from the merits of Mr. Turner's beautiful drawings of coast scenery, by maintaining and proving that the draughtsman had not accurately laid down the relative positions of each bay and promontory. It would not be, to our minds, a greater mistake to confound the respective labours of the landscape painter and the hydrographer, than to subject the poet to the same laws which should govern the chronicler. There may be, in the poet, a higher truth than the literal, evolved in spite of, or rather in combination with, his minute violations of accuracy; we may in the poet better study history, so to speak, after nature,' than in the annalist, because the poet masses and generalises his facts, subjecting them, in the order in which he presents them to the mind, as well as in the elaboration which he bestows upon

* Shakspeare's Historical Plays considered historically, by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' 1838.

them, to the laws of his art, which has a clearer sense of fitness and proportion than the laws of a dry chronology. But, at any rate, the structure of an historical drama, and of an historical narrative, are so essentially different, that the offices of the poet and the historian must never be confounded. It is not to derogate from the poet to say that he is not an historian; it will be to elevate Shakspeare when we compare his poetical truth with the truth of history. We have no wish that he had been more exact and literal."

Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By CAVEAT EMPTOR, Gent. Fourth Edition.

This popular little work, which is now known to be the production of Sir George Stephen, has already reached the fourth edition. In speaking of the guesses made at his identity, the witty author observes,

"My adventures, as they become better known, begin to entail some very whimsical inconveniences. I alluded to a few of these in my last edition, but at the time it appeared, I had not yet experienced one or two of a very peculiar character, that may amuse my readers somewhat more than myself.

"'Do you know Caveat Emptor?' inquired a fair lady of an intimate friend of mine.

"'Oh perfectly! I was well acquainted with him at Cambridge.'

"'Are those adventures really true, or the mere coinage of a fanciful brain?'

"'True to the life: I have seen him at the bottom of a ditch fifty times; and rolled in every kennel within twenty miles of his own door.'

"Now this is by no means so agreeable an acknowledgment of my equestrian merits as I could desire; for the inexperienced in these matters little know how many unpleasant mishaps are indispensable to the acquisition of a tolerably firm seat. It is as little gratifying to one's self-complacency to be distinguished as the hero of a hundred falls, as it would be to hear a daily recapitulation of the hundred floggings whereby you were converted from a dull schoolboy into a first-class man; and yet perhaps it is less annoying on the whole than a predicament in which I was lately placed of the very opposite character. A little cross-bred vicious beast of considerable pretensions as to speed, but none at all to beauty or any other merit, was 'trotted out' before a circle of ladies and gentlemen, to be admired previously to a pony race for which his owner had entered him. His height scarcely exceeded thirteen hands; a lad who was to ride him mounted him with dexterity, and showed off his paces to advantage. The owner, out of pure malice I believe, invited one or two youths of the party to follow the groom's example; and thus publicly challenged to exhibit their address, refusal was of course impossible, though compliance was yet more so. I doubt if Beecher or Mason, or any of our crack riders, would have been more successful. Each of the youths attained the saddle, it is true, but each fell prostrate on the turf before he was aware that he was seated; no donkey ever managed his heels with more dexterity! the courteous invitation to mount was liberally extended to every man in the party, each receiving it with much the same feelings as one does the good-natured offers of your drawing-room philosophers to oblige you with a shock from a galvanic battery for the entertainment of the company. All declined the honour, and at last my turn arrived. Had I refused, as others of less equestrian fame could safely do, my reputation was gone for ever. I had no alternative, though my fate was written before my eyes: five times did I bestride the brute, and five times I measured my length on the green sod, to the infinite delight of every being present but myself! I had the satisfaction, certainly, of seeing the mischievous owner equally foiled: but as he did not even fracture a rib, it was after all but a poor revenge. I solemnly protest against my horsemanship being subjected to any more of these painful ordeals. I beg it to be understood by my private friends that I am neither a horse-breaker nor a steeple-chaser, but simply a quiet man riding for my own amusement, and perfectly sensible of the value of my own neck; unless perchance a pack of hounds should cross my path, and then I must do as other fools do."

We have no doubt that the present edition of this amusing as well as valuable work will speedily follow those which have preceded, and be quickly taken off by the public.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The London Flora; containing a Concise Description of the Plants which grow spontaneously in the Vicinity of the Metropolis, &c. &c.—By Alexander Irvine, of Marischal College, Aberdeen.—A good and cheap manual for botanists.

A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England. By Frances Sargent Osgood.—Some of this American lady's verses are very pretty. Her feeling is always good.

State Trials. Specimen of a New Edition. By Nicholas Thirning Moile, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader. This volume is a curiosity! A collection of state trials, with the law thereon, done into verse—and such verse! The absurdity is so rich, that we may probably be tempted to return to it on some future occasion.

The Reclaimed Family. By the author of "Edwin and Mary."—A very good, amusing, and moral little book, proper to be put into the hands of the labouring classes, and much more likely to do them good than the fanatic half-blasphemous tracts we occasionally see distributed amongst them. We must, however, give the moral author a gentle hint. When he takes a story from another writer, and gives it in his very words, he should name him, or "quote the book," be its title what it may.

Catechism of Heat, comprising the Facts and Principles of that important branch of Science; and an Account of its Applications in explaining the Phenomena of Nature and Art. Illustrated by twenty-two Wood-cuts. By Hugo Reid, Teacher of the High School of Glasgow, and Lecturer of Chemistry to the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution.—Very good, like the various other elementary treatises by the same author.

Doctor Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.—We have already described the nature of this work, which is publishing in monthly parts. Part IV., which is now before us, reaches to, but does not conclude, the important article on Flax and its manufactures.

The Young Naturalist's Book of Birds: Anecdotes of the Feathered Creation. By Percy B. St. John.—A pretty little book for very young readers of natural history, prettily illustrated, printed, and got up. It will do well for a Christmas present.

The Sporting Almanack, 1839.—A good idea, and to all appearance well worked out, at least as far as regards fishing, shooting, hunting, and coursing. There is a list of all the packs of hounds kept in the kingdom, with the days, places of meeting, &c. This, if correct, will be very useful to many. There is also a list of all the country races, with other matters precious in the eyes of sporting characters.

The Comic Almanack is not quite so good as we have seen it in other years; but Cruikshank's etchings, though linked with a deadly lively story, will still afford two or three laughs.

The British Almanack and Companion.—This work maintains its high character for correctness and general usefulness. It is decidedly the best of the class to which it belongs. A collection of the "Companions to the Almanack" from its commencement will form a very valuable book of reference.

Byron's Life, Letters, and Journals, in one volume.—Mr. Murray has already published all the poetry of Lord Byron in one cheap and handsome volume. This companion volume, containing the poet's life by Thomas Moore, and his lordship's sparkling letters, must be bought by those who have got the poems in this shape.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in Town. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Eve Effingham, or Home. By J. F. Cooper. 3 vols. post 8vo. 24*s.*
Newman's Sermons. Vol. IV. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. By Mrs. Jameson. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Women of England. By Mrs. Ellis. 12mo. 9*s.*
Count Valerian Krasinski's Reformation in Poland. Vol. I. 8vo.
La Trobe's Scripture Illustrations. 4to. 36*s.*
Del Mar's New Guide to Spanish and English Conversations. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Grandineau's Petit Précepteur. Third edition. 3*s.*
Eulenstein's German Grammar. 12mo. 4*s.*
The Works of Ben Jonson, with Life. By Barry Cornwall. Royal 8vo. 24*s.*
Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England. By F. S. Osgood. Post 8vo. 10*s* 6*d.*
The London Flora. By A. Irvine. 12mo. 10*s.*
Thoughts on Past Years. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Byles on Bills of Exchange. Third Edition. 12*s.*
Speculum Gregis. Fifth Edition. 5*s.*
James on the Collects. New Edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
Papa's Book. By Rev. B. H. Draper. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Pyne's Tables, showing the Value of Tithe Rent Charges. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Burdon's First Exercises in Latin. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
The Pulpit, Vol. XXXIII. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Burke's Landed Gentry, Vol. IV. demy 8vo. 18*s.*
Bentley's Miscellany, Vol. IV. 16*s.*
Family Library, Vol. LXVI. "Chronicles of London Bridge." 18mo. 6*s.*
Carpenter's Physiology. 8vo. 15*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The new novel by the author of "Misrepresentation," entitled "JANET, OR A GLANCE AT HUMAN NATURE," will be published on the 10th instant. We believe the name of the authoress need no longer be concealed—it is Miss Waddington. Her productions certainly do her great credit.

Together with our present number will appear the first number of "THE ISIS," a new quarterly Magazine, to which we wish all success.

Mr. Best, who has published several interesting works, has in the press "ODIOUS COMPARISONS, OR THE COSMOPOLITE IN ENGLAND." It is an odd title, but the talented author appears to delight in such. We suspect the odious comparisons are between France and England, Mr. Best having resided many years abroad.

A very attractive little work, called "WAKING DRAMAS," by a Lady, is nearly ready.

Mr. Reade has just commenced the printing of his new poem, "THE DELUGE," of which we have had the pleasure of giving some scenes in our previous pages. Everything from the pen of Mr. Reade breathes the true spirit of poetry.

The Hon. Mrs. Sayers' new work, "HENRY ACTON, AND OTHER TALES," is nearly ready.

Mr. Worsley's new poem, "GAZELLA, OR RILCAR THE WANDERER," is just published, dedicated to General Sir Henry Worsley.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Head Master of Harrow, is preparing for publication, in Monthly Parts, a Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical Work on Greece. The object of the Author is to render a Topographical Description of the country a medium for illustrations derived from the History, Mythology, Antiquities, and Art of that people,

"The Songs of Beranger"—The Music re-arranged with accompaniments for the Pianoforte—are about to appear in an English dress.

In the press, Part I. of "The Workwoman's Guide," containing instructions to the inexperienced in cutting out and completing those articles of wearing apparel which are usually made at home; also, explanations of upholstery, house-linen, straw-platting, bonnet-making, and knitting. In demy quarto, embellished with twenty-five copper-plates, containing many hundred drawings, explanatory of the letter-press. To be completed in four monthly parts, at 5*s.* each. By a Lady.

"Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight; with the Adventures of the Author in Search of them." By Abraham Elder. Part I. with Illustrations.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The *Great Western* has again arrived from New York in fourteen days. She encountered, both on her outward and homeward passage, extremely rough weather—gales which around our own coast have been characterised by the most disastrous effects. That this fine vessel should therefore have accomplished her voyage under such circumstances with such celerity and safety, may be regarded as the most decided and satisfactory proof of the practicability of steam navigation between this country and America at all seasons, and consequently of the complete establishment of this rapid and certain mode of communication between the two countries. As we have before observed, it is even beyond the reach of conjecture to conceive to what vast consequences, both to the old and new world, these important events may ultimately and perhaps speedily lead.

Another event of a somewhat similar class is that of the discovery of a considerable tract of country in British India, in which the tea plant grows in great abundance. Experiments are and have been making on the subject, and should it prove as expected, the result may eventually issue in our becoming growers instead of traders in this, which has almost become a necessary of life.

Reports are favourable as to the state of trade, but we regret to find that the price of provisions is generally on the advance. The aggregate of the wheat averages, as declared on the 13th, for the regulation of the duty, was 73*s.* per quarter for the week ending the 7th. The ports are consequently again open to the importers upon the payment of the nominal rate of 1*s.* per quarter only.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 202 and a half to three.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 seven-eights to 93 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 one-eighth to one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 65*s.* to 67*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 62*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 30 to one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 54 seven-eighths to 55.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 five-eighths to three-fourths.—Spanish, Five per Cents., 16 five-eights to 16 three-fourths.

Money Market Report.—City, Wednesday Evening, Dec. 26.—By the advice, from Hamburgh the price of gold is 434 per mark, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.*, the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13. 9*d*$\frac{1}{4}$., and the exchange at Hamburgh on London at short being 13. 3$\frac{3}{4}$., it follows that gold is 2.66 per cent. dearer at Hamburgh than in London.

In the early part of the day there was some animation in the funds, and Consols improved slightly to 94, but closed at 93$\frac{7}{8}$ to 4. Bank Stock was 202$\frac{1}{2}$ to 3; India Stock, 261$\frac{1}{2}$ to 2$\frac{1}{2}$. Exchequer Bills, 65*s.* to 67*s.*; India Bonds, 62*s.* premium.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOV. 27 TO DEC. 14, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 27.—R. English, Oxford Street, grocer.—A. Stiles, Gower Street, Bedford Square, boarding-house keeper.—E. and J. Heath, Totness, Devonshire, linendrapers.—J. Horner, Newport Monmouthshire, leather seller.

Nov. 30.—P. Youle, Tottenham Green, bookseller.—M. S. Ionn, Horsemonger Lane, Newington, victualler.—T. B. Carruthers, Dowgate Hill, wholesale cheesemonger.—H. D. G. Truscott, York Road, Lambeth, upholsterer.—J. Reddall, Bunhill Row, carpenter.—J. F. I. Caplin, Great Portland Street, Marylebone, milliner.—J. Brown, Sheffield, merchant.—J. Forrester, Cellar Head, Staffordshire, maltster.—J. Knowles, Bolton-le-Moors, dealer in cotton waste.—R. Edwards, Liverpool, timber dealer.—T. Claxton, Norwich, tailor.

Dec. 4.—T. Lewis, King Street, Seven Dials, dealer in coals.—T. Reynolds, Chipping Ongar, Essex, clothes salesman.—T. Hardcastle, Sheffield, printer.—G. Alcock, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hackneyman.—E. Davies, Tyngwndwn, Cardiganshire, carrier.—H. F. Hole, Newport, Devonshire, brewer.—S. Saunders, Devonport, carver and gilder.

Dec. 7.—G. A. Collis, Chipping-hill, Essex, licensed victualler.—G. Holden, Salford, Lancashire, stiffener.—J. Revell, Sheffield, hosier.

Dec. 11.—W. Wyllie, Castlebar Park near Ealing, Middlesex, merchant.—O. T. J. Stockden, Walham-green, Middlesex, brewer.—D. Fairhead, Witham, Essex, baker.—G. Gray, Brunswick-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, livery stable keeper.—R. Richardson, Birmingham, publican.—J. Roberts, Warwick, corn dealer.—H. Poole, Carnarvon, innkeeper.—J. Sellers, Yeovil, Somersetshire, druggist.—T Clegg, Wigan, Lancashire, iron founder.

Dec. 14.—H. Stevenson, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, lace warehouseman.—J. Guy, Gloucester-place, Lambeth, carpenter.—E. F. Tuke, Sydney House, Homerton, lodging-house keeper.—W. J. D. Arnold, Norway Wharf, Westminster, coal merchant.—H. Kerr, Mulgrave place, Woolwich, tailor.—R. Neech, jun., Pakefield, Suffolk, cattle dealer.—J. Graham, Manchester, draper.—E. Bowser, Llanelly-Carmarthenshire, draper.—W. Pearsall, Birmingham, pearl button manufacturer.

NEW PATENTS.

P. Chappé, of Manchester, Spinner, for certain improvements in the means of consuming smoke, and thereby economising fuel and heat in steam-engine and other furnaces and fire-places. October 31st, 6 months.

L. Herbert, of Staples Inn, Civil Engineer, for certain apparatus and processes for storing, cleaning, and preserving grain. November 3rd, 6 months.

A. Bury, Esquire, of Manchester, for certain improvements in the mode of printing, colouring, or dying cotton and other fabrics, and in the mode of producing certain acid or acids applicable to these or other purposes. November 3rd, 6 months.

J. T. Slade, of Carburton Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in pumps for liquids or aeriform fluids. November 3rd, 6 months.

J. Fraser, of Halifax, Railway Contractor, for certain improvements in the apparatus or machinery to be employed as centerings or supporters in the construction of bridges and arches, and in tunnels or other mining operations. November 3rd, 6 months.

H. Cory, Narrow Street, Limehouse, Bachelor of Medicine, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. November 3rd, 6 months.

C. Callis, Baron Western, of Rivenhall, Essex, for an improvement in drills for the purpose of drilling corn, grain, seeds, pulse, and manure. November 3rd, 6 months.

W. Morgan, of New Cross, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in the generation of steam. November 3rd, 6 months.

A. H. E. Ragon, of Great Portland Street, Professor of Literature, for improvements in the manufacture of glass, and in the production of other vitrified matters applicable to architectural purposes. November 3rd, 6 months.

E. Cooper, of Piccadilly, for improvements in the manufacture of paper. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 3rd, 6 months.

C. Flude, of Liverpool, Chemist, for improvements in applying heat for generating steam, and for general manufacturing and other useful purposes where heat is required, and also for an improved mode of supplying steam-boilers with hot water, the said improvements having for their object the economy of fuel. November 3rd, 6 months.

J. Deville, of Crutched Friars, Coach Builder, for improvements in railroads, and in carriages used thereon. November 3rd, 6 months.

J. Berington, of Charles Place, Shoreditch, Veterinary Surgeon of Cavalry, for improvements in knapsacks. November 3rd, 6 months.

W. H. James, late of Birmingham, but now of Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for heating, generating, and cooling fluids, and in

engines to be actuated by such fluids, parts of which improvements are applicable to the raising and forcing fluids. November 6th, 6 months.

R. Beart, of Godmanchester, Miller, for improvements in apparatus for filtering liquids. November 6th, 6 months.

L. Hebert, of Bristol Road, Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for a new or improved process or processes for embalming the dead, and for preserving corpses for anatomical purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 6th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus or machinery for obtaining rotatory motion. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Juckes, of Shropshire, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-engine boilers, and an apparatus for feeding furnaces and fire-places, and for the more effectual combustion of the smoke and gases arising therefrom. November 8th, 6 months.

B. J. Anson Bromwich, of Clifton-on-Teme, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery to be worked by the application of the expansive force of air, or other elastic fluids to obtain motive power. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Small, of Old Jewry, Merchant, for improvements in filtering liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 8th, 6 months.

H. H. Mohun, of the Regent's Park, M. D., for improvements in the composition and manufacture of fuel, and in furnaces for the consumption of such and other kinds of fuel. November 8th, 6 months.

T. M. Woodyatt, of Cookly, Screw Manufacturer, and S. Harrison, of Birmingham, for improvements in the manufacture of wood screws. November 8th, 2 months.

J. Browne, of Castle Street, Oxford Street, Esq., for improvements in paving roads and streets. November 8th, 6 months.

F. Macartan, of St. Martin's Lane, for improvements in treating the waste matter resulting from the washing of wool and woollen fabrics. November 8th. 6 months.

W. Watson, Jun., of Leeds, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of materials used in the dyeing of blue and other colours. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Winrow, of Gunthorpe, Nottingham, Mechanic, for certain improved means of, and apparatus for, destroying weeds and insects on land. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Drew, of Manchester, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the means of consuming smoke, and economising fuel, in steam-engine or other furnaces, or fire places. November 8th, 6 months.

H. F. Bacon, of Fen Drayton, Clerk, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of the glass holders and glass chimneys of gas burners. November 10th, 6 months.

J. Holmes, of St. John's Terrace, Worcester, Engineer, for improvements in forming moulds for casting in metal, studs, buttons, nails, tacks, and a variety of other articles. November 13th, 6 months.

G. Smith, of the Navy Club House, Bond Street, a Captain in the Royal Navy, for certain improvements in vessels to be propelled by steam or other power, and in the construction and arrangement of the machinery for propelling. November 13th, 6 months.

A. B. Byerley, of 147, Strand, Widow, and J. Collier, of the same place, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in obtaining motive power. November 13th, 6 months.

S. Thompson, of North Place, Gray's Inn Road, for certain additions to locks and fastenings for doors of buildings, and for cabinets and for drawers, chests, and other receptacles, for the purpose of affording greater security against intrusion by means of keys improperly obtained. November 13th, 6 months.

E. Samuell, of Liverpool, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of soda. November 13th, 6 months.

J. E. Macdowall, of No. 257, High Street, Borough, Watch Maker, for an improvement in the manufacture of escapements for chronometers, clocks, and watches. November 15th, 6 months.

T. T. Berney, of Morton Hall, Norfolk, Esquire, for certain improvements in cartridges. November 15th, 6 months.

W. Thorp and T. Meakin of Manchester, Silk Manufacturers, for certain improvements in looms for weaving, and also a new description of fabric to be produced or woven therein. November 20th, 6 months.

W. Watson, Jun., of Leeds, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of liquid ammonia, by which the same may be made applicable to

the purposes of dyeing, scouring, and other manufacturing processes. November 20th, 6 months.

H. G. Dyar, of Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacturing of zinc. November 20th, 6 months.

J. Wilson, of Liverpool, Lecturer on Chemistry, for certain improvements in the process of manufacturing alkali from common salt. November 22d, 6 months.

F. Delarue, Jun., late of Deville, near Rouen, in the kingdom of France, but now of Manchester, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in the process of printing, or otherwise applying and fixing the colouring matter of madder upon cotton, silk, linen, and other fabrics without dyeing, and producing by these means permanent colours. November 22d, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus for cutting, planing, turning, drilling, and rolling metals and other substances. November 22d, 6 months.

A. Cohen, of Islington, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction of railway carriages, and in the modes of connecting and retarding railway trains. November 26th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	47-34	29,48 29,40	N.E.		General overcast.
24	42 34·5	29,70-29,49	N.E.		Evening clear, otherwise overcast.
25	36-24	29,97-29,87	N.E.		Generally clear.
26	33-24·5	29,84-29,77	E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
27	35-24	29,53-29,33	S.E.		Generally cloudy, rain in the evening.
28	51-31·5	29,08-28,65	S.	,05	Gen. cloudy, wind boisterous, lightning in the ev.
*29	50-37	28,75-28,62	S.W.	,775	Cloudy, wind very boisterous, lightning in the ev.
30	51-44	29,10-28,85	S.W.	,2	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
Dec.					
1	47-43	29,49-29,40	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft.
2	49-44	29,43-29,36	S.W.	,2	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, with showers
3	49 42·5	29,40-29,39	S.W.	,65	Generally clear. [of rain.
4	49-37	29,58-29,45	S.W.		Generally clear.
5	47-32	29,94-29,69	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft.
6	44-33	30,16-30,11	S.W.		Generally clear.
7	49-30	30,19-30,10	N.W.	,0675	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn.
8	43-30·5	30,28-30,21	N.		Generally clear.
9	37-26·5	30,28-30,24	N.		Generally cloudy.
10	41-24·5	30,18-30,11	S.W.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
11	43-29	30,22-30,11	S.E.	,0675	Cloudy.
12	44-35	30,24-30,18	S.W.		Cloudy.
13	44-39	30,20-30,19	S.W.		General overcast.
14	45-36	30,26-30,24	N.		Aft. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the evening.
15	41-30	30,23 Stat.	E.		Generally clear.
16	42-28	30,25 30,23	E.		General overcast.
17	35-28·5	30,25-30,23	S.E.		General overcast.
18	37-30	30,22-30,19	E.		General overcast.
19	36-29	30,11-30,06	S.		General overcast.
20	40-25	30,19-30,06	S.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast.
21	37-31	30,24-30,19	S.E.		General overcast, small rain in the evening.
22	40-30	30,05-29,87	S.E.	,1	General overcast, raining during the day.

* On the morning of the 29th ultimo, from 2 to 3, this neighbourhood was visited with one of the most awfully grand storms which perhaps has ever been witnessed; the wind, which had been during the whole of the previous night blowing in violent gusts, was, by 2 o'clock, at a height scarcely less than during the hurricane of the 29th of October, accompanied by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning of the most vivid and brilliant description. The barometer remarkably low on the 28th, but that registered on the 29th is lower by ,03, and has not been equalled since the year 1830.

Meteors.—Between 8 and 20 minutes past 8 on the evening of the 5th instant, seven meteors were seen, two with small trains, the rest merely having the appearance of a small shooting star.

Edmonton. Charles Henry Adams.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords, Dec. 4.—This being the day to which Parliament stood prorogued, both Houses met *pro formâ*. Shortly after two o clock the Lord Chancellor, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Lord Glenelg, took their seats as Lords Commissioners, when the Lord Chancellor directed the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the House of Commons to hear her Majesty's Commission read for further proroguing Parliament.

In a few minutes Mr. Rickman and a number of the officers of the Commons appeared at the bar, when her Majesty's Commission was read.

The Lord Chancellor then said—By virtue of the Commission just read, we declare this present Parliament prorogued until Tuesday, the 5th day of February next, then to be here holden. Both Houses were then declared adjourned until the 5th of February.

Sir Robert Inglis was the only member of the Commons present.

Lord Durham arrived in London on the 1st instant.

American papers and despatches, relative to the state of affairs in Canada, have been received, from which the following are extracts.

(From the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of Nov. 9.)

"CANADA WAR RENEWED.

"We have to announce the important and thrilling intelligence that the Canadian population is again in arms. The news by last night's boat is, that a general and simultaneous rising of the French population on this side the St. Lawrence has taken place, and that several small posts had fallen into their hands; they had made prisoners at Napierville, and secured a considerable amount of arms and ammunition.

"St. John, it was believed, would be attacked last night by a strong force, estimated at seven or eight thousand. The utmost consternation prevailed at St. John's yesterday, and every means was put in requisition for the emergency. Captain Price's sloop, the *Daniel Webster*, we understand, was not permitted to leave port. Several of our citizens went down last evening.

"This movement is said to be headed by Robert Nelson, Cote, Gagnion, Hotchkiss, and several foreign military leaders. Of its results a few days will inform us; and this evening's boat will probably bring a pretty decisive indication.

"All accounts speak of arms, ammunition, and men, in abundance. May God prosper the right. Martial law is again proclaimed within the district of Montreal, and we shall doubtless be called to chronicle scenes of bloody outrage."

(From the *Montreal Herald*—Extra.)

"*Monday Morning, Nov. 5*, 1838.

"The events we have so often predicted are now matter of history. The Canadians have again risen in open rebellion, evidently under more efficient organisation, and martial law was yesterday proclaimed in this province for the second time in the short space of twelve months. Most alarming intelligence reached town yesterday forenoon, that the whole country was in a state of insurrection, and that many loyalists have been murdered in cold blood in the county of Acadie. Further accounts but too plainly corroborated the previous rumour, and a considerable body of troops was despatched to that country.

"The steamer *Princess Victoria*, which took over a detachment of the Royal Artillery on Saturday afternoon to La Prairie, was twice set on fire by the rebels while at the wharf, but fortunately escaped without much injury. The loyalists in La Prairie had ten minutes notice to leave the village, and getting on board the steamer *Britannia*, they have arrived in town in safety. Yesterday morning, about two o'clock, a party of three hundred rebels attacked the house of Mr. L. Brown at Beauharnois,; and, after about twenty minutes' fighting, Mr. Brown, Mr. Ellice, jun., M.P., Mr. Norval Mr. Ross, and the other Constitutionalists, surrendered themselves prisoners, and nothing more is at present known of their fate. Mrs. Ellice, Miss Balfour, and the other females in the house at the time, took refuge in the cellar during the engagement. Mr. Brown and Mr. Ross are both wounded.

"Yesterday forenoon an Indian woman, at the village of Caughnawaga, who was seeking for a stray cow, discovered a large body of armed men in the woods, and gave information of the circumstance to the Indians, who were then assembled at church. They immediately seized what arms they could procure, such as muskets, tomahawks, and pitchforks, and giving the war-whoop, charged their foes, who scampered off as fast as they could, throwing down their arms as they fled. Seventy-five were taken prisoners, and brought into town handcuffed, by the Lachine Cavalry. A considerable number of arrests were made yesterday, among whom are L. M

Viger, the president of the People's Bank; D. B. Viger, an ex-legislative councillor, Charles Mendelet, John Donegani, C. S. Cherrier, and a great many other leading rebels. The volunteers were ordered out, and vied with each other in doing their duty with alacrity.

"They were appointed to search every suspected house in the city and suburbs for arms, and they brought in a considerable supply. It was remarked that in Canadian houses there were very few men to be seen, and it is supposed that they were not far off. The gates at the different barricades were closed, and strong pickets placed to guard them. Reinforcements of troops were sent to various quarters of the district. At Beauharnois the rebels took possession of the steamer *Brougham* on her way to Lachine, with the mail on board. It is currently reported that during the engagement Mr. J. M'Donald, while leading on a party of dragoons against the rebels, was shot dead, five bullets having pierced his body. His Excellency Sir John Colborne arrived yesterday morning in the *John Bull*, and issued the following proclamation:—

"PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA.—J. COLBORNE.

"By His Excellency Sir John Colborne, Knight Grand Cross of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, Administrator of the Government of the Province of Lower Canada, Lieutenant General-in-Chief of her Majesty's Forces in the said Province, &c. &c.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas there exists in the District of Montreal a traitorous conspiracy, by a number of persons, falsely styling themselves Patriots, for the subversion of the authority of her Majesty, and the destruction of the established Constitution and Government of the said province; and whereas the said traitorous conspiracy hath broken out into acts of the most daring and open rebellion; and whereas the said rebellion hath very considerably extended itself, insomuch that large bodies of armed traitors have openly arrayed themselves, and have made, and do still make, attacks upon her Majesty's subjects, and have committed the most horrid excesses and cruelties:—

"And whereas in the parts of the said district in which the said conspiracy hath not as yet broken out in open rebellion, large numbers of such persons so calling themselves Patriots, for the execution of such their wicked designs, have planned means of open violence, and formed arrangements for raising and arming an organised and disciplined force, and, in furtherance of their purposes, have frequently assembled in great and unusual numbers; and whereas the exertions of the Civil Power are ineffectual for the suppression of the aforesaid traitorous and wicked conspiracy and rebellion, and for the protection of the lives and properties of her Majesty's loyal subjects:—

"And whereas the Courts of Justice in the said district of Montreal have virtually ceased to exist, from the impossibility of executing any legal process or warrant of arrest therein; and whereas the public safety requires that martial law should be exercised; now, therefore, I have thought fit, by and with the advice and consent of her Majesty's Executive Council of this Province, to issue this Proclamation, to the end that it be made manifest, that I shall arrest and punish, and cause to be arrested and punished, all persons who have been hitherto, or who now are, or hereafter may be, in anywise acting, aiding, and assisting in the said conspiracy and rebellion, and who hereafter may be in anywise acting, aiding, or assisting, in any other conspiracy and rebellion within the said district of Montreal, according to martial law, either by death or otherwise, as to me shall seem right and expedient, for the punishment of all rebels in the said district.

"Given under my hand and seal of arms, at the Government House, in the city of Montreal, in the province of Lower Canada, the fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the second year of her Majesty's reign.

"By his Excellency's command,

"THOMAS LEIGH GOLDIE,

"Acting Secretary of the Province."

A *London Gazette Extraordinary* was published, containing the following:

Colonial Office, Downing Street, Dec. 3, 1838.

Despatches, of which the following is an extract and a copy, have been received from Lieutenant General Sir John Colborne, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Canada, dated Montreal, the 5th, and La Colle, the 11th, November 1838.

(COPY.)

"*Head-Quarters, Odell Town, Seigniory of La Colle, Nov.* 11, 1838.

"My Lord, With reference to my despatch of the 5th inst., I have the honour to acquaint you that the *habitans* between the Yamaska and Richelieu Rivers quitted their villages on the night of the 3rd to take up arms against Her Majesty's Government, and assembled at St. Ours, St. Charles, and St. Michel—those from the westward of the Richelieu, from Contrecœur and Vercheres, at Belœil. The greater part of the rebels, however, of the Richelieu, on finding that the depots of arms and ammunition which had been promised them were not at the points of rendezvous ready to be delivered to them, returned to their homes on the 4th and 5th inst.

"The *habitans*, generally, of Beauharnois, La Prairie, and L'Acadie, also were in arms on the night of the 3rd, and attacked all the loyal subjects residing in their neighbourhood, and either drove them from their homes or made them prisoners. At Beauharnois, Chateauguay, and Napierville, the rebels assembled in great numbers; about 4,000 of them were concentrated at Napierville, under the command of Dr. Robert Nelson, Dr. Cote, and Gagnon, between the 3rd and 6th inst. Under these circumstances I ordered the corps under the immediate command of Major-Gen. Sir James Macdonnel and Major-Gen. Clitherow to march to L'Acadie and St. John's, with the intention of attacking Napierville on the 9th; but the unfavourable weather, and the very bad state of the roads, prevented the troops from reaching the vicinity of Napierville till late in the evening, and they did not enter the town till the morning of the 10th. The rebels, hearing of the approach of the Queen's troops, dispersed during the night of the 9th, and the following morning. When the rebels first established themselves at Napierville, they endeavoured to open a communication with the United States by Rouse's Point, with a view of bringing in supplies of arms and ammunition from their friends in the States of New York and Vermont; but the brave, persevering, and loyal volunteers of La Colle, Odell Town, Hemmingford, and Sherrington, who, from the first moment of the revolt, had posted themselves on the frontier, attacked 400 of them on the march from La Colle to Rouse's Point, two miles from the frontier line, defeated them, and took one field piece, 300 stand of arms, and drove them across the frontier. On the 9th, being reinforced from Sherrington, the volunteers took possession of the Church of Odell Town, and defended their post with the greatest bravery against an attack of 900 of the rebels on the march from Napierville, under Dr. Nelson, and compelled them to retire with great loss.

"I had directed Colonel Taylor (employed on particular service) to proceed to the frontier, to inform the volunteers of the march of the Queen's troops. This officer arrived at Odell Town about half an hour before the volunteers were attacked, and was of the greatest use to them in directing the defence of their position.

"As soon as I received information of the revolt in Beauharnois, I despatched Major Phillpots, R.E., with orders to Major Carmichael (particular service) to pass to Lake St. Francis from Point au Baudet, near Lancaster, to the south bank of the St. Lawrence, with a detachment of the 71st Regiment on the route from Upper Canada, and two battalions of the Glengarry Militia, under Colonels Macdonnel and Fraser, and to march on to Beauharnois. This movement was promptly carried into effect by the exertions of Major Phillpots, Major Carmichael, and the Colonels of the Glengarry Militia, on the 10th inst. Four or five men of the detachment of the 71st Regiment were killed and wounded in driving the rebels from Beauharnois. I shall take an early opportunity of conveying to your Lordship a more correct account of these occurrences, and of forwarding the reports of the officers commanding the volunteers posted on the frontier. Their loss has not been severe, but several valuable officers and loyal subjects have fallen; and I entreat that their families may be provided for by Her Majesty's Government. On every occasion since the commencement of this revolt, the British population have come forward with the greatest zeal and activity.

"No doubt now exists that the leaders of this revolt have been actively employed in organising this second attempt to establish a republic in Canada since June, and that a secret oath, which has been extensively administered to the *habitans*, was taken by a large portion of the disaffected in July and August; but it is certain that a large portion of the *habitans* who appeared in the ranks of the rebels were forced to join them, or have their property destroyed. Several hundred prisoners have been taken, and among them a French officer who had a command at Napierville. I enclose two proclamations issued by Dr. Robert Nelson.—I have, &c.

"The Lord Glenelg." (Signed) J. COLBORNE."

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Janet; or Glances at Human Nature. The second of a Series of Tales on the Passions. By the Author of "Misrepresentation."

On the first appearance of "Misrepresentation," we spoke of it very favourably, but certainly not more favourably than sincerely;—that is to say, the praise we gave was really heartfelt, and derived from an attentive perusal of the whole book, and not from a glance at the three volumes for the purpose of a mere puff. Our opinion as to its merits was subsequently confirmed by other critics, and by the more spontaneous admiration of many readers, who have warmly recommended the story from family to family.

"Misrepresentation," says the author, "was put on its ordeal under circumstances of a very adverse nature; the first production of a pen hitherto untried—entirely without support and interest in those quarters where interest is most effectual—appearing at a moment when the market overflowed with works of fiction,—there seemed but slender ground to hope it would escape the almost universal doom of writings thus unfavourably launched. But a fairer destiny awaited it: the public showed indulgence—the book made its way."

But, in truth, anything that is really good will make its way, in time, without that interest or support of which the author speaks, and to which, in our opinion, she attaches too much importance. There is no doubt that the rapid production of this kind of works, the pertinacity with which many of them are crowded on the eye of the public, has a prejudicial effect upon a modest stranger, that is kept comparatively out of sight, till some tasteful reader, who likes to judge for himself, takes it by the hand. It is with books as in society—real merit and wit may be left for a time to a *tête-à-tête* with modesty in corners and antechambers, but with time it is almost sure to get its proper place; and then people are vexed that it should have been kept so long in the shade.

The same merits which we noticed in "Misrepresentation" are conspicuous in this pleasant tale of "Janet," together with an evident improvement in style and arrangement. The language is more simple and nervous, the observations and reflections are more condensed, the incidents more artistically put together, the *morale* and *dénouement* more impressive. At the same time there is no over-drawing of characters, or melo-dramatising of scenes and incidents; but all is easy and natural. A

safer book of amusement can hardly be found, or one fitter to be introduced into a family. It does not contain a single sentiment but what is worthy of an English gentlewoman, nor a line that the most scrupulous guardian of youthful purity need wish to blot.

The passion more particularly illustrated by these "Glances at Human Nature" is the odious, but alas! common passion of envy—

> That monster, Envy, oft the wrack
> Of earned praise;

and the most incontrovertible of moral axioms—THE ENVIOUS SPIRIT CAN NEVER KNOW PEACE—is enforced with singular effect in the brilliant but hapless, heartless, wretched career of Janet Irving, in the end Lady Culross, and arbitress of the world of fashion.

But many other vices and foibles of modern English society are hit off incidentally by one who evidently is well acquainted with that society. Mr Pratt, who marries solely for the sake of connexion, is a capital hit. We have known a good many Mr. Pratts. Lady Janet in her young days is thus described, and the description, we fear, will apply to too many young ladies about town.

"From this period, Janet's heart became, if possible, still more closed against each good and christian feeling; and she offered no resistance to the fiendish disposition that enthralled her—she struggled not to break the chain that held her bound and miserable. A well-regulated, religiously-instructed mind had shrunk in horror from the sinful feelings Janet fostered, and gave way to; but in all her education, self-government had been omitted; and for religion—light indeed were Janet's opinions on that subject. To appear once on the Sabbath at a fashionable chapel, dressed in the highest point of elegance; to kneel, or sit, or stand with graceful ease, or studied attitude—to repeat a few hurried words morning and evening, (that is to say, when time allowed,) and once or twice a year to approach the communion-table, thus was her duty to her God performed. And towards man—she considered that in bestowing on the clamorous mendicant, who stood at the shop-door, the heavy coins she would have found it troublesome to carry, she absolved herself from every obligation to her fellow mortals. Such was Janet Irving's code of faith and practice—and there are, I much fear, many, whose ideas upon this subject are not more true or better founded."

The story must be read as a whole. A few detached extracts will not convey a proper notion of it; but the following will amuse as they stand singly.

WHY DO GENTLEMEN MARRY THEIR COOK MAIDS?

"What is the reason that when a gentleman chooses to vex his relations and lower himself by marrying a servant, he almost invariably selects the cook? We rarely, or never, hear of a gentleman espousing a lady's maid or housemaid; but it is by no means unusual for the cook to be promoted to the head of the household; and yet, she is, certainly, not the most interesting member of the establishment. I am no admirer of serving women's charms; I can see beauty in a gipsy or a peasant girl, especially if, as in Wales, there be an attempt at national costume: but the vulgar, would-be finery of servant maids is particularly revolting to my taste. Still, I must acknowledge, I *have* seen a lady's-maid look very like a lady; and I have also seen a pretty, extremely pretty housemaid——but a cook—a cook—who ever met with an attractive cook?"

We should be disposed to say that the attractions of cooks lie not in their persons, but in their science. We believe there are few recorded instances of gentlemen marrying their cooks previously to the age of fifty, when ragouts and made dishes put on all their charms, and when cooks, in the generality of cases, are certainly the most interesting members of establishments.

A LOVE COTTAGE.

"Knowlescombe was not precisely the small, inconvenient place, Perceval had described: still it was nothing but a cottage residence. Two sitting-rooms, sixteen feet square, with two smaller, of, perhaps, upon twelve, the ground floor, and corresponding sleeping ones above, constituted the dwelling; and about three acres of garden, an orchard and a paddock, the grounds.

"But the situation was one of exceeding loveliness. The house was placed at the extremity of a valley, deep and sequestered, and shut in by hills, from whose peaked summits, in some parts clothed with wood, in others bare and gray, many a rill came leaping down from crag to crag, until it mingled with the stream below.

"Beautiful it was from that dark glen to gaze upon the sky above, so blue, so pure, and so serenely calm—and fair the distant view of ocean that repaid your toil in climbing the embattled cliffs. It was a spot to please the heart of laughing childhood, for, in each nook and tiny glade, the wild flower grew in rich and fanciful profusion—and youth had loved the bold adventure of its walks and rambles—and sorrowing age, heart-sick and weary of the world, had, in that sweet retired vale, beheld a quiet resting place—the painter would have sketched its charms—the tourist lingered in the neighbourhood.

"But there exists a wide difference between admiring a pretty cottage from without, and being domiciled within—between a hasty visit and a lasting residence. For the first few days that followed the D'Esterres' arrival at their future home, Perceval could almost participate in the warmth with which Georgina, happy to escape from London with its noise and smoke, felt all the beauties of their new abode. He agreed that nothing could be prettier or more picturesque; and that, with a few additions to the furniture, Knowlescombe would really become a very pleasant residence.

"But this happy state of feeling soon evaporated: a few days, and Perceval had discovered that the chimnies smoked, that the house was inconveniently small, that the windows rattled, and admitted nearly as much air as they excluded—in a word, that it was an exceedingly uncomfortable place. Then, there was no society, no neighbourhood within available distance. The servants, of a very different stamp from those he had been used to, were pronounced unbearably stupid; they neither understood his wishes, nor obeyed his orders. He became restless, peevish, and discontented; and it required all Georgina's natural sweetness of disposition, all her affection for her husband, together with her reliance on a higher power, to enable her to bear with gentleness and patience Perceval's frequent fits of fretful irritation: but her path lay plain before her, and she steadily pursued it.

"It was a sharp autumnal evening—Mr. D'Esterre, again and again, had stirred the fire, he had drawn the curtains, tried the door, nothing would shut out the draughts, or warm the room. So, at least, he said: Georgina thought the apartment overheated. In fact, he wanted occupation; she saw this, and begged him to read to her. D'Esterre read a few pages, but in so absent and uninterested a manner, she felt sorry she had proposed it.—Suddenly he took out his watch,—(it was about ten minutes since he last consulted it,) but now, happy circumstance for an idle gentleman who knew not what to do with himself, the hour was come when he might legitimately order coffee. He rang for that purpose, and coffee was served.

"'What wretched stuff!' said D'Esterre, setting down a cup of most uninviting looking beverage. 'Mrs. Thompson must, really,—'

"'You forget, Perceval, I am housekeeper now—a very inefficient one, you will say. The fact is, I have been disappointed: I ordered some coffee from town, which ought to have been here by this time, but as Mr. W. failed to send it, I was forced to take some from B—. The dealer assured me it was good.'

"'As good as everything else in this infernal place—we had better by half have gone abroad. No existing here—look at that confounded chimney, just see how it smokes.'

"Georgina said nothing, but she thought that, if her husband would refrain from stirring the fire so immediately after it had been replenished, they might escape the grievance.

"'Georgina,' he said, after a brief silence, 'I think Knowlescombe does not agree with you, you look ill and out of spirits. I'm confident this climate does not suit you.'

"'Indeed, I have no reason to think so; as for my looks and spirits, they will improve when you are better.'

"'Better!' rejoined Perceval, in a tone of surprise and slight vexation, 'what do you mean, Georgina? my health is excellent.'

"To say the truth, not only had D'Esterre lost all traces of his illness, but he had acquired a trifling degree of enbonpoint, which, as he piqued himself on the symmetrical elegance of his figure, had still further tended to put him out of humour with his present residence.

"'I mean, Perceval, that my looks and sprits will improve, when you are more yourself—more what you were a year ago.'

"'As for that, Georgina, I don't suppose either you or I should expect to be exactly what we were a twelvemonth back. We, or at least I, have learnt a lesson or two since then, which I shall not easily forget. I feel ten years older at the very least.'

"'True,' replied Georgina, 'we are both altered, both older; but, as we gain experience, we must be careful that we do not lose our——our cheerfulness.'

"'You mean good temper, I suppose.'

"Such had been Georgina's meaning, and she did not deny it. Perceval felt excessively indignant. No man relishes a lesson from his wife's lips: and, if she be usually mild and forbearing, far from pleasing by its novelty, becomes still more distasteful: especially if, as in this instance, the rebuke be not wholly undeserved.

"Mr. D'Esterre, I say, felt very much offended; and not another syllable did he condescend to lavish upon the delinquent during the remainder of that evening.

"'Georgina,' he said, on the following day, 'if we are to spend all our lives in this abominable place—what will you do for amusement? As the spring advances, every one will be in town, will you not wish to go also? If you do, I suppose we might contrive to manage a few weeks at an hotel.'

"Perceval made this suggestion, not that he entertained any serious thoughts of such an undertaking, but, simply, because he knew nothing vexed Georgina half so much as a proposal to leave Knowlescombe—not a particularly amiable method of proceeding; but, unluckily, a common one. When thwarted in their inclinations, men and women also are exceedingly apt to vent their spleen on the first legitimate object that presents itself; and thus, children are punished, servants reprimanded, and wives or husbands teazed according to the sex and station of the offended party. As, in the present instance, it was the husband whose temper was out of joint, his wife, of course, became the recipient of his irritation.

"'Not for me, Perceval, at any rate,' replied Georgina, 'I have not the faintest wish for gaiety.'

"'Last spring you went out constantly.'

"'Because Janet wished it. And you were so much from home.' Georgina might have added,'And your mother so unbearable.'

"'And you can really make up your mind to remain quietly for ever in this wretched place—the house is not much better than a pauper's!'

"'Nay, Perceval, you are unjust in speaking thus of Knowlescombe; besides, my father's house was even of a humbler description, and I was perfectly happy there.'

"'Ay—happier than you have been since. Yes, Georgina, it would, perhaps, have been better for you—for both of us, if you had never left it.'

"'If you wish to send me from you, Perceval, I will return to Atherley,' replied Georgina in quivering accents.

"'Nay, nay, Georgy, I was not in earnest—'twas a joke, nothing but a joke.'

"'This is too serious a subject for jesting;' and, concealing her face in her handkerchief, Georgina left the room.

"'How weak her spirits are, how nervous she must be!' thought Perceval; but the monitor within told him his young wife's agitation had a far deeper source than bodily indisposition; and then her father's admonition flashed upon his mind. How had that warning been responded to by him? He dared not answer—well."

THE SAME COTTAGE, AS IMPROVED BY A CONTENTED SPIRIT.

"That pretty picturesque cottage, covered with roses, ivy, and passion-flower—is Knowlescombe—and the individual so intent upon the arrangement of that flower-bed, Perceval D'Esterre. Perceval, his complexion a little darker, and his figure rather more robust than in the days of his fashionable celebrity: but health flushes

on his cheek, and gladness lights his eye—and the glance he casts from time to time towards the open window of the little sitting-room bespeaks affection.

"'Come out, Georgy, I can't get on without you. Come out, and tell me where you like to have those myrtles placed.'

"Georgina is in no great hurry to obey; she is engaged in one of those important tasks housewives find so engrossing: and when, on a second appeal from Perceval, she does lay by her occupation and place herself beside him, her whole manner and appearance strikingly give token of assured happiness and confiding love.

"Another person joins them; an aged, stooping man, whose eyes are dim, whose footsteps fall uncertainly, but on whose features sit contentment and placidity—and holding by his hand a laughing, rosy little girl, who feels quite proud of 'taking care of grandpapa.' Georgina's anxious wishes are accomplished; her father is, for life, beneath her roof; that too, at Perceval's suggestion.

"It may not be denied, Mr. D'Esterre was finally determined on this step by a threatened revival of Lady Gertrude's old and fondly cherished scheme of a united establishment; but as he did not impart this to Georgina, she looked upon his invitation to her father as a token of affection; and her happiness was tenfold increased by the delightful notion—women are not particularly clear-sighted on such occasions; nor, perhaps, men either.

Georgina, however, needs no evidence of D'Esterre's attachment; she has fairly won his love—won it by her patience, her gentleness, her unvarying love for him—it may be, also, by her firmness in refusing to leave England. For, although vexed at having his wishes thwarted, he could not but reverence the motives of her opposition: and the steadiness with which she adhered to the path of duty, notwithstanding all it cost her, producing struggles which even he could not be blind to, gave birth to feelings of respectful admiration he had not believed her capable of inspiring, and which formed the basis of rational and yet devoted love.

It was well for Georgina—it was well for both of them, she showed herself thus resolute: had she listened to the suggestions of her weaker nature, there is every probability to fear D'Esterre had long ago become an irretrievably lost character. To a man of his tastes and habits a residence abroad would have proved as, if not more, expensive than remaining in his native land; whilst the constant excitement of a continental life would have been little favourable to domestic happiness. As it is, during the five years elapsed since they took up their residence at Knowlescombe, a considerable portion of his debts have been got rid of; ere very long they will be able to return to Ringland, and meanwhile they are perfectly contented.

"'Love in a cottage! What an antique notion!'

"I may not contradict you, my fastidious critic—yet moderate your strictures, I beseech you; for indeed, indeed, I have tried hard to strike out something new; for well I know, that splendid marriages, death-bed scenes, and all the other ordinary modes of terminating works of this description, are stale and hackneyed. Once, to be sure, I hoped I had succeeded, and half proposed to write a tale, whose heroine should close her multitude of sorrows and disasters by marrying neither a peer nor a commoner—a man of neither wealth nor poverty—but—a Bishop! Something quite novel, I am confident. But then—to make a Bishop figure as a bridegroom—oh, it would never do. My elder readers would have said such a consummation savoured of disrespect—the younger ones of want of interest—so I gave up the original idea."

In conclusion:—Every one that has read "Misrepresentution" will hasten to read "Janet, or, Glances at Human Nature." To those unacquainted with either, we can warmly and conscientiously recommend both.

Emigration Fields. North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand, describing these Countries, and giving a Comparative View of the Advantages they present to British Settlers. By PATRICK MATTHEW, author of "Naval Timber and Arboriculture."

The author indulges in a few whims, oddities, and crudities; but on the whole we have no hesitation in saying that his work will be found

very valuable by all who turn their attention to the subject of emigration, which is every day increasing in importance, and which forces itself upon the mind of every man that thinks or feels for his fellow-creatures. Mr. Patrick Matthew is in many respects an original and bold thinker. He is not afraid of shaking established notions or wounding prejudices. At times he may possibly be mistaken; but his intention is always high-minded and noble. He breathes and burns for the bettering of the conditions of the great masses of society.

"Much has been said, and with much truth, of the excessive toil and insufficient remuneration of the working-men in Britain. It is easy to expatiate and be eloquent upon a subject so palpably distressing; but has any plan been suggested for the quiet and just extirpation of the evil equally effectual with that proposed in the ensuing pages?

"The condition of man, more especially in Britain, is upon the eve of a great change. Facility of production has become so great, that one-third the labour, nay, even less than a third, that was required half a century ago, can now supply him with the necessaries and comforts of life. The facility of communication,—of traffic with, and emigration to, the most distant parts of the world, is now equally advanced; the whole of the unpeopled regions of the earth may now be said to be British ground, and the gate is opened to an exceedingly improved field for human labour and vast increase of British race. *The working-men of Britain are determined that they will no longer be restrained from reaping the fruits of these advantages*, by monopolies and regulations, which cause these discoveries and improvements to administer only to the luxury of a particular class. The working-men see, that the means of moral improvement and rational human enjoyment are now within their reach. The capabilities of man for happiness, and for moral advancement, have hitherto been suffered to run waste. The elements of a new condition of things are all procured, and there is only awanting a proper arrangement and social organisation, to afford a sufficiency of all that renders life delightful and innocent to the whole human family,—a condition of things which causes the heart to swell and beat within us."

In the following passage the author fairly states some of the strong inducements to emigration. The passages involving some of the highest questions of the science of political economy seem to us sound and unanswerable.

"Britain, at the present moment, exhibits man in a position altogether new, from the extensive application of steam power and improved machinery in aid of human labour. By means of these facilities to production, together with combined labour, the work of man has been rendered doubly efficient in raising food, and many times more efficient in fabricating clothing, and other human requisites. An immense available power and surplus labour supply has thus been developed, limited in the field of food production by our confined territory, restricted in the field of manufacturing production by our home food-monopoly. A great change in the relative proportion of labour and capital requisite for production has also taken place, and human labour, in part superseded by steam power and machinery, has undergone a comparative depreciation of value. The usual balance of demand and supply of labour being thus deranged, has caused occasional gluts; and it may require a time, and much further misery may ensue, risking political convulsion, before the social economy adjust itself, unassisted, to the new order of things.

"One of the most prominent consequences of this new order, is the great comparative increase of number of the non-producing classes (the holders of accumulated wealth—the idle recipients of income) and the unprecedented extent of their comforts and luxuries, while the condition of the working-class, instead of improving, has deteriorated. Had the free-trade system been adopted contemporaneously with this available increase of power of production, the condition of the working class would, no doubt, have improved in nearly an equal degree, as an almost unlimited demand for our manufactures, in exchange for the food and raw produce of the Continent, would have taken place. But as this system, however much to be desired, is awanting, and the mischievous effects of our restrictive system already in part irremediable, humanity calls upon us to endeavour to devise some other

means of effecting an improvement in the condition of the working-class, but of such a nature as not to impede the attainment of free trade.

"Prevented by our trade-restrictive system from obtaining a market in foreign nations for the immense surplus fabrics which this vast increase of power is capable of producing, there is only one other available resource,—*to transplant our surplus working population to new lands.* This would not only bring about a salutary balance in our home economy, but at the same time, by raising up new and most valuable customers, would afford wide and extending fields of consumption, commensurate with the future increase of our powers of production. In the present condition of Britain, it is even probable that a system of colonisation, judiciously planned and *sufficiently* followed out, would eventually be equally promotive of the comfort and happiness of the working population of Britain, as if free trade were to give full scope to the employment of the whole working population at home, and at the same time be more influential in improving the race of man generally. Change of place within certain limits of latitude, seems to have a tendency to improve the species equally in animals as in plants; and agricultural and trading occupations are far more congenial to health and increase, than manufacturing occupations. It cannot, therefore, be doubted that the increase of the British race, (evidently a superior race,) and their extension over the world, and even the vigour of the race itself, will be more promoted by this colonising system, than by the utmost freedom of trade without the colonising system, and the turning of our entire energies to manufacturing industry.

"This attempt to draw attention to colonisation proceeds from no wish to check the present national effort to obtain a free trade! Colonial intercourse is in effect a circumscribed kind of free trade, under peculiarly favourable circumstances; *and the amazing increase, and vast extent and advantage, of our colonial trade, is the most direct proof of the advantage, not only to Britain, but to mankind, which would result from free trade over all.* Every enactment to prevent the exchange of the produce of labour between man and man, and nation and nation, if the article is not injurious to health and morals, is truly diabolic. All who have aided in these enactments ought to be held up to the detestation of mankind as repressers of industry, as promoters of misery, as ministers of evil, selfishly bent upon rendering abortive the good which a benevolent Providence has designed for man, in forming one portion of the earth more fitted for the seat of manufacturing industry and trade, and other portions for the peculiar productions of various kinds of food and raw material, thus calculated, by giving rise to a reciprocity of advantageous intercourse, to promote an enlightening and friendly connexion, and to diffuse science, morality, the arts of life, all that conduces to improvement and happiness, over the nations.

"In the event of our own Legislature adopting the free-trade system, the introduction of the colonising, by rendering Great Britain more independent of foreign nations, will be a means of inducing these nations also to agree to a reciprocity of free trade; whereas, were we soliciting the free exchange of commodities, and apparently dependent upon these nations for a market, there would be no end to the haggling of their selfish and ignorant governments. In this view, therefore, colonisation is a step to the attainment of general free trade throughout the world; at any rate, the increase of our trade and manufactures, sequent to an extensive emigration, by diffusing intelligence and wealth, must sooner bring about the free-trade system.

"The mind is almost overwhelmed in contemplating the prospects of improvement in the general condition of humanity, now opening through the medium of British colonisation, and the consequent diffusion of the elevating and meliorating influences of British liberty, knowledge, and civilisation. One great free naval people, aided by all the discoveries of modern science, and united under the attractions of a common literature, and the reciprocal advantage of the exchange of staple products, increasing rapidly in numbers, and ramifying extensively over numerous maritime regions, will soon overshadow continental despotisms, and render them innocuous.

"From the unlimited supply of new land, colonies are especially fitted for a connexion with Britain. Being in the opposite extremes of condition, they are in the highest degree mutually beneficial, the former affording the raw material in exchange for the more laboured products of industry of the latter, while at the same time the colonists are by habit great consumers of British manufactures. What is required is, that the extension of colonisation should go hand in hand with the extension of manufactures, thus generating new markets in proportion to the increase of fabrics.

"But, at the present moment, it is as a salutary drain to our overstocked labour-market that colonisation is so vitally necessary. To bring things to a healthy state, a vast exportation of working population must in the first place be effected, and to keep them so, a constant great stream of emigration must be afterwards kept up. And in proportion as this efflux is properly regulated, will, at the same time, the condition of the people at home and abroad be prosperous, and the population progressive."

Doing full justice to the capabilities of North America, Mexico, the Cape, Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, it is NEW ZEALAND that Mr. Patrick Matthew most earnestly recommends as a field for emigration, as a country fitted by nature and other circumstances for becoming the naval emporium of the southern hemisphere, and of the Pacific, under British colonisation. All this portion of his volume, extending from page 114 to page 213, is exceedingly interesting and valuable. On the other points there are books which may compete in utility with his; but here, as far as our reading goes, he stands alone. Indeed, as he himself informs us in his preface, the work at first consisted only of the part which relates to New Zealand, and the other portions were hastily written at the suggestion of his publisher.

The eyes of the Colonial Secretary are said to be very somnolent. We hope that this is merely party scandal; but, sleeping or waking, the highly important suggestions about New Zealand ought to be forced on his attention, and on that of his colleagues. A spouting member of parliament might shoot up wonderfully into notice by making this his text-book for a few nights. To speak seriously, the work merits the best attention of statesmen, legislators, and writers, who suggest or guide public opinion.

In all the "modern instances" we are acquainted with, the settlement of civilised men among savages, whether red, brown, or black, has been a curse, a scourge, and an annihilation to the latter. Mr. Patrick Matthew thinks this would not be the case with the English and the New Zealanders; and we are disposed to believe that it would not, *if* the suggestions, regulations, and restrictions proposed by his ingenuity and philanthropy were, or *could be*, carried into effect. Indeed, humanity to the poor natives is with him a paramount consideration, and foremost among the reasons he gives why New Zealand should be colonised in preference to every other country is, the philanthropic reason. This argument is discussed at length, and with very considerable eloquence. The whole of the book, in fact, is earnestly and nervously written. Depend upon it, dear reader, the writer of it is no common man! But get his book, and judge for yourself. He may startle a few of your preconceived notions about government and things in general, but he will lead you *to think*—to think for yourself!

Francia's Reign of Terror, Sequel to Letters on Paraguay. By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON.

We were, on the whole, much pleased with Messrs. Robertson's two first volumes about Paraguay. We thought it a sincere, straightforward book, wherein the authors told just what they had seen, and what they knew, without exhibiting any symptom of that repletory malady of book-making which is so irksome and intolerable to practised book readers. We gave it our slight tribute of praise accordingly; and we are glad to see, in the preface to the present volume, that the work has been very successful.

"We find ourselves," say Messrs. Robertson, "in the agreeable position of having to thank our critics, one and all. We have not a word of cavil or objection to

offer against any one of them. And be it permitted us to record, in honour of the press of England, that in no one instance, directly or indirectly, has influence of any kind, as far as we are concerned, biassed a single article in our favour."

This is all right—just as it should be; and heartily do we wish, for the honour both of authors and critics, that every be-praised writer could honestly make the same declarations. The present volume is sure to be far more successful with the general run of readers than its predecessors, for it abounds far more in narrative, and narrative of a very interesting and exciting kind. It would be saying little to say of it, that it is far more amusing than most of the romances that have been written since Sir Walter Scott's.

Francia, doctor in medicine, and dictator and tyrant of Paraguay, is not only one of the most singular characters of his day, but of any other day.

The following is an amusing account of some of Francia's various occupations.

"It was one of the wisest sayings of one of the wisest of men, 'That all he knew was, that he knew nothing;' and if he had never penned another word, this little sentence would have immortalised him. Our dictator, in his estimate of himself, reversed the sober judgment of the sage; for, in every action and every word, the Supremo proclaimed to all beholders and all hearers, 'This I know, that there is nothing which I do *not* know.' You have seen him acting the various parts of lawyer, legislator, secretary of state, farmer, paviour, philosopher, linguist, algebraist, astronomer, intriguer, recluse, bellmaker, gunsmith, director of customs, chancellor of the exchequer, paymaster general of the troops, inspector of barracks, master of the horse, and of the ordnance too, drill-sergeant, tailor, trouser and cartouche-box maker; you have seen him also in the parts of gaoler and executioner, and finally in that of president of the detestable 'Chamber of Truth,' the very designation of which, as combined with the iniquitous purposes to which it was appropriated, implies an amount of despotic impudence, and of phlegmatic daring, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

"You shall now have the Supremo exhibited to you in three more of his characters, and those, except the parts of executioner and jailer, his favourite ones. You shall see him, first, acting as general of cavalry, and with a fierce countenance, leading a couple of troops to a charge against empty space; you shall next see him playing the land-surveyor, and with his theodolite mal-adroitly measuring angles, acute and obtuse, till, in order to complete his lines, he found it necessary to pull down three-fourths of the houses of Assumption; lastly, you shall have the Supremo exhibited to you in his character of architect, attempting to repair the breaches made by him in his capacity of land-surveyor. First, then, I am to present the dictator to you as a dragoon. For this purpose you must no longer think of him in the black suit of a diplomatist, in which he was drawn in our first series. His sable coat was exchanged for that of a Spanish general, his round hat for a towering and menacing cocked one, with a stiff red feather and gaudy cockade in it; on his left breast he wore conspicuously what some called a star, and others a breast-knot. It partook of both, for some rich embroidery made it look like the former, and the intermixture with this of tricolor ribbons, red, blue, and white, made it look like the latter. The whole constituted a huge and barbarous badge, the design of which he had adopted from a caricature engraving of Bonaparte, perpetrated by a German artist, at Nuremberg, in defiance of every law of propriety, and even credibility. The dictator dragoon cherished into stunted growth two mustachios on his upper lip, which were plentifully manured with princess; and he is said much to have regretted that the soil of his face was not adapted to the growth of whiskers.

"To these appurtenances of military costume, he added a cavalry sabre, in a steel scabbard, and a pair of holsters covered with crimson velvet, in which were two double-barrelled pistols. He wore also a blue silk, or rather satin, sash (*color de la patria*) with a tassel at either end of it, not unlike the tassel of a modern bell-pull. But the Supremo, even arrayed in all his military glory, was too much of a civilian entirely to lay aside the honourable insignia which distinguished the learned and diplomatic members of that body. Of these insignia, silk stockings, gold buckles, and thin shoes were indispensable parts; and a still more notable emblem of civic

authority was the golden cane, with the gold head and black tassel. The Supremo, therefore, kept all these as indispensable parts of his costume. To boots he had a rooted antipathy, and boasted of never having worn them since he was first admitted an *abogado de derecho*, or jurist. Over his silk stockings he had thus fastened his military spurs, and so, half soldier, half lawyer, a more refined centaur than any one of the crew which took me to Bajada, did Francia sally forth to drills, inspections, and reviews. Conceive him now, with his civic cane slipped into a receptacle for it in his holsters, and his right hand wielding a not over brightly burnished sabre, at the head of two troops of cavalry, and prepared to lead them on to the charge. '*A paso lento, ma-a-ar-chén*,' cried the dictator; 'move on, at slow-ow-ow time;' 'a paso redoblado;' at *quick* time;' 'cárguen à galope;' 'charge at full speed.' Like Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, he then led his men over some of the sloping Alps of Paraguay. '*A-a-alto*,' after half an hour's gallop, cried the dictator—*ha*-a-alt;' and then he ordered his aides-de-camp to beat with their sabres any man who had fallen out of the ranks, or whose horse had stumbled over the burnt trunk of a palm-tree."

In common with others, we had been deceived by a report of the dictator's death. Messrs. Robertson assure us that he is still alive—that, like Ben Jonson's love, in the old song, he still

"Rules and reigns without control."

We hinted on a previous occasion that our authors were not very profound politicians. It is quite clear to us that there is a great deal in Francia's policy, and in the system he has established for so long a time in Paraguay, which they are incapable of understanding and explaining. From their own materials, from the information which they have collected, and upon which we rely, as upon the testimony of honest, truth-telling men, we should form sundry conclusions very different from theirs.

Scenes at Home and Abroad. By HERBERT BYNG HALL, Esq., Author of "Spain, and the Seat of War in Spain," Knight of St. Ferdinand, and M. S. A. M.

This is a light agreeable little volume, which will occupy a winter's evening, without leaving any painful impressions to disturb the night. It contains seven amusing stories,—"The House of St. Clare," "The Banks of the Thames," "Adelheid of Sunan," "The Knights of Festenberg," "Recollections of La Mailleraie," "The Nymph of the Danube," and "The Mill of Tancarville."

Three of the stories, the author tells us, are in some measure selected and translated from old German manuscripts. We confess we should never have suspected this from the evidence of the compositions.

The Entomologist's Text Book. By J. D. WESTWOOD, F.L.S., Secretary to the Entomological Society of London, &c.

Mr. Westwood occupies—and we believe deservedly—a foremost rank among the professors of that peculiar branch of natural history to which he has devoted himself. He has also the happy art of making his science popular—of conveying his information in a pleasing and very intelligible form. The present volume contains the leading entomological articles which he contributed to the British Cyclopædia of Natural History, somewhat remodelled, and in several instances considerably improved. It is small, compact, and cheap, illustrated with very numerous woodcuts not given in the Cyclopædia, and will serve admirably as an introduction to the study of the natural history and classification of insects, including the Crustacea and Arachnida.

When the young student has made himself familiar with this treatise, he should go to those rich mines of instruction and amusement, the volumes of Spence, Kirby, and Huber, opening his eyes at the same time to all living insects in fields and woods, gardens and groves. Properly directed, a little actual observation will go farther than a great deal of reading, in making him a good entomologist.

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by WILLIAM STANHOPE TAYLOR, Esq., and Captain JOHN HENRY PRINGLE, Executors of his Son, John Earl of Chatham, and published from the original manuscripts in their possession.

We have just received the second volume of this work, which consists entirely of original letters, and a few necessary and very sensible notes introduced by the editors. The letters run over a period of nine years, from 1757 to 1766, during which occurred the crooked negociations to secure Mr. Pitt to the court interest, or to keep him out of office altogether; the expulsion of Wilkes, with the "great combustion" that followed that ill-advised measure; the peace of 1762: the pension (most hardly begged for!) to the patriot Pitt; the Chatham peerage, &c. &c.

The writers of these letters are men and women, of all grades, all colours, all nations. Perhaps the most conspicuous are, Mr. Gerard Hamilton, (commonly called "Single-speech Hamilton," and one of the suspected authors of Junius' Letters,) Mr. Nuthall, a witty attorney at law, Mr. Beckford, the wealthy father of the author of "Vathek," Sterne, Andrew Mitchell, the accomplished diplomatist, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Bristol, the Duke of Newcastle, Villettes, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, the King of Prussia, (Frederic the Great,) the Count de Fuentes, the Marquis Grimaldi, *John Wilkes*, M. de Bougainville, Lord Bute, *Voltaire*, Dr. Warburton, Bamber Gascoyne, Algarotti, Horace Walpole, James Boswell, George Onslow, Lord Shelburne, General Burgoyne, and his Majesty George III.

Collectively the correspondence throws considerable light on the party history and other events of the time; nor are the letters altogether unamusing. The editorial part, we should say, is executed with care and ability.

The weightier matters treated of will recommend the volumes to the historian and politician; but our present task limits itself to the selecting a few of the lighter passages for the amusement of our readers. These we shall take indiscriminately from the letters and from the editors' footnotes.

MR. GRENVILLE, THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

"As one of the ways and means of the year (1763) a bill had been brought in, laying a duty on cider, and subjecting the makers of it to the laws of excise. In the course of its progress, Mr. Pitt strongly opposed it. 'Every man's house was,' he said, 'his castle; and if this tax was endured, it would necessarily lead to the introduction of the excise laws into the domestic concerns of every private family, and to every species of the produce of land: the laws of excise were odious and grievous to the dealer, but intolerable to the private person.' Mr. Grenville, although he admitted that the excise was odious, contended that the tax was unavoidable. 'Where,' he asked, 'can you lay another tax of equal efficiency?' And he repeated several times, 'Tell me where you can lay another tax—tell me where.' Upon which Mr. Pitt, in the words of a song at that time popular, replied in a musical tone, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where!' This anecdote is related by Almon, and also by Mr. Butler in his Reminiscences; who adds, that the effect upon the house was irresistible, and settled on Mr. Grenville the appellation of 'the gentle shepherd!'"

STERNE.

"Sir,—Though I have no suspicion that the enclosed dedication can offend you, yet I thought it my duty to take some method of letting you see it, before I presumed to beg the honour of presenting it to you next week, with the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
"LAURENCE STERNE.

"TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. PITT.

"Sir,—Never poor wight of a dedicator had less hopes from his dedication, than I have from this of mine, for it is written in a by-corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatched house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill-health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles,—but much more so when he laughs,—that it adds something to this fragment of life. I humbly beg, sir, that you will honour this book by taking it (not under your protection, it must protect itself, but) into the country with you, where, if I am told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain, I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever heard or read of. I am, great Sir—and, what is more to your honour, I am, good Sir—your well-wisher, and most humble fellow-subject,

"THE AUTHOR."

Poor Yorick, by the publication of the two first volumes of Tristram Shandy, at this time, became a London lion—a lion of the first magnitude. Painters painted his portrait, and engravers engraved it: the man was as great an object of admiration as his book. There was a scramble among the great and fashionable who should get him to their parties first; and where he was to dine people were invited a fortnight before.

In the year 1760, Pitt stood godfather to the future author of "Vathek." The following is a letter of thanks from the grateful father, William Beckford, Esq., who was then engaged in making improvements at Fonthill.

"My dear Sir,—Your very obliging and much esteemed favour was duly received. I consider it the greatest honour to have such a sponsor to my child. He was made a Christian last night, and Lord Effingham was your proxy. No endeavours of mine shall be wanting (if it please God to spare his life) to instil into his tender mind principles of religion, honour, and love of country. It is true, these are old-fashioned principles; but they are such as you approve of, and practise. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to take your opinion on my present works, and to regulate my future operations by your advice and judgment; but I cannot flatter myself so much as to think it possible to enjoy that comfort, until you have first procured for your country a safe, honourable, and lasting peace. I am, dear Sir, your ever faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"W. BECKFORD."

CHARLES III. KING OF NAPLES AND THEN OF SPAIN.

The following passages are taken from an interesting letter written by Mr. Stanier Porten, who had been for some years British resident at Naples. When Charles III. succeeded to the throne of Spain, it was essential to Pitt to have a good notion of his character and habits, and he requested Mr. Porten to give him what information he could on these points, as also concerning the characters of those who had accompanied his Majesty from Naples to Spain.

"The King has strong natural parts, which doubtless might have been greatly improved, had he not been kept in such a remarkable subjection during his youth... He is universally acknowledged to be possessed of high sentiments of justice and humanity. He has with great assiduity applied himself to extirpate robbers and murderers, who abounded in the country; and of late years few accidents have happened, even in the remotest provinces.

"He has attained a perfect knowledge of all the fabrics and manufactures at Naples, of which he frequently talked, and gave circumstantial details during his dinner. He is extremely reserved; and it is very difficult even for those who constantly attend him, to penetrate his intentions, which he conceals with art, and, perhaps, sometimes with a certain degree of dissimulation; but he is firm to a degree, whenever he has once taken a determinate resolution. He is of a robust constitution, so extremely regular in his diet, that it has been observed he ate and drank almost the same quantity every day both in winter and summer. He is exact to a moment in all his actions; and such a constant uniformity was there in everything he did, that let the weather be as it might, he alighted always from his coach to make water at a particular tree near Caserta. He used to rise early both in winter and summer. As soon as he came out of his bedchamber he went to chapel, then drank chocolate, afterwards to council, and then abroad either to shoot or fish. He constantly dined in public at twelve o'clock, and soon after dinner went again to one of those diversions. He minded neither heat, cold, nor rain; the weather seldom hindered his going abroad twice every day. In the evening, he again went to confer with his ministers, who had all their separate days; then he supped, and at ten every night was in bed. From these rules he hardly ever varied at Naples. He has ever been an affectionate husband, and tender parent to all his children; and it is generally believed he never knew any woman except the Queen. He loves splendour, magnificence, and to see a brilliant court; but he used to wear himself a frock and close sleeve, except on days of functions, and especially on the Queen's birthday and saints' days, when his Majesty was very richly dressed, and all the nobility, corps of officers, judges, chief lawyers, &c., kissed his hands; but as soon as that ceremony was over, the King retired to put on his frock, and he generally gave his rich suit to some poor nobleman of the court, ordering beforehand the suit to be made according to the size of the person it was destined for; so that sometimes the clothes appeared much too long, at other times too short, for his Majesty. He has a great passion for building, of which the new palace at Caserta is a strong proof; besides his other palaces at Portici, Capo di Monte, and Persano. None of them are yet finished.* He is also particularly fond of the china manufacture at Capo di Monte. During a fair held annually in the square before his palace at Naples, there is a shop solely for the sale of part of this china; and a note was daily brought to the King of what was there sold, together with the names of those who bought; and it is said, he looked often favourably on the persons who made any purchase."

PITT UPON WILKES.

"On the 24th of November, (1763,) when the question 'that the privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels,' again came to be discussed, Mr. Pitt, though very ill, came down to the House on crutches, and vehemently reprobated the facility with which Parliament was surrendering its own privileges; but he carefully impressed on the House that he was merely delivering a constitutional opinion, and not vindicating the libel, or its author. He condemned the whole series of North Britons, and called them illiberal, unmanly, and detestable. 'He abhorred,' he said, 'all national reflections: the King's subjects were one people: whoever divided them was guilty of sedition. His Majesty's complaint was well-founded; it was just; it was necessary. The author did not deserve to be ranked among the human species! he was the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King. He had no connexion with him: he had no connexion with any such writer.'"

"PRINCE CHARLES OF BRUNSWICK AND THE QUAKER.

"The prince, who came to England to marry the Princess Augusta, eldest sister of the King, landed at Harwich on the 12th, where he was enthusiastically received by the populace. Lady Chatham, in writing to Mr. Pitt, says, 'Mrs. Boscawen tells me they almost pulled down the house in which he was, in order to see him. A substantial Quaker insisted so strongly upon seeing him, that he was allowed to come into the room: he pulled off his hat to him and said, 'Noble friend, give me thy hand,'—which was given, and he kissed it, saying, 'Although I do not fight myself, I love a brave man that will fight. Thou art a valiant prince, and art to be married to a lovely princess; love her, make her a good husband, and the Lord

* Nor are they finished yet!

bless you both.' The prince arrived the same evening at Somerset House, where he was lodged; and the marriage took place on the evening of the 14th."

The letters which show the great Chatham to the greatest advantage are, perhaps, those affectionate ones he writes to his wife: and those which show him to the worst advantage are assuredly those in which, after his fall from the highest places, he petitions for subordinate places—supplicates, entreats, whines for some office, some sinecure, a pension, no matter what! But we should bear in mind that, after all, it was a mean age in which he lived—a high harvest time for mediocrity, and low-minded, jobbing politicians. The first Pitt must ever deserve the appellation of *great*, when compared with the mass of his contemporaries in public life.

Ignatia, and other Poems. By MARY ANNE BROWNE, Author of "Mont Blanc," "Ada," &c.

We have met with some sweet poetry from this young lady's pen "aforetime." The present elegant little volume—an honour to the Liverpool press from which it issues—contains, together with these verses, many that are quite new to us, and equal in merit to those with which we were already acquainted. "Ignatia," the longest piece in the volume, a narrative poem occupying some sixty pages, is marked with unusual power and pathos—a pathos which occasionally goes sharp to the heart like some of the immortal passages of the ever great Crabbe. We believe that few, if any, living female writers of verse could equal the best parts of Ignatia. The opening is bold and beautiful, not without some master touches of originality and magnificence.

"Summer and sunshine! The rich rose is wreathing
Around the porches of my father's hall,
Wild incense from the jasmine flower is breathing,
The fountain's waves in silver plashes fall
Beneath the broad old chesnuts, and the trees
Of blossomed limes are all alive with bees;
Green are the boughs where the young orange hides,
And the low vines upon the mountain's sides
Already have their wealth of living gold
And amethyst, beneath the shadowy fold
Of their green leaves. Sunshine and summer days!
The earth its festal time of gladness hath,
Yet not a flower-scent comes upon my path,
Save when some long-lived breath mournfully strays
On the chill sea wind, from the smiling land,
And pauses lingering on this island strand.

Summer and sunshine! yet they change not thee,
My chosen prison wall, eternal Sea!
In vain the sunbeams woo thy giant breast,
From the kind earth the icy bonds they thaw,
And the young buds and infant herbage draw
Out from the slumber of their wintry rest;
But let them light and bless thee as they will,
Thou art all cold, and stern, and barren still;
Their beauty shines on thy unquiet face,
Making thee flash and glitter—but in vain,
Thou givest but their brightness back again;
No happy life upon thy plains hath place;
Thou gleamest just as brightly in those rays

'Neath cloudless, frosty skies, as in these days
Of summer prime."

In the following description of an eastern mother the reader will recognise a delicate touch or two borrowed from the old poets.

" Mine own dear mother! even now, by spell
Most powerful, deep affection's memory,
I can recall her lovely form—how well
Do I remember that dark, thoughtful eye,
So clear, so deep, and with that onward look,
That of a farther, holier world partook,
As if its glance passed earthly musings by.—
That pure broad brow, and the smooth raven hair,
Parted and braided with such tasteful care,
Beneath the crimson cap, with golden band,
Wrought in the curious fashion of her land;
Of richest silk was shaped her purple vest,
Close to her arms, and folded o'er her breast,
Clasped at the throat by one large opal stone,—
The ample skirt descended from her zone
In graceful sweep, and as she moved about,
Her dainty feet stole softly in and out,
Shod in their silken sandals;—ever thus
Her image comes before me, various
In attitude, but ever in that dress
That suited best her eastern loveliness.
Sometimes I see her, standing on the tower
Of our old home, in the deep midnight hour;
The silvery moonlight tinging her smooth brow
With an ethereal lustre, and the glow
Of an unearthly beauty on her cheek;
Sometimes I see her as she loved to seek
Her favourite garden paths, oft raising up
Some drooping flower, and shaking from its cup
The heavy rain-drops. Sometimes, when the day
Was setting, kneeling suddenly to pray
The prayer my sire had taught her; sometimes bending
Over my couch, at early morning's hour,
Her smile into my very soul descending,
Her voice a spell of most harmonious power,
Tuning my heart to gladness for the day,
Melting the trace of troubled dreams away;
So changefully the vision meets my sight,
But always beautiful, and always bright.

Little my mother taught me, if to teach
Be to set lessons conned in gloom and fear;
If it be formal rules to give, and preach
Sermons on prudence awfully severe;
If it include bent brow and accent stern;
Beneath such teachings I had not to learn!
Her words of admonition were but few,
But there was precept and example too
In her deep thoughtfulness, her energy,
When energy was needed, in the love
That glorified her deeds, and lit her eye
Like a pure star, and fluttered as a dove
In all her fears;—it was her rage, her meekness;
It was her sternest strength, her frailest weakness;
It bore her fearless from her native land,
It taught her calumny and scorn to brave;
It nerved her heart, it nerved her fairy hand,
From Paynim hold the Christian knight to save;
It taught her when I erred, (and oh, how oft

I won upon that nature kind and soft!)
On my most simple semblance of repenting
To stay all punishment, with fond relenting
My forfeit privileges to restore,
To take me to her loving heart once more!
Love, love! it was the staple of her mind,
It might be simple—but 'twas very kind!"

If our space permitted, we would fain follow up the touching narrative; but as it is, we can only give from it a musical and beautiful little lyric.

"I tried to read, but oh, thy name,
Its form the lines and letters took!
I strove in vain, thine image came
Gliding betwixt me and the book;
I tried to sing, but then there stole
The haunting memory of a tone
Echoing for ever in my soul,
And with its voice it drowned mine own.

I flung the book aside; I hushed
The song upon my lips, and gazed
Where, with the crimson sunset flushed,
The western heaven intensely blazed:
But sunset ever as a part
Of thy most glorious nature seems;
Its light the radiance of thy heart,
And all its thronging clouds thy dreams.

The greenwood glade, the sounding sea,
The dripping of the early rain,
All seem to speak and breathe of thee,
And bring thy memory back again:
Hast thou in nature such a share?
Do emanations from thy soul
Mix in the gentle summer air,
Or mingle with the waters' roll?

Ah, no!—though on the sounding sea,
And through the world, these visions range,
The spell to raise them is with me;
Within my heart, the magic change:
Thou best beloved! though so clear
The dream of thee that round me clings,
It is the coloured atmosphere
Through which I see all earthly things!"

Several of the minor and miscellaneous pieces are exceedingly graceful. We have been delighted with the lines addressed "to James Nack, the deaf and dumb American poet," with "the Poet and the Magician," and with "the Vision of the Violet." The following little song ought to be set to the sweetest music. In its way it is all but perfect.

"Dearest! do not doubt me!
When thou think'st about me,
Think of some true star,
Shining still afar,
Changeless through all time,
In constancy sublime.
Think of moveless mountains,
Think of stayless fountains,
Of the endless tide,
Of all things strong and tried.

Dearest, do not leave me!
If thou wouldst deceive me,
In word, deed, or thought,
Think what woe is wrought
By deceitful Ocean,
By the storm's commotion;—
Think how rainbows die,
With no sunbeam nigh;
Think how flowers are lost,
In the blighting frost;
Think of green leaves falling
At the wild wind's calling:
If thou *canst*, *then* leave me;
If thou *wilt*, deceive me!"

Here we intended to leave this fascinating volume, but another gem arrests us, and we must find room for it. Besides, we are really anxious to draw attention to these productions—to do our little best to rescue them from that neglect which now-a-days too commonly awaits poetry of all kinds.

IMAGINARY LANDS.

"Were they but visions of the olden time,
Those sunny lands, whereon our childhood mused?
Were their undying flowers, their summer prime,
But from some poet's glowing heart, transfused
Into the deathless page? Had they no place
In the cold bounds of earth? Were all their streams,
Their myrtle forests, and their glorious race
Of nymphs and swains, but phantasies and dreams?

Were they but visions? "Araby the Blest,"
Though hidden now beneath the burning sand,
Have not our spirits, with thy fame possessed,
Longed to behold thee, oh, thou lovely land!
Have we not almost felt the spicy gales
That flung their influence o'er the pathless sea,
And envied those of old whose swelling sails
Caught the rich odour, breathing all of thee?

And thou, Arcadia, with thy chiming waters,
Thy sloping lawns, thy broad and grassy glades,
And more than those, thy fair and flower-crowned daughters,
Gliding like spirits through thy leafy shades;
While the sweet flutes breathed softly on the breeze,
And the delicious voices gushed in song—
Are *these* but visions? do not scenes like these
Unto the weary paths of earth belong?

And El Dorado! who hath trod thy shores?
Are there no sands that sparkle so with gold?
Are there no rivers over hidden stores
Of pearls and diamonds to the ocean rolled?
All the strange blossoms, with their rich perfumes,
And giant bells, and urns, and splendid dyes,
All the bright nameless birds with gorgeous plumes,
Are *these* but of the poet's phantasies?

They may be dreams; yet by the magic claim
They had upon our love in early days,
And by the minds that could such visions frame,
And things so radiant from their musings raise,

And by the deep response the elder heart
Gives to the tales of their unreal bowers,
We feel and know that our immortal part
Longs for a fairer, purer sphere than ours!"

The Discovery of the Vital Principle, or Physiology of Man.

This seems to us as near an approach to absolute absurdity or mystification as anything we have looked into for a very long time. At first we thought it was a joke—a lengthy one to be sure, for it occupies more than five hundred and fifty good octavo pages—but still a joke—a drollery, and if not a *jeu d'esprit*, a *jeu de patience*. But, as we plodded on, we found that the author was serious in his vagaries, solemn in his absurdities. He must have got beyond that exercise of the mind which is thinking, and fallen into that other condition which is called moon-calving. We doubt whether he has had a definite idea in all that he has written; we are certain that we have not been able to form any such idea in our minds from his words and sentences. He ought to have written in Laputa. There he might have been famous, and the more unintelligible the better.

He starts by telling us that the discovery of the vital principle has *now* become essential to the wants of mankind, because disease and death are so unusually prevalent in the present day. We suppose people did not die in our author's younger days, and will cease to commit that folly when they shall have picked the kernel out of his mystic tome. He says that at no time could the discovery of the vital principle have proved of greater utility. From which expression we conclude that he imagines he has discovered the mystery of mysteries, albeit we cannot trace its symbol or elucidation in his book. Nay, a little further on, he speaks more decidedly as to his actual discovery of the vital principle.

"The promulgation of this discovery was a duty incumbent upon any person within whose reach a knowledge so important had been placed: this duty, this imperative duty, is now fulfilled, and the knowledge upon which will be found to depend the fate of past, present, and future ages, is at last placed within the limits of the *comprehension* of man!"

* * * * * * *

"Animal life being divided into three distinct stages, and these proving analogous to the solid, fluid, and aeriform states of inorganic matter, all creation is here identified with the *animal origin*, and our universe, generally admitted to be in the condition of an undulating fluid, maintained to be capable of assuming also the solid and gaseous forms of existence: from which the following deductions have been made:—

"1st, That an ovum was originally formed, containing within its circumference or boundary, all known matter in a solid, latent, and inactive condition. From this ovum has arisen,

"2ndly, The Fœtal or fluid state of matter, which has been endowed with active life for the purposes of organisation; the heart being our sun, the other heavenly bodies—the several organs belonging to the fœtus: the whole (our earth included) progressing at the present period towards the structure of one complete human frame, analogous to that of *Man*.

"3rdly, The future or perfected existence of the present fœtus as a locomotive being of celestial substance and imperishable nature: this last period answering to the life of man subsequent to birth, which is the aeriform stage."

The author tells us that his work is addressed to the whole world; but we believe few of our readers would emulate our patience in wading so

far through it as we have done, or even thank us for culling its recondite passages. Yet we must venture upon a sample or two.

"Locomotive man always maintains the highest position in the sphere of life; in relation to *my* sphere, (for each man has a sphere of his own,) *such is then my own present position.* I therefore identify myself with the individual whose history has been given in the preceding pages. I am conscious of my existence in a sphere, each part or portion of which is more or less connected with myself. Between this elevated point in which I am developed, and the freezing point or apex of my sphere, all the parts or portions of myself must be ascending and descending. By the external membrane, I am even now falling towards the apex, by the internal line rising again in a new form towards my present locomotive position on the globe. All the intervening points are either my ancestors or successors in the scale. They all belong to me, and are necessary to my existence and reproduction, inasmuch as I am necessary to that of a higher sphere than my own. Each successive being produced in this my external sphere, marks the progression of its internal organisation, and gradual ascension in the scale of life.

"The history of man has never yet been geologically written. It has been truly said that no two stones are alike: an observation which applies very forcibly to the human race. Man's materials, size, qualities, and duration, are all dependent upon his specific gravity, or peculiar situation upon the earth, of which he constitutes the crust. He may justly be styled '*a living stone*:' being employed by the one grand Architect in erecting a holy temple unto Himself."

* * * * * * *

"The life of man, therefore, depends not, as is generally supposed, on the outward shell or skin, the earth's surface, but upon that internal line of ascent which is regulated by it. As the surface rises or falls, so does the internal line become accelerated or retarded in its progress.

"Man is both a freeholder and a leaseholder: a freeholder by virtue of his celestial or elastic life, a leaseholder by the terrestrial or non-elastic: by the first he should ascend, by the last descend, ad infinitum. Whatever has lived once must live for ever. Each race of animals, having a sphere of its own to range in, should form to itself an upright and more perfect generation from the direct line upwards: thus the *celestial* man, or Deity, beginning at the bottom of the line, must gradually be rising up to his native abode in the universe: his relation to the sphere on which he moves is that of a parent to its offspring: one complete species or race is contained in that sphere, which is a successive identification of himself: from first to last, in either case, the succession or chain remains unbroken, and each link will eventually be recognised in its proper order. Hence we may discover the origin of filial love, ancestorial pride, patriotism, and religion."

* * * * * * *

"The original formation of the moon, or brain, by the ascent of matter to the point of extreme levity, has already been explained. After a certain quantity of these materials had been absorbed or accumulated into one condensed focus, any fresh deposition must have become repugnant to its nature. When, therefore, by the increased gravitation carried on upon the surface of the earth, a superabundant supply was conveyed by the apex to the interior or ascending current, oppression must have commenced in proportion to that superabundance at the extreme point of ascension—the brain or moon."

And here we will stop, suggesting that if our author could attain to "the point of extreme levity," and make a journey to the moon, like Astolfo, in search of his lost wits, it would do him no harm.

History of Egypt under the Ptolemies. By SAMUEL SHARPE.

This is a very valuable contribution to ancient history, written by a learned and elegant author, who has devoted himself with unusual zeal to the in part dark, but in other parts dazzling and glorious, annals of Old Egypt. Mr. Sharpe has published at different times "The Early History of Egypt, from the Old Testament, Herodotus, Manetho, and

the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions," "Egyptian Inscriptions, from the British Museum and other sources," and "Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics." All these are works which the scholar and antiquary ought to possess. The present is of a more popular character, and will please and suit a greater variety of readers. After a brief but learned and ingenious introduction, which treats of the earliest history of the wonderful land which the Nile waters, Mr. Sharpe begins with Ptolemy Soter, the first of a great dynasty who obtained the dominion of Egypt on the death of Alexander the Great, or about three hundred and twenty-two years before Christ; and he ends with the death of Cleopatra, the last of her dynasty, and the conquest of the country by Augustus Cæsar, in the year 34 B. C. The perusal of this short and compact volume will impress the reader with the truth of his assertion, that the family of the Ptolemies had done more for art and letters than any that can be pointed out in history. It is particularly under this point of view that their annals interest us, and that Mr. Sharpe's volume comes to us as a welcome friend and companion. We have indeed been delighted with its lively appreciation of objects of art, and science, and literature, with its glowing love for the beautiful, and its generous aspirations after liberty and those institutions which can alone render a people permanently great and prosperous. His style is easy and unaffected, and powerful when power is required.

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels. Cockburn's Oath.

We have already, and more than once, called our readers' attention to this cheap and good series of new Scottish novels and romances. One tale is published in it every three months, and all the tales which have appeared as yet are exceedingly good—far superior, indeed, to many which cost more money. We have read "Cockburn's Oath" with much interest, and can safely recommend it to novel readers in general. It is a legend of the Blackfriars' Wynd, of the good old town of Edinburgh, containing much that is wild, and romantic, and picturesque. Of course the imitation of Walter Scott is apparent, but still there is more originality than we usually find in such productions.

The Public Buildings erected in the West of England, from the Designs and under the Superintendence of JOHN FOULSTON, F. R. T. B. A.

The vast improvements which we have witnessed, and which we are daily witnessing, in the streets of London, are happily not confined to the metropolis. Our provincial towns are also making rapid strides; being favoured, in numerous instances, by the superiority of materials for building, which they have close at hand, whilst the poor Londoners must still, in the main, stick to bricks and plaster. In few places have improvements been so rapid, and directed with such good taste, as in Plymouth and Devonport; and it appears that nearly everything done there has been designed and directed by the author of the magnificent volume now before us. The Royal Hotel, the Assembly Room, the Theatre, the Athenæum, Public Library, St. Andrew's Chapel, and other edifices at Plymouth; the Town Hall, Public Library, Mount Zion Chapel, and the Column at Devonport, have all been designed and planned by Mr. Foulston. Views of all these places, on a good large

scale, are here given; and they look so well upon paper as almost to tempt one, *malgré* the frost and snow, to jump on a coach, and ride down to see them in their solid reality. In addition to these views, which are internal as well as external, the volume contains ground plans, sections, working drawings for each building, and professional descriptions of the various parts most worthy of attention. The Column at Devonport, which is built of granite, a hundred and twenty-seven feet high, was raised in rather a novel manner. Every stone was hoisted and set without the use of scaffolding, including the abacus of the capital, which is in four stones, each weighing between three and four tons. The method adopted is clearly explained by plans, sections, and letter-press, as is also Mr. Foulston's method of constructing and roofing (with iron-work) the theatre at Plymouth, which is said to be the only fire-proof theatre in this country. All these, with other particulars, must, we should think, render the volume highly useful to young architects and engineers. Without pretending to judge of the more professional parts of it, we consider its production highly honourable to Mr. Foulston, and very cordially wish it every success.

Gazella, or Rilcar the Wanderer, a Poetic Romance of the Isle of Wight. In Five Cantos. By FRANCIS WORSLEY.

This poem evinces a deep tone of feeling, and if, as we imagine, it is a first production, it augurs well for the future. Mr. Worsley describes his object to be to unite romantic wildness of circumstances with a blending of the mutual influences of poetical emotion and poetical philosophy, or that of feeling as distinguished from that of reason: the inner man and not the outer being the argument, and the scenery of nature, and circumstances connected with it, being selected as subservient and appropriate to the characters and incidents. Certainly no author could be more happy in the choice of his scenery, in which his mind evidently luxuriates, and justly. The incidents are stirring, and the descriptions vivid. We regret that our space forbids our extracting from this beautiful little volume, which will no doubt find its way into the hands of many of the lovers of the romantic scenery it describes.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Philosophy of Death and the Future Life.—A series of excellent discourses—reprints from the writings of those two distinguished Americans Dr. Channing and the Rev. Orville Dewey. Dr. Channing is as well known and as properly appreciated in England and Scotland as in the United States: Mr. Dewey is less, but deserves to be equally known.

The Scottish Banker, or a Popular Exposition of the Practice of Banking in Scotland. By W. H. LOGAN, National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh.—A capital little treatise, well calculated to remove many misapprehensions which exist in England on the subject of Scottish banking.

My first Concealment, or the Confessions of an Exile. By W. A. CURRIE, Esq.—Short and sweet—altogether a pretty moral little book.

Byron "and the Abbey." By HENRY AUSTEN DRIVER, author of "Harold de Burun," "The Arabs," &c.—Conclusive as an argument. We recommend it to the Dean of Westminster, and to others whom it may concern.

The Devoted One, and other Poems. By Dugald Moore, author of "The African," "Bard of the North," "Hour of Retribution," &c.—This volume is deserving of far more attention than it is likely to meet with. It contains many spirited and graceful verses.

The Greenhouse, &c. By Mr. M'Intosh.—Excellent! a book to be purchased by all who love flowers and plants, and are rich enough to have a greenhouse. The directions are as clear as possible.

The Present Age of Satire. By Juvenal Junius.—Not satire, but twaddle of the sleepiest kind.

An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul. By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.—This is a new and revised edition of an admirable work written by one of the most able and best men that ever ruled in British India. Recent events will give it the greatest importance in the eyes of statesmen and politicians: but as a series of most animated pictures of a wild and romantic country and people, it has charms for all classes of readers. There are few, very few, books of the same interesting class that we have read with more pleasure.

The Popular Encyclopedia, or Conversations Lexicon. Part XII.—This essentially popular work is now rapidly approaching completion. The part before us reaches the article "Wavre;" one more volume will end the whole work.

New Translation of the Tales of a Thousand and One Nights, known in England as the Arabian Nights Entertainments, with copious Notes. By Edward William Lane, illustrated with many hundred wood-cuts. Parts IX. and X.—Fresh and beautiful as ever. This work, when complete, will be unique.

The Bubbles of Canada. By the author of the "Clockmaker."—A party, and, on the whole, a very paltry pamphlet. Little better than a mere catchpenny!

Ollendorf's Method of Learning German.—An excellent method, which, with the book containing it, we recommend to all beginners in the German language.

A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom. By Thomas Rymer Jones. Part III.—This most useful work goes on admirably. We shall be glad to see it completed, when we shall devote a page or two to the subject.

Franklin's Journal of Income and Expense; intended chiefly for the use of Young Men holding Situations, Collegians, Law and Medical Students, and others of limited incomes.—Conveniently cheap, and very conveniently small. We should think it useful, more particularly to young men new to London.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Journal and Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn. New edition. 12mo. Abridged. 9*s.*
Biddulph's Plain Sermons. Third Series. 12mo. 3*s.*
East on Afflictions and Desertions. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Fergusson's Essays on the Diseases of Women. Post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
Mayo's Pathology of the Human Mind. Fcap. 5*s.* 6*d.*
The Widow Barnaby. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Churton's Portrait and Landscape Gallery. Second Series. 8vo. 21*s.*
Ancient Scottish Melodies. 4to. 42*s.*
Coleridge's Church and State and Lay Sermons, Fcap. 7*s.* 6*s.*
Montague's Selections from Taylor, Latimer, Hall, &c. Fcap. 5*s.*
Hexametrical Experiments, Four of Virgil's Pastorals. 4to. 12*s.*
Our Neighbourhood. By Mrs. Cameron. Fcap. 5*s.*
Grammar of Law. By a Barrister. 12mo. 5*s.*

Haye's Introduction to Conveyancing. Fourth edition. Royal 8vo. 30*s.*
Lardner's Cyclopædia. Vol. CX. Fcap. 6*s.*
Bingley's Tales of Shipwrecks. Square 16mo. 4*s.*
Reid's Elements of the Practice of Medicine. 8vo. 15*s.*
Last of the Plantagenets. Third edition. Fcap. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Colburn's Modern Novelists, "Florence Macarthy." Fcap. 6*s.*
Stokes's Complete Cabinet-maker. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Church Calender. Post 8vo. 4*s.*
Gleig's Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Henry's (P.) Exposition and Practical Observations on the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis. 18mo. 4*s.*
Discovery of the Vital Principle, or Physiology of Man. 8vo. 14*s.*
Haas' Gleanings from Germany. Royal 12mo. 9*s.*
Milner's Church History Continued. By Stebbing. Vol. I.
Sharpe's History of the Ptolemies. 4to. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Todd's Student's Manual. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Reade has just published his beautiful poem of THE DELUGE. It has reached us too late for the review department of our present number, but we shall give it early attention in our next. Our readers will already have formed a high opinion of it from the extracts we had lately the pleasure of inserting.

Lady Chatterton is about to publish an interesting work, embellished with engravings, entitled RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

The Hon. Mrs. Sayers has nearly completed her new work HENRY ACTON AND OTHER TALES, in three volumes.

A new work, entitled THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS, is nearly ready.

Mr. Best's new work, ODIOUS COMPARISONS, is approaching completion.

The new work lately announced under the title of WAKING DREAMS, will be published speedily. It is to be accompanied by graphic sketches.

A little work is about to appear, entitled THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT, containing the information which authors so much feel the need of in the steps necessary to be taken for the completion of their literary undertakings.

Mr. J. F. Stephens, author of the "Illustrations of British Insects," is preparing for publication a series of Manuals, descriptive of all the species of British Insects. The first volume, containing the whole of the British Beetles, is nearly ready. No person is so capable of this task as Mr. Stephens, as he is well known to possess by far the most complete catalogue of British Insects in existence.

New and Uniform Edition of Dr. Chalmers' Works, Vol. XIII., being Introductory Essays to select Christian Authors.

Lectures on the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches, delivered in London, in April and May, 1838. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.

The Manse Garden. By Nathaniel Paterson, D.D.

Lectures on the Evidence of Revealed Religion. By Ministers of the Established Church, Glasgow.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

OUR export trade continues to improve. Letters from New York represent the amount of shipments as indicating a return of confidence in the English market. The great question of the Corn-laws is just now exciting very general attention. The high prices of the present season will probably do more, in this critical juncture, to bring this important question to a strenuous discussion than any other circumstance. Petitions on the subject are about to be addressed to the Legislature from all parts of the country. Great losses have been sustained by the shipping interest during the late storms.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 26th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-eighths to half.—Consols, for Account, 92 half to three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 65*s* to 67*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 64*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 36.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 54 seven-eighths to 55.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-eighths to half.—Spanish Five per Cents., 18 three-fourths, to 20 one-fourth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—*City, Jan.* 24th, 1839.—Business in the British Funds has not been carried on to much extent this day. The market has, however, closed firmly, particularly Consols, which have closed at 92¼ for money, and 92⅝ a ¾ for account. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced Annuities are 100⅜ a ½, and the New Three-and-a-Half per Cents 99¾ a ⅞ money. India Stock is 254½ money, and 255½ for account. The premium upon Exchequer Bills is 65 a 67, and on India Bonds 64.

In the Foreign House there has been very considerable speculation in Peninsular Bonds, particularly Spanish. In Dutch and Belgian Stock there has also been some business, in consequence of the certainty which appears to exist that the Luxemburg question is finally settled; it has had the effect of slightly improving the Belgian Bonds; but the Dutch have not maintained the quotations of yesterday evening. Spanish Bonds have advanced from 18¾ a 20¼, with the May Coupons. Passive are 5¼ a ⅜, and Deferred 8¼ ⅜. Portuguese Old Five per Cents are 71 a ¼, the New Five per Cents are 36 a ¼, and the Three per cent. ditto 22⅛ a 23. Brazilian Bonds are 78½, Colombian are 28¾ a ⅞, and the Six per Cent. Mexicans 24½. Belgian Bonds are 99. Dutch Two-and-a-Half per Cents are 54⅞ a 55, and the Old Five per Cents 102⅜ a ½.

The public seem at present to be very indifferent to speculations in Railway Shares, and the decline in their value is rather on the increase than the contrary. Great Western Railway Shares have receded to 10¼ a ½ prem.; Brighton are 3⅞ a ¾ dis.; Birmingham are 77 prem.; Croydon Trunk are 6½ dis.; and the Scrip 2 prem. General Steam Navigation Shares are 10 prem. London and Westminster Bank Shares are 4¾ prem.; London Joint-stock Bank are 3¾ prem., and those of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, 18 a ½ prem.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19, TO JAN. 18, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 19. W. Smith, Gloucester-street, Hoxton, builder.—W. Skinner, Heathfield, Sussex, miller.—T. Gallemore. Liverpool, victualler.—F. H. West, Walsall, Staffordshire, soda water manufacturer.—G. Clarke, Newton, Devonshire, ship owner.—J. Youle, Sheffield, Yorkshire, victualler.

Dec. 21. F. F. H. Green, Tottenham Court-road, woollen draper.—T. B. King, King-street, Aldgate, licensed victualler.—J. Ray, St. Dunstan's-hill, City, builder.—W. Grant, Haymarket, clock and watch maker.—W. Davies, Leominster, Herefordshire, mason and builder.—J. Bates, South Crosland, Yorkshire.—J. and R. Trotter, Cambridge, corn and coal merchants.—G. Green, Kilnhurst Pottery, Yorkshire, earthenware manufacturer.—W. Edwards, Blackfordby, Leicestershire, china and earthenware manufacturer.

Dec. 25. D. Davies, Lydney, Gloucestershire; and R. F. Cox, Regent-square, St. Pancras, coal owners.—W. T. Doorne, Torquay, Devonshire, bookseller.—G. Eld, Foleshill, Coventry, miller.—J. and R. Nutter, Cambridge, corn and coal merchants.—T. Wharton, Lancaster, house-carpenter.

Dec. 28. G. Gladwin, Billericay, Essex, grocer.—E. Burchatt, Edwardes-square, Kensington, lodging-house keeper.—J. Huddleston, Nottingham, builder.—W. B. Reeve, Brighton, victualler.—J. Threlfall and W. Oliver, Manchester, tailors.—J. Cresswell, sen., Canterbury, coal merchant.—C. Terry, Shoe-lane, quill merchant.—P. R. Atcherley, Whitchurch, Salop, mercer.

Jan. 1. T. Stevens, Sidney-street, Mile-end-road, tailor.—J. Scofield, High-street, Shoreditch, licensed victualler.—B. Briggs, Newington, Kent, Cheesemonger.—J. W. Davis, Hertford, Draper.—R. Tuck and R. Beck, Poultry, City, hairdressers.—W. Clarke, Upper Thames-street, lead merchant.—W. Bartley, Liverpool, money-scrivener.—J. Thorp, Stockport, carrier.—A. Wharton, Bardsley, Yorkshire, joiner.—W. Morgan, Bristol, carpenter. G. Hind, Bishop's Waltham, Southampton, draper.—D. Maddock, Liverpool, victualler.—T. Yates, Welsh Pool, Montgomery, scrivener.—G. Walters, Haverfordwest, cattle-dealer.

Jan. 4. R. Nuttall, Tottington, Lower End, Bury, Lancashire, farmer.

Jan. 8. G. Burnham, sen., and G. W. Burnham, jun., Bedford, druggists.—H. Bliss, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, list manufacturer.—R. Woolrich, Stroud, linen draper.

Jan. 11. J. Goff, Liverpool, victualler.—

J. S. Davies, Oswestry, Salop, Draper.—J. Nixon, Long Drax, Yorkshire, victualler.—J. M. Ainsworth, Birmingham, saddlers' ironmonger.—W. Marsh, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, hosier.

Jan. 15.—J. Scholes, Leicester, hatter.—A. Hannah, St. Austle, Cornwall, tea-dealer.—J. T. Canter, Rotherhithe-wall, Surrey, licensed victualler.—W. Edwards, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, china manufacturer.—R. B Parr, Hutton, Somersetshire, contractor.—J. Hodges, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, victualler.—B. Sowerby, Messingham, Lincolnshire, cattle dealer.—T. Watts, Birmingham, draper.—J. Gerard, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, soap boiler.

Jan. 18.—A. Northcroft, Chancery-lane, stationer.—H. Jacob, Amersham, Buckinghamshire, builder.—E. W. Whitaker, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road, paper-stationer.—G. S. Boddy, Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, victualler.—C. West, Liverpool, printer.—A. Nicholson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer.—W. H. Morgan, Runcorn, Cheshire, druggist.—J. Singleton, Ashton, Warwickshire, wire-drawer.—J. Todd, jun., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, currier.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Small, of Old Jewry, merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of thread or yarn, and paper, by the application of certain fibrous materials not hitherto so employed. December 1st, 6 months.

P. Taylor, of Birching Bower, Lancashire, Rope Maker and Slate Merchant, for improvements in machinery for propelling vessels, carriages, and machinery, parts of which improvements are applicable to raising of water. December 1st, 6 months.

A. B. Johns, of Plymouth, Artist, for improvements in colouring or painting walls and other surfaces. December 1st, 6 months.

J. Hartley, of Bishop Wearmouth, Glass Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of glass. December 1st, 6 months.

T. Cotelle, of the Haymarket, Civil Engineer, for improvements in extracting the salt from sea or salt water, and rendering it pure or drinkable, and in purifying other water. December 1st, 6 months.

J. Player, the younger, of Longhor near Swansea, Glamorgan, for improvements in furnaces and fireplaces for consuming anthracite and other fuel for generating steam, evaporation, smelting and heating iron and other metals. December 1st, 6 months.

W. Pontifex, of Shoe Lane, London, Copper Smith, for improvements in apparatus and materials employed in filtering and clarifying waters and other liquids. December 1st, 6 months.

J. M'Curdy, of Tonbridge Place, New Road, Esquire, for an improved method or methods of generating steam, and applying the same to the evaporation and boiling of fluids, which method or methods is or are applicable to steam engines and other purposes where steam is or may be applied. December 1st, 6 months.

S. Darthez, of Austin Friars, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of axles, axletrees, and the naves of wheels for carriages. December 1st, 6 months.

J. Shaw, of Glossop, Brass Worker, for certain improvements in the arrangement and construction of wind musical instruments. December 1st, 6 months.

L. Herbert, of Camden Town, Civil Engineer, for an improved mode or modes of fastening trowsers and other parts of dress or apparel. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 1st, 6 months.

D. C. Hewitt, of Store Street, Bedford Square, Professor of Music, for certain improvements in musical instruments. December 6th, 6 months.

J. Chisholm and M. H. Bellenois, of Pomeroy Street, Old Kent Road, Manufacturing Chemists, for improvements in treating massicott Litharge and other compounds of lead, for the purpose of obtaining therefrom silver and certain other products. December 6th, 6 months.

G. Cavaignac, of Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for transporting materials for various purposes from one place to another, particularly applicable to road-cutting and embankments. December 6th, 6 months.

T. Sweeptapple, of Cotteshall Mill, Godalming, Paper Maker, for an improvements or improvements in the machinery for making paper. December 6th, 6 months.

F. Neville, of Pancras Lane, London, Gentleman, for an improved method or process of manufacturing coke, whereby the sal ammoniac, bitumen, gases and other resident products of coal are at the same time separately collected, and the heat

employed in the process is applied to various other useful purposes. December 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for improvements in the means of and apparatus for, manufacturing gaseous liquids, and for filling bottles and other vessels used for holding the same, and retaining the contents therein, and applying the same when required. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 6th, 6 months.

J. Carson, of Liverpool, Doctor of Medicine, for a new mode of slaughtering animals intended for human food. December 12th, 6 months.

T. R. Williams, of 61, Cheapside, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning, twisting, or curling, and weaving horsehair, and other hairs, as well as various fibrous substances. December 12th, 2 months.

H. Count de Crouy, of Picardy, in France, now residing at 14, Cambridge Street, Edgeware Road, for certain improvements in filtration. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 12th, 2 months.

J. A. E. Desgrand, of the Boulevart du Temple, Paris, now residing in Paul's Chain, London, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the production of motive power, and in machinery for applying the same to useful purposes. December 12th, 6 months.

J. Gardner, of Banbury, Ironmonger, for improvements in cutting Swedish turnips, mangel worzel, and other roots used for food for sheep, horned cattle, and other animals. December 12th, 6 months.

T. Vaux, of Woodford, Land Surveyor, for improvements in tilling and fertilising land. December 12th, 6 months,

C. W. Most, of Putney, for an improved mode of applying horse power to carriages on ordinary roads. December 17th, 6 months.

B. F. Watson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Solicitor, for improvements in crushing or preparing New Zealand flax. (Phormium Tenax.) December 17th, 6 months.

E. E. Cassel, of Millwall, Poplar, for improvements in lamps. December 17th, 6 months.

J. Cutler, of Lady Poole Lane, Birmingham, Gentleman, for improvements in combinations of metals applicable to the making of tubes or pipes, and to other purposes, and in the method of making tubes or pipes therefrom, which improved method is applicable to the making of tubes or pipes from certain other metals and combinations of metals. December 17th, 6 months.

J. Lees, of Salem, near Oldham, Lancashire, Cotton Spinner, for an improvement in the machinery for spinning, twisting, and doubling cotton, silk, wool, hemp, flax, and other fibrous materials. December 17th, 6 months.

J. Hawkshaw, of Manchester, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in mechanism or apparatus applicable to railways, and also to carriages to be used thereon. December 17th, 6 months.

B. Goodfellow, of Hyde, Chester, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for planing or cutting metals. December 18th, 6 months.

J. Roberts, of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for planing or cutting metals. December 18th, 6 months.

J. Radcliffe, of Stockport, Machine Agent, for the application of an improved covering for the rollers used in the several processes of preparing, drawing, slubbing, roving, spinning, twisting, and doubling of wool, cotton wool, flax, silk, mohair, or any other fibrous material or substance, or so many of such rollers as require, or are deemed to require covering, for such several processes, or any of them. December 19th, 6 months.

J. Zambeau, of St. Paul's Churchyard, Chemist, for improvements in rotatory engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 19th, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, Leicester Square, Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for heating fluids and generating steam. December 10th, 6 months.

S. Parker, of Argyll Place, Lamp Maker, for improvements on stoves. December 20th, 6 months.

C. A. Holm, of Mincing Lane, Engineer, and J. Barrett, of Vauxhall, Printer, for certain improvements in printing. December 20th, 6 months.

D. Stafford, of 25, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, Gentleman, for certain improvements on carriages; being an extension for the term of seven years from the 24th day of December. December 21.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1838.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	45-33	29,59-29,39	S.E.	,175	Cloudy, rain at times.
24	43 39	29,42-29,41	E.	,075	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise overcast.
25	35-28	29,83-29,54	N.E.	,075	Generally clear.
26	39-22	29,80-29,51	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	40-31	29,87-29,55	W.	,2	Generally clear.
28	40-27	30,21-30,07	S.W.		Generally clear.
29	45-25	30,12-30 10	S.W.		Cloudy, small rain falling all the day.
30	59-42	30,06-29,96	S.W.	,025	Morning overcast, otherwise cloudy with rain.
31	39-51	30,42-30,28	W.		Generally clear.
1839.					
Jan. 1	59-29	30,32 30,20	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain at times.
2	48-40	29,97-29,96	W.	,0375	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
3	48-38	29,89-29,62	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy
4	45-39	29,64 29,48	W.	,05	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	40-30	29,64-29,51	S.W.		Generally clear.
6	48-29	29,60-29,20	S.E.		Cloudy, snow in the aft., and rain in the even.
7	45-43	29,20-29,00	S.W.	,28	Morn. clear, wind very boisterous, raining very heavily during the night, otherwise cloudy, rain and hail during the afternoon.
8	36-30	29,49-29,38	S.W.	,06	Noon clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the morn.
9	34-30	29,88-29,55	N.W.	,1	Generally clear. [and aft.
10	40-22	30,12-30,08	S.W.		Morning foggy, otherwise clear.
11	50-35	30,07-29,99	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
12	50-44	,10,15-30,04	N.W.	,025	Generally clear, except the morning.
13	58-33	29,97-29,90	S.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
14	45-38	29,91-29,71	W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, raining gen. from
15	42-32	29,81-29,74	N.W.	,1125	Generally clear. [noon till 4 p.m.
16	36-27	29,85Stat.	N.W.		Generally clear, except the evening a little snow.
17	37-25	30,00-29,88	N.W.		Generally clear,
18	25-23	30,04-30,01	N.W.		Generally clear. [a.m. till ½ past 2 p.m.
19	45-27	29,72-29,56	S.W.		Ev. clear, otherwise cloudy, raining gen. from 11
20	45-28	29,80-29,78	S.W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the aft. and
21	53-40	92,78-29,58	S.W.		Cloudy, raining generally all the day. [even.
22	40-29	30,25-29,95	N.E.		Generallyclear, a little snow fell in the evening.

Aurora Borealis very fine, with coruscations, on the evening of the 14th, from about ½ past 7 to ½ past 8; again on the evening of the 19th, from about 8 to 10 o'clock.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

THE court has removed to town. Her Majesty left Brighton for London on the 8th Jan. Parliament is to meet on the 5th of the present month.

New York papers up to the 27th ult. have been brought by the packet-ship Siddons, from which the following are extracts.

"*Head-quarters, Montreal, Dec.* 16, 1838.

"GENERAL ORDER.

"The Commander of the Forces and Administrator of the Government directs, that no person shall be permitted to pass the frontier into the United States without a

passport either from head-quarters, Major-General Sir James M'Donell, K.C.B., or signed by Mr. Leclure, the superintendent of police, and countersigned by the Town Major of Montreal.

"No person will be allowed to enter the provinces from the United States who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, but his Excellency holds officers commanding corps responsible that this duty is performed without unnecessary annoyance, and that no person is detained except on sufficient grounds.

"JOHN EDEN, Deputy Adj.-General."

A very proper address has been presented by the loyal corporation of Toronto to Sir George Arthur, in allusion to the following paragraph contained in the last message of the President of the United States:—

"And whereas disturbances have actually broken out anew in different parts of the Canadas."

This statement, the corporation of Toronto goes on to say—

"Is so utterly contrary to the fact, as regards the province of Upper Canada, and is so full of the evil tendency of which we complain, and contains so much to excuse the barbarous inroads lately made into the province, that we are desirous it should receive public contradiction. We are satisfied your excellency could have made no official communication upon which the assertion of new disturbances in Upper Canada could be founded; and we believe that since the suppression of the insurrection in the past winter, this province has continued in a state of apparently profound peace, unless when invaded from the United States of America."

We have in a former number mentioned the growth of tea in British India. We have now to report the first sale of this important production.

The Commercial sale-room, in Mincing-lane, where the public tea sales are held, was crowded at ten, the hour of sale on Thursday morning, in consequence of its being known that the whole of the Hon. Company's recent importation of teas from their territories in Upper Assam, India, were to be sold. Mr. Thompson was the tea-broker selected by the Company to offer these teas for sale. They consisted of three lots of Assam souchong, and five lots of Assam pekoe. On offering the first lot, which was souchong, Mr. Thompson announced that each lot would be sold without the least reservation to the highest bidder. We never before witnessed such excitement as prevailed when the first lot was competed for. The first bid was 5*s.* per lb., a second bid was made at 10*s.* per lb. After much competition it was knocked down for 21*s.* per lb., the purchaser being Captain Pidding, the proprietor of the Howqua's Mixture Tea. The second lot of souchong was bought for the same person for 20*s.* per lb. The third and last souchong sold for 16*s.* per lb., Captain Pidding being the buyer. The first lot of Assam pekoe sold for 24*s.* per lb., after much competition, every broker appearing to bid for it; it was bought for Captain Pidding. The second, third, and fourth lots of Assam pekoe fetched the respective prices of 25*s.*, 27*s.* 6*d.*, and 28*s.* 6*d.* per lb., and were also purchased like the previous lots for Captain Pidding. For the last lot of Pekoe, which was the last lot of the tea to be sold, a most exciting competition took place—there were near sixty different bids made for it. It was at last knocked down at the extraordinary high price of 34*s.* per lb. Captain Pidding was also the purchaser of this.

The following interesting account is extracted from Mr. Montgomery Martin's recent work on India.

"To begin with the sacred order, one of its most important divisions is into the ten nations of which it at present consists; and to ascertain when this division took place, might help to throw some light on the obscurities of Indian record. By the Pandits it is generally admitted, that among the Rishis and Munis of former days, that is, their ancestors or predecessors, there were no such distinctions, and the oldest authorities that those whom I have consulted can quote as mentioning this division, are the works attributed to Vyas, and called the Vishnu Puran and Sri Bhagwat. It is therefore not improbable, that this distinction was introduced by Vyas, who may be considered as the lawgiver of the present Hindus. Of the seat of these ten nations, one name Gaur is supposed to be entirely, and one named Mithila is supposed to be partly, contained in this district.

"With respect, however, to the nation of Gaur, there is some difficulty. The district called Gaur, although it contained the former capital of Bengal, is so trifling

that when I treated of Dinajpoor it appeared to me unlikely to have communicated its name to a nation of Brahmans, especially as the prince, who first rendered the place a seat of government, seems to have been under the necessity of introducing a colony of Brahmans to supply his dominions with instructors; and as Gaur seems, of the five northern nations of Brahmans, to have been the most important, as it communicates its name to all the others. Farther, the few Brahmans of the Gaur nation, that are now in Bengal, have avowedly come very recently from the west of India, and the same is the case with almost all the tribes of Sudras, who claim to be of the Gaur nation; none of whom, the Vaishnavs excepted, are now to be found in Gaur. I therefore concluded, that some place called Gaur in the vicinity of Agra or Delhi, was the original country of this nation. I have, however, since met with some well-informed Brahmans of this nation who allege, that the Gaur of Bengal is their original place of settlement, but that the whole of them were removed from thence by Janmejay, and placed near Hastinapoor, where he gave them lands, and where their descendants now live. This prince was a great grandson of Arjun, the brother of Yudhisthir, in whose time Vyas flourished. The tradition is, that when this colony was removed, it consisted of thirteen hundred families. We may perhaps however therefore be allowed to suppose that Vyas, by the authority and assistance of Yudhisthir, placed a colony of the sacred order on the borders of Bengal; but that it met with little success; and that in the time of Janmejay, the third king of the family of Pandu, it became necessary to secure the colony from the barbarians, by removing it near the seat of government. Bengal and Gaur, in all probability, remained without instructors of this kind until the time of Adisur. The Sudras, however, of Gaur having as well as the Brahmans come from the west of India, renders this emigration in the time of Janmejay rather doubtful. In the whole district there are said to be about fifty families of this nation of Brahmans, of whom about twenty are settled in Gaur. The whole are men of business, and are little tenacious of their customs, so that, to the astonishment of my Bengalese, they did not even scruple to ride in a carriage drawn by oxen. They are in great difficulty for women, and must often either want marriage, or undertake a long journey to the west.

"The other nation of the Brahmans, originally belonging to this district, is called Mithila, seems never to have been expelled, and is very flourishing. In the whole there are said to be between eleven and twelve thousand families, of whom between nine and ten thousand are settled in the parts of Mithila that are contained in this district, and about two thousand have invaded their eastern neighbours of Gaur and Matoya.

"The customs by which this nation are at present ruled, are said to have been established by a certain Hari Singha, a Rajput, who was king of Mithila, or Tirahoot, or Tirabhukti, as it is called in the Sangskrita language. The Brahmans by this prince were divided into four ranks. The highest are called Suti; the second, Majroti; the third, Yogya; and the fourth, Grihasthas. These distinctions were founded on the various degrees of supposed purity and learning, which in the time of Hari Singha individuals possessed; but the distinctions have now become totally hereditary. At the time of Hari Singha only thirteen men were considered as entitled to the dignity of Suti. These distinctions do not absolutely prevent intermarriages; but, if a man of high rank marries a low girl, he sinks to her rank, only he is reckoned as its head. If a low man can afford the enormous expense of marrying a woman of high birth, he is considered as elevated to the head of his own tribe, but cannot ascend to a perfect level with those of the tribe above him. In this district the two higher classes are very few in number, and there seems to be little loss, as scarcely any of the Sulis, and very few of the Majrotis, give themselves any sort of trouble; but live entirely by the rents of their lands, or the profit of their rent; and if by accident they become poor, they can always obtain a maintenance by marrying the daughter of some low but wealthy man, who will cheerfully and thankfully support them and their children, owing to the lustre that will be added to their family. In such cases, however, they themselves are reduced to the level of their father-in-law; and their children, if they wish to gain distinction, will be under the necessity of undergoing the fatigues of study.

"Among the Mithilas no distinction of caste arises from a difference of sect, because almost the whole follow the doctrine of the Tantras. The Pandits among them are Gurus and Purohits for the remainder. Some of the Pandits assured me, that almost every one followed the worship of the Bam Acharya, at least so far as to get drunk in their private devotions. Others denied this, and it is not civil to ask a man whether he is of this or of Pasu Bhav. Just contrary to the custom of Bengal, the Mithilas of the Sakti sect openly acknowledge their belief, while all those of

other sects carefully conceal their departure from the common doctrine of their brethren.

"Professions give rise to considerable difference among the Brahmans of Mithila. Those who study more or less, and reject service, are the highest, and may amount to ten per cent. of the whole. Next to such diligent persons are those who occupy lands, either free or assessed, and attend chiefly to their cultivation. These may amount to about sixty-eight per cent. of the whole. Next to these are those who take service from the government or Zemindars, to carry on business, and such may amount to ten per cent. of the whole. These divisions produce no absolute difference of caste. A Pandit, without any disgrace, may marry the daughter of an officer of revenue, if his birth be equal.

"Next to those are the Brahmans, who copy books for sale (Masijivi,) those who are owners of temples (Dewal or Tapas,) who carry arms (Asijivi,) and who serve in temples (Pujaris.) These rank in the order above mentioned, and the rank of the priests officiating in temples, both as proprietors and servants, depends entirely on the rank of the person by whom the temple was built. Those who serve in the temples of the village gods, and are called Yajak, are very low; but still, lower than them are the Dhavak, who are running footmen or messengers, and the Pachak, who act as cooks for Sudras of a pure caste. A Pandit will not reject the water of any of these persons; but he would not marry into their families. The number of the whole is very trifling, perhaps two or three per cent., and they may all intermarry.

"Below these are the Gurus and Purohits of the impure tribes, and they are usually called by the name of the tribe for which they perform ceremonies. The Bengalese term Varna, which is applied to such persons, is here also known; but those who act for the four castes called Sungri, Dhoba, Teli and Dorasiya are considered as rather higher, and are called Chausakhis. The Varnas may amount to eight or nine per cent.

"Among the Mithilas there are no Maruiparas, but there are some persons analogous to the Agradanis of Bengal. These are called Mahapatras, and if possible, are lower than Varnas; but still they have divided into sects of various degrees of impurity. Some perform their office only for Brahmans, and are reckoned better than Varnas; but those who officiate for Sudras are very bad. Their number is small, not above one in two or three hundred.

"Of the Kanyakubja nation there are many in this district. In the first place of the colony introduced by Adisur, and called the five tribes (Pangchagotra) there are, including Varnas, about thirteen hundred families of the Rarhiya division, and three hundred of the Barandras. Very few of these have encroached on the Mithilas, and they chiefly occupy Gaur, and the part of Matsya that is included in this district; but the Rarhiyas have encroached much on the Barandras, as the whole is in the land of Barandar. This invasion is said to have been owing to the attack, which, before the establishment of the British government, was made by the Mahrattas on the western districts of Bengal, which constitute what is called Rarhiya. I have nothing to add to what I have already stated concerning these Brahmans. The same is the case respecting the Baidiks, another colony from Kanyakubja, who are entirely confined to the south-east parts of the district. About twenty-five families of Bengal, and forty of Kamrup, have settled in these parts.

"A more recent colony have come from Kanyakubja, and its members still preserve the name of their country. These Brahmans are spread almost equally through the whole district. Few or none are men of any learning; but some of them act as Gurus and Purohits for the Rajputs, and other tribes from their original country, although some of these have adopted the Mithila Brahmans for guides. One man, however, who has travelled much in the south of India, and who now assists me, is by far the most intelligent man that I have met in the district, and is I believe the most learned. A few are officers in the service of Zemindars or government, but the greater part have taken to the profession of arms, and are employed as guards (Burukandaj.) It is said that there are about eleven hundred families. Several divisions exist among them, which seem originally to have been local distinctions, such as Antarbediya Saryurya and Sonoriya; but the first are reckoned the highest in rank, and the latter the lowest. At this distance, however, these distinctions are not well understood. I shall therefore decline saying anything farther concerning them. The ignorant of them go sometimes in carriages drawn by oxen; but it is totally contrary to their law. Most of them are of the sect of Saiva, as taught by Sangkaracharya.

"A very few Saraswat Brahmans, the most western nation of the northern division of the sacred order, have settled in this district, where they officiate as Purohits for those who pretend to be of the royal or military caste (Kshatriyas.) Some have lands, but none are in service, although a few of them trade as wholesale merchants. Some, I am told, have become followers of Nanak. Five or six families of the Utkal nation have settled in the south-east corner of the district, and act as Purohits for some artificers of that country. Only one family of the Pangcha Drabir division has settled in this district. He is a Gujjarat Brahman, who resides in the north-west quarter as a merchant. These are all the Brahmans that belong to the ten nations, into which the sacred tribe is usually divided; but a large proportion of the Brahmans of this district still remains to be mentioned.

"There are said to be about eight thousand families, mostly settled on the estate of the Darbhangga Raja, who are most usually called Bhungiya or Zemindar Brahmans. Both words imply their being employed in the management of land, the former in the Hindi, the latter in the Persian language. A vast number of other denominations are given to them, such as Paschima from their having come from the west, and Magudh from their having come from the vicinity of Patna. They are besides divided into a great number of tribes, that I have not yet been able to trace in any degree, so as even to satisfy myself. Their manners everywhere are, however, nearly the same. They are fond of being called Raja and Zemindar, and rent land without any scruple. They indeed chiefly subsist by farming, although they will not hold the plough with their own hands. They also willingly enter into military service, or engage as messengers. Few have an education sufficient to qualify them for any higher civil appointment. They are said to form a large proportion of the farmers, everywhere between Benares and the Kosi, especially on the south side of the Ganges. In fact their manners are very similar to those of the Rajputs. They eat meat without its being offered in sacrifice; do not accept of charity (Dan,) and are fond of a military life. They seem to me to be the remains of the Brachmani of Pliny, whom he represents as a people, and not as a priesthood. They do not acknowledge national divisions, but like other Brahmans are divided into Beds and Gotras. As I expect next year to visit a district where they are much more numerous, I shall defer saying anything more concerning them, until I have had a better opportunity of tracing their history.

"Akin to the Bhungiyas, as being entirely secularised, are the Lavanas, who are also said to have come from the west of India, and live entirely by commerce, trading in grain, and more especially in cattle. Twenty families are said to have settled in Krishnagunj. All these Brahmans are supposed to be descended from the original inhabitants of the earth (Jambudwip,) which is surrounded by a salt sea; but there are other Brahmans, who are supposed to have come from a world called Sakadwip, which is surrounded by a sea of milk, and in which our petty navigators of Europe have made no discoveries; but an account of these outlandish places may, it is said, be found in the Brihannaradiya, one of the eighteen Purans composed by Vyas. The manner in which these Brahmans came to this earth is said to be related in the Samba Puran, a portion of the Upa Puran, which also Vyas is said to have written. Samba, the son of Krishna, having offended his father by an intrigue with one of the sixteen hundred wives of that god, was smitten with a distemper. A Muni or Brahman of the old school, who was named Narad, advised Samba to send Garur, the bird on which his father rode, to Sakadwip for a physician. The bird accordingly seized three Brahmans with their wives and brought them to this earth, where all their descendants continue to practise medicine. The descendants of the three Brahmans form three different families, Balaniya, Pithiya and Chonchiya, from their ancestors having been carried on the head, on the back, and in the bill of the bird. The first are the highest, but they all intermarry, nor are the descendants of the same parent stock prevented from intermarriages. They have Gurus and Purohits of their own caste. They speak the Hindi language, and some of them have a knowledge of Sangskrita. Bhagulpoor seems to be the chief place of their residence; but between thirty and forty families have settled in this country. The whole assume the title of Misra, that is persons who have acquired a mixture of all kinds of learning; but in this district no one is considered as a man of great science. They are Purohits for many of the Khatris Rajputs and Bhungiya Brahmans; but others of these castes content themselves with the ordinary Brahmans of this miserable world. The Sakadwipis are chiefly followers of Madhav, and worship Krishna and Radha. In the eastern part of the district are above one hundred families of hereditary astrologers, who are supposed to be descended from a

Brahman, with the assistance of a Vaisya woman. Next to the astrologers in rank are the bards, who still adhere to the Pagan doctrines.

"Those Baniyas who properly deal in money, among the Mithilas and western nations, are usually said to have come from Agra, but they have divided into three sorts, Agarwaleh, Agrahari, and Puri Agarwaleh Baniyas. Of the whole there are between forty and fifty families settled in the capital and divisions towards the west. They are reckoned the highest of the Baniyas, live with great strictness, and both their Gurus and Purohits are Brahmans of Gaur. They are all of the sect of Vishnu. Besides dealing in money, they also deal in cloth, metals, and many other articles, and mostly in the wholesale way. These are the people whom Europeans have called Banians.

"From the same country, and following the same occupations, are said to have come somewhat more than nine hundred families called Vaisya Baniyas, that is traders, who observe the customs of the Vaisya, or of the third pure caste of Hindus. Notwithstanding this pretension to imitate their betters, they are not thought so pure as the Agarwalehs, but are still admitted to be a pure tribe. Their Gurus here are either the Dasnami Sannyasis or Nanak; and their Purohits are Mithila Brahmans. They are scattered through every part of the district, except Gaur. The people of the same profession among the Bengalese are called Swarna Banik, but have been degraded to a very low rank.

"In Bengal, by some strange caprice, not only the bankers, but the goldsmiths were excluded from the pure castes of artificers, while blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers, and barbers obtained the dignity that pure birth confers; but this is by no means the case in Mithila, nor in the west, where the Sonar or goldsmith is considered as next in rank to the maker of garlands. In most parts of this district few or none are allowed to cultivate the betle leaf, except the proper caste, which is pure; for no man of rank would chew what had been raised by impure hands. Sweetmeat-makers are a pure tribe, accept the daughters of ordinary men in marriage, but never allow their daughters to marry with the vulgar, nor do they condescend to eat in their company. In the western parts of this district the barbers are of the lowest tribe that is admitted to be pure; but in the eastern parts they stand very high.

"Watchmen in India are reckoned very vile and abominable, and this seems in general to have been attended with much evil in the regulation of the police; for these degraded creatures, not without some reason, think themselves justified in pilfering from their haughty masters; and, wherever the custom of keeping such people prevails, no house is safe, that does not pay them regular contributions. This even takes place where there is a vigilant police; but, where any relaxation in the attention of the magistrate has taken place, the depredations, that these people commit, become a very grievous affliction. In the remote north-west parts of the district this is at present the case, and the depredations are said to be enormous. Well-informed men, whom I have no reason to suppose as inclined to deceive me, allege, that the value annually pilfered is not less than 50,000 rs., and they think that no remedy would be effectual, except granting the watchmen some villages for them to occupy entirely, and to which they should at night be entirely confined by severe punishment, to be inflicted whenever they were found prowling about the villages of their neighbours. These watchmen in general at present have just as much land as will prevent them from being considered as vagrants, and live in a great measure by pilfering. They dress very meanly, and their huts are wretched; but they eat and drink abundantly, and of a good quality, and on their holidays and solemn occasions spend more than even the Brahmans can afford.

"The tribe, that tan leather and makes shoes, is spread all over India. In Bengal they are called Muchi. In the Hindi language their name is Chamar, probably derived from the word Charmakar of the Sangskrita. They are everywhere considered as vile and abominable. In the terrible famine, which happened in the year of the Bengal era 1177 (A.D. 1770) many Hindus, unable to resist the cravings of appetite, ate food from impure hands, and lost caste. These and their descendants have now united into one tribe, which is called Saryuriya, because in every revolution of sixty years a famine, or some other great calamity, is supposed to occur on the year called Saryuriya, as happened at the time above mentioned. The Saryuriyas amount to about one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty families confined to the western parts of this district. They have instructors and priests of their own. They now follow the Hindu customs, so far as to abstain from beef, but eat everything else; they cultivate the land."

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Deluge; a Drama in Twelve Scenes. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," and "Cain the Wanderer."

Having already had the pleasure of presenting our readers with a portion of this beautiful poem, it will be the less necessary for us to direct attention to it in the way we should otherwise have done, now that the work has been placed before the public.

Accustomed to view with a poet's eye the beauties and sublimities of nature, Mr. Reade scatters over his pages a rich assemblage of brilliant images, which not only illuminate the scenes in which they stand, but have a radiance peculiar to themselves, as in the following:—

> "She doth resemble Nature when the Evening
> Throws her dim vesture round her; when the first
> Faint stars shed their wan rays upon her features,
> Half visionary in the fading distances;
> Meeting of sobered lights and gentlest hues,
> And twilight harmonies without a name!"

Again,

> "Lo—how Nature answers thee!
> Look at the mountain girding thee, each peak
> Steeped in blue heaven: and around their sides,
> The insuperable woods from base to height,
> Rising over each as cloud o'er settling cloud;
> The woods—the solemn and majestic robes
> Nature assumes when seated on her throne."

The story is founded on a literal understanding of Genesis vi. 2, which, though before touched upon by able hands, is still, and probably ever will be, productive of magnificent conceptions. We could with pleasure follow the author through his powerful delineations of the passions, but rather choose to leave these to be explored by our readers, confining ourselves to some of the author's descriptive passages, in which he appears to us to be especially admirable. With what a master hand is the following portrait of the coming storm given in Scene X.!

> "Lo, how the leaden-coloured Light doth gleam
> Upon those masses of enormous Clouds,
> And hides again behind them, darkly making
> Their dreadful aspect manifest; they bear

The shapes of hurrying and perturbed Forms;
But silent all! more useful, than if they
Proclaimed in thunder and in fire the ends
Of their tremendous ministry."

But we must make one more extract from the consummation of the terrific scene.

"'Tis done—'tis done—
The Fountains of the Deep are broken up;
The Waters are let loose upon the World!
[*Astarte sinks down insensible.*
Behold the Hills are heaving like the waves
In their great agony, and from their caves
And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
That, like Eternity, in their fierce path,
Sweep all before them; or cast down below
The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe;
Now flashing forth volcanic streams—now gone,
As if extinguished; ever and anon
The Winds awake the Lightnings in their wrath,
From their deep womb of Clouds, which hurtle forth
Their arrowy vengeance; every vale and height—
Each mountain—depth—and crag—and yawning cave—
Blazes one moment in intensest Light;
Swallowed, the next, in Darkness as a grave!
Through Earth's rent sides the waters of the Deep
O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
In waves like rolling Mountains; while the woods
And towers of men are borne before the floods;
Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
Their course a moment—until heaved away—
Then swept like chaff before the whirlwind!—all
Sink in the Waters' universal pall.
Amidst the wreck the human race are lost;
Appearing like the scattered ants: now tossed
Above—far struggling o'er the abyss profound:
Now in the overwhelming chaos drowned.
The Clouds in molten shapes are hurrying past:
While the gray vapours, wildly flying, cast
On the pale face of Earth obscured beneath,
A lurid light—as o'er the corpse of death!
The screaming of the Fowls of Air—the roar
Of the tame brutes that herd together cowed:
Even the Wind's howling sounds are heard no more,
Drowned in sky-cleaving thunders, where avowed
The Voice of God is heard—the lightning's ray
Showing his red hand manifest!"

After what we have said, need we add the expression of our conviction that Mr. Reade's "Deluge" will find a place in the library of every true lover of poetry? At the close of the volume is added "The Vision of the Ancient Kings," and some other pieces, each characterised by some peculiar touch of the author's genius.

California. A History of Upper and Lower California, from their first Discovery to the present time, comprising an account of the Climate, Soil, Natural Productions, Agriculture, Commerce, &c. &c. A full View of the Missionary Establishments, and Condition of the Free and Domesticated Indians. With an Appendix relating to Steam Navigation in the Pacific. Illustrated with a new Map, Plans of the Harbours, and numerous Engravings. By ALEXANDER FORBES, Esq.

We have of late been indebted to the publishers of this volume for several interesting and even important works upon distant and little known countries. One of these, which we noticed with the high praise it deserved, was Mrs. Postan's account of "Cutch."

The volume now before us is an excellent, honest, straightforward production, altogether free from inflation and *fine* writing. The author of it won our favour at starting, by the manly, sensible, and feeling letter to his brother, which stands as a dedication, and is one of the happiest things of the kind that we remember. Doctor Forbes may well be proud of such a brother.

The author lays down the geography of the country in the following passage.

"The extensive tract of country comprised under the general name of California, or the Californias, constitutes at present part of the Mexican Republic, and was formerly included in the Vice-royalty of New Spain. It extends along the border of the great Pacific Ocean, which bounds it on the west. The northern limit of the country actually settled by the Spaniards, is the bay of San Francisco, the entrance of which lies in 37° 48′ N. lat.; but right of territory is claimed by the Mexican government, much further north; indeed, far beyond the Russian settlement of Bodega, which lies in lat. 38° 19′. The southern boundary is Cape San Lucas, the extremity of the peninsula of Lower California, which lies in N. lat. 22° 48′. The longitude of Cape San Lucas is 109° 47′ W., and that of San Francisco 122° 27′ W., consequently the direction of the coast is towards the north-west. This extensive country is bounded on the east by the Gulph of California, the Rio Colorado or Red River, and the Indian territory, which also limits it on the north. Since the division of the Mexican republic into federal states, the whole of California has been erected into what is termed a territory, which differs from a state in this, that it has not an elective governor or legislature, but is under the immediate control of the general government of Mexico, which appoints its governor, under the name of Commandant-general, and all the subordinate officers, civil and military. Although now constituting only one territory or province, in a political sense, this extensive region has always been considered as two distinct countries; and indeed, they are well entitled to be so considered, both from their natural differences and their civil history. The name of California was for nearly two hundred years exclusively applied to the great peninsula, which is now termed Old or Lower California, and which is arbitrarily bounded on the north by a line drawn from the top of the Gulf of California to the shore of the Pacific, considerably to the southward of the port of San Diego. After the discovery and settlement by the Spaniards of the country to the north of this peninsula, and which was also named California, as being part of the same race of people, the distinctive appellations of Upper and Lower, or New and Old California, became necessary, and have been universally applied;—the peninsula being termed *Lower*, as being in a lower degree of latitude, and of course *Old*, from its earlier settlement. When spoken of conjointly, the two countries have been, and still are, frequently designated The Californias, more especially by English navigators."

The principal object of the work is to give an account of the Upper Province, which is by far the more important of the two. On account, however, of the geographical and political relations which exist between the two provinces, and the intermingling of their history, the author has taken some notice of the Lower California also. All that he has written has been written on the spot, and that not upon a hasty visit, but after the

mature reflection afforded by a long residence in the countries of which he treats. His descriptions and accounts seem to us admirably complete; and we have little hesitation in saying, that any person wishing for information, whether political, geographical, agricultural, or industrial, will find all the information he desires. Old or Lower California was discovered in the year 1534 by a squadron commanded by Grizalvie, but fitted out for the purpose of discovery by the great Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. The expedition was singularly unsuccessful; the natives were found fierce and courageous, and Ximenes, the pilot, together with twenty other Spaniards, was cut off in the Bay of La Paz. In the following year Cortez pursued the discovery himself, marching overland from Mexico, while three ships proceeded from Guatemala. He found the country, Lower California, excessively barren, and offering nowhere the gold mines of which he was in search. But Cortez explored the whole of the deep gulf which flows between the main and the peninsula, from Cape St. Lucas to the mouth of the Rio Colorado, or Red River. In the oldest Spanish charts the Gulf of California is called the Sea of Cortez. In 1537, Francisco Ulloa spent nearly a year in exploring the country, which he found everywhere extremely barren, the natives being rude, poor to the last degree, and completely naked. He saw the indigenous goat (argali.) Many subsequent expeditions were made by the Spaniards, who, however, neither derived profit from them, nor made any regular settlement in the country. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, in the course of his marauding expedition into the Pacific, landed at Port San Francisco, in New or Upper California, and making some short journeys inland, he found the country beautiful and fertile, the climate healthy and pleasant. In fact, Drake was so well pleased with all he saw, that he christened the country New Albion, and took possession of it for his mistress, the virgin queen. Our author seems to think that Sir Francis Drake did this in ignorance of the fact that the country had been discovered before by the Spaniards; but according to that sea law and sea divinity in which, according to Fuller, Drake was so great a proficient, the previous discovery would not matter two straws. Drake had gone to singe the king of Spain's beard, and to dispute that monarch's pretended right to all that the sun shone upon in the New World; and then Drake pretended that he had gotten a renunciation of the sovereignty from the free and independent natives. These cessions of territories, so often described by the old navigators, are the most laughable things possible; the present is especially so. The common head-dress of the natives of Upper California bore a rude resemblance in shape to a crown; one of the natives took this head-dress from his ugly pate, and gave it to Sir Francis, who interpreted the gift into a renunciation or abdication of the country in favour of Queen Elizabeth! The English, however, never claimed this rather questionable right, and left the natives to themselves and the Spaniards.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, a report was suddenly spread that gold mines had been discovered in Lower California, and that there was a pearl fishery which produced the most valuable pearls in the world. A series of attempts at settlement was made between the years 1615 and 1694, but they all failed; nor was any sensible progress visible until the year 1697, when the Jesuit fathers undertook the spiritual conquest of the country. We had occasion lately to refer to the wonderful operations of the Society of Jesus as colonisers and converters, and this particular part of Mr. Forbes's volume fully confirms our view of the efficacy of the means adopted by the fathers. We do not mean to insinuate that these means were all of a high or laudable character. Far from it. We only intend to say that the Jesuits reclaimed, or partially reclaimed, the native savages more rapidly than any other class of missionaries, and then kept them in what was a peaceful, happy condition,

as compared with that of the natives who had fallen under any other rule or European dominion. The history of the Jesuits' progress in California, as given briefly and spiritedly by our author, is one of the most curious and amusing of narratives. Some of the reverend fathers were admirably suited to the kind of work they undertook—were excellent pioneers to civilisation. Father Ugarte was a host in himself! His name ought to be recorded in more durable materials than marble and bronze. It was through him, and self-denying men like him, that

> ". . . . . Charity on works of love would dwell
> In California's dolorous regions drear,"—

that agriculture and the other humanising arts were first introduced.

Early in the morning, after saying mass to them, and giving them a good breakfast, he led his Californians to work, in building a church, houses for himself and for their families, in clearing the ground for cultivation, in making trenches for the conveyance of water, holes for the planting of trees, or in digging and preparing the ground for sowing.

"In the building part, Father Ugarte was master, overseer, carpenter, bricklayer, and labourer. For the Indians, though animated by his example, could neither by gifts or kind speeches be prevailed upon to shake off their innate sloth; and were sure to slacken if they did not see the father work harder than any of them; so that he was the first in fetching stones, treading the clay, mixing the sand, cutting, carrying, and barking the timber, removing the earth, and fixing materials. He was equally laborious in the other tasks; sometimes felling trees with his axe, sometimes with his spade in his hand digging up the earth, sometimes with an iron crow splitting rocks, sometimes disposing the water trenches, sometimes leading the beasts and cattle which he had procured for his mission to pasture and water; thus, by his own example, teaching the several kinds of labour. The Indians, whose narrow ideas and dulness could not at first enter into the utility of these fatigues, which at the same time deprived them of their customary freedom of roving among the forests, on a thousand occasions sufficiently tried his patience; coming late, nor caring to stir, running away, jeering him, and sometimes even forming combinations, and threatening death and destruction. All this was to be borne with unwearied patience, he having no other resource than affability and kindness, sometimes intermixed with gravity to strike respect; also taking care not to tire them, and suit himself to their weakness. * * * * * In the succeeding year, Father Ugarte saw the happy fruits of his patience, having not only brought the Indians to the knowledge of the christian doctrine, and a decent attendance at divine worship, but likewise to a suitable life, without any of the disorders of their savage state. He inured their indocile sloth to labour, and he had plentiful harvests of wheat, maize, and other grain; he may be said to have surmounted impossibilities in watering and cultivating craggy and rugged grounds. He even made a considerable quantity of generous wine; of which, after supplying the missions in California, some was sent to New Spain in exchange for other goods. He likewise bred horses and sheep, and was, indeed, the purveyor-general of the missions, who, without the assistance of Father Ugarte's fortitude and industry, could not have subsisted; but no difficulty deterred him; and at last he brought his labours to their intended issue; and under a long course of obstructions and impediments, he saw his wishes happily accomplished. To give a full idea of the industry and zeal of this religious man, we shall add what he did in the following years for clothing his native Indians. His sheep, brought originally from the other coast, being sufficiently increased, that his Indians might make the best use of their wool, he determined to teach them the method of preparing, spinning, and weaving it for clothes. Accordingly, he himself made the distaffs, spinning-wheels, and looms; though, to forward and improve so beneficial a scheme, he sent to Tepic for one Antonio Moran, a master weaver, and allowed him a salary of five hundred dollars. Moran staid several years in California, till he had sufficiently instructed the Indians in their trade, and some other handicrafts. * * * * Always in action and indefatigable; present everywhere, and doing everything, he attempted everything, and he accomplished everything; but his activity never shone so signally as in those beginnings where the difficulties seemed insurmountable; sometimes he was preaching, assisting, or admonishing, and attending the soldiers;

at other times he was searching for new spots of ground for villages and fields; sometimes baptizing the children, and sometimes instructing the adults; sometimes administering the sacraments to the sick, and performing the last offices to the dying. Sometimes he worked in the buildings, sometimes in the field, making water-trenches, plantations, and fields; and sometimes he was mending the roads; sometimes helping to get ready the barks for sea. In fine, he was continually labouring in every kind of employment, and the greatest fatigue he always took upon himself."

At times the fathers were exposed to all the horrors of Indian warfare, and obliged to fight like soldiers. The following striking case, which is exceedingly well related, occurred some time after Ugarte's death:—

"More than a thousand Indians collected from different places, and divided themselves into two parties; one to attack the mission, and the other the Presidis where the soldiers were quartered. They intended to set fire to both at the same time, and to kill all the people; on which wicked design they set out armed with bows and arrows, spears and clubs. They arrived at the bed of the river on the night of the 4th of November, whence the two divisions took their respective routes; the one for the Presidis, and the other for the mission. The party destined for the latter arrived at the huts of the converts without being observed; putting some Indians as guards to prevent the inmates from going out or giving any alarm, and threatening them with death if they attempted to do so. Some then proceeded to the church and sacristy, for the purpose of robbing the ornaments, vestments, and whatever else they might find; while others laid hold of lights, and endeavoured to set the quarters of the soldiers on fire. These, who consisted only of a corporal and three men, were soon awakened by the horrid yells of the Indians, and immediately armed themselves, the Indians having already begun to discharge their arrows. The Father Vincent joined the soldiers, together with two boys. The Father Lewis, who slept in a separate apartment, on hearing the noise went towards the Indians, and on approaching them made use of the usual salutation, 'Amar a Dios, Teijos,' ('Love God, my children,') when, observing it was the father, they laid hold of him as a wolf would lay hold of a lamb, and carried him to the side of the rivulet. There they tore off his holy habit, commenced giving him blows with their clubs, and discharged innumerable arrows at him. Not contented with taking away his life with so much fury, they beat and cut to pieces his face, head, and the whole of his body, so that from head to foot nothing remained whole, except his consecrated hands, which were found entire in the place where he was murdered.

"'Meanwhile others of the Indians proceeded to the place where two carpenters and the blacksmith were sleeping, and who were awakened by the noise. The blacksmith ran out with his sword in hand, but was immediately shot dead with an arrow; one of the carpenters followed with a loaded musket, and shot some of the Indians, who were so much intimidated that he was allowed to join the soldiers; the other carpenter, who was ill, was killed in bed by an arrow. The chief body of the Indians now engaged the soldiers, who made such good use of their firearms by killing some and wounding others, that the Indians began to waver; but they at last set fire to the quarters of the Spaniards, which was only of wood, and who, in order to avoid being roasted alive, valiantly sallied forth and took possession of another small but which had served for a kitchen, and which was constructed of dried bricks. The walls, however, were little more than a yard in height, and only covered with branches of trees and leaves to keep out the sun. They defended themselves by keeping up a continual fire upon the multitude, who, however, annoyed them much with their arrows and wooden spears, more particularly at one side of the hut, which was without a wall. Seeing the damage that by this means they were suffering, the soldiers resolved to take out of the house that was on fire, some bales to fill up the open part of the kitchen. In doing this, two of them were wounded and disabled from giving any more assistance, but they succeeded in fetching the bales and filling up the breach with them. There then only remained the corporal, the soldier, the carpenter, and the Father Vincente. The corporal, who was of great valour, and a good marksman, ordered that the others should load and prime the muskets, he only firing them off, by which method he killed or wounded as many as approached him. The Indians now seeing that their arrows were of no avail, owing to the defence of the walls and bales, set fire to the covering of the kitchen; but as the materials were very slight, the corporal and his companions were still enabled to keep their position. They were greatly afraid lest their powder should be set on fire; and this would

have been the case if Father Vincente had not taken the precaution to cover it over with the skirt of his habit, which he did in disregard of the risk he ran of being blown up. The Indians, finding that this mode of attack did not oblige their opponents to leave their fort, commenced throwing in burning fagots and stones, by which Father Vincente was wounded, but not very dangerously. The whole night passed in this manner, till on the rising of the sun the Indians gave up the contest, and retired, carrying off all their killed and wounded. The whole of the defenders of the kitchen fort were wounded, the corporal concealing his injuries until the Indians had retired, in order to avoid discouraging his companions.'

"I have given the description of this contest at full length, and in the language of the Franciscan historian, in order to show that a battle, when the forces on one side only consisted of three soldiers, commanded by a corporal, may be made nearly as much of on paper as when mighty armies meet. The account of the defence of the kitchen fort is given with as much gravity and circumstantiality, as if the narrative were of one of Napoleon's victories; and, it must be confessed, that the issue was as important to the individuals engaged in this Lilliputian combat, as was the result of Austerlitz or Lodi to their victor. It is also worthy of record, as being the most serious attempt to obstruct the Spanish missionaries in their *spiritual conquest* of California; and it may in some degree account for the apparently miraculous conquests of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru in former times, by proving how superior the European, with his musket and his gunpowder, is to the feeble and unskilful Indian with his bow and arrow."

Mr. Forbes thus describes the Missiones or Missions.

"The Missions.—These establishments are all formed on the same plan, and consequently greatly resemble each other. They vary, however, according to their extent, standing, and population, and also according to the individual character of the directing fathers for the time being. Each mission is governed by one or more missionaries, all friars of the order San Francisco. One of these is styled *prefect*, and not president, as was formerly the case. Through him is (or was) carried on all the public correspondence with the government of Mexico; but he has no power superior to the others, and each may be said to be absolute in his own mission. Each mission has allotted to it, in the first instance, a tract of land of about fifteen miles square, which is generally fertile and well suited for husbandry. This land is set apart for the general uses of the mission, part being cultivated, and part left in its natural condition, and occupied as grazing ground. The buildings of the mission are, like the Presidis, all on the same general plan, but are varied according to the locality and number of the inhabitants. Most of the missionary villages or residences are surrounded by a high wall enclosing the whole; others have no such protection, but consist of open rows of streets of little huts built of bricks: some of these are tiled and whitewashed, and look neat and comfortable; others are dirty and in disrepair, and in every way uncomfortable. In the mission of Santa Clara, which in several respects excels the others, the houses of the Indians form five rows or streets, which, compared with the old straw huts, must be considered really comfortable; and this is the greatest improvement that has taken place in the domestic civilization of these people at the missions. The buildings are generally built in the form of a square, or part of a square, the church usually forming a portion of the elevation. The apartments of the fathers, which are often spacious, the granaries, and workshops, compose the remainder. The Indian population generally live in huts at about two hundred yards distant from the principal edifices; these huts are sometimes made of adobes, but the Indians are often left to raise them on their own plan, viz. of rough poles erected into a conical figure, of about four yards in circumference at the base, covered with dry grass, and a small aperture for the entrance. When the huts decay, they set them on fire, and erect new ones, which is only the work of a day. In these huts the married part of the community live, the unmarried of both sexes being, each sex separate, in large barn-like apartments, where they work under strict superiors: the storehouses and workshops, at some of the larger missions, are of great extent and variety. There may be seen a place for melting tallow, one for making soap, workshops for smiths, carpenters, &c., storehouses for the articles manufactured, and the produce of the farms, viz. stores for tallow, soap, butter, salt, wool, hides, wheat, peas, beans, &c. &c. Four or five soldiers have their residence a few yards further off, and are meant to watch the Indians, and to keep order; but they are generally lazy, idle fellows, and often give the missionary more trouble than all his Indians, and instead of rendering assistance increase his troubles. But

in all Spanish countries nothing can possibly be done without soldiers, and the idea of having any public establishment without a guard of soldiers would appear quite ridiculous. The church is, of course, the main object of attraction at all the missions, and is often gaudily decorated. In some of the missions, where there is good building-stone in the vicinity, the external appearance of the sacred building is not unseemly; in other missions, the exterior is very rude. In all of them the interior is richer than the outside promises. In several there are pictures, and the subject of these is generally representations of heaven or hell, glaringly coloured, purposely to strike the rude senses of the Indians. Perouse says that the picture of hell in the church of San Carlos has, in this way, done incalculable service in promoting conversion; and well remarks, that the Protestant mode of worship, which forbids images and pompous ceremonies, could not make any progress among these people. He is of opinion that the picture of Paradise, in the same church, has excited comparatively little effect, on account of its tameness; but Langodorff tells of wonders in this way wrought by a figure of the Virgin, represented as springing from the coronal of leaves of the *Agave Americana*, or great American aloe, instead of the ordinary stem! The priests also take care to be provided with rich dresses for the same purpose of inspiring awe."

The Appendix to this volume, treating of the steam navigation of the Pacific, is highly important.

Domestic Scenes in Russia; in a Series of Letters, describing a Year's Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior. By the Rev. R. Lister Venables, M.A.

The author of this light gossiping volume informs us that he is nearly connected by marriage with several Russian families; that he accompanied his wife into that country in the summer of 1837, for the purpose of visiting her relations, among whom they spent a whole year, either in private houses in the interior of Russia, or in habits of constant intercourse at St. Petersburgh. His opportunities were thus unquestionable of obtaining a better insight into the domestic life of a certain class of the Czar's subjects, than has been usually transmitted to us by hasty travellers, who, equally now as in the days of George Primrose, are accustomed to see a great deal more of the outsides of houses abroad than of the insides.

Leaving the court, the capital, the army, the public institutions, and the show places of the country, which have been so incessantly described, Mr. Venables takes us with him into the scenes of private life, describing with clearness and simplicity the national customs and domestic habits of the Russians.

We have risen from the perusal of his pleasant little volume with the conviction that we know a great deal more about what is best worth knowing than we did when we sat down to it. Here and there we may suspect a little partial colouring, which is natural and excusable in his circumstances, but we should be disposed to place the greatest confidence in the general correctness of his pictures. He passed a considerable time as a visiter in a Russian country-house at Krasnac, in the province or government of Tver, about four hundred miles south of Petersburgh.

We select some interesting passages from this part of the work.

"COUNTRY VISITS IN RUSSIA.

"The ordinary routine of life which I have described, has been varied now and then by an occasional visit. The system of country visiting in Russia is carried on upon the hospitable principle, that a friend is always welcome. The distances are so great, that morning calls are of course in general out of the question, and except ing on particular occasions, such as a fête, invitations are rare. Neighbours sometimes send over to announce their intention, if it is agreeable to you, of coming to dine, or to spend a night or two at your house, but there being no cross-posts between country places, the most usual thing is, that your guests arrive unexpectedly

a little before the ordinary dinner-hour. This system has many inconveniences, though it is unavoidable in Russia, where people frequently cannot send beforehand to prepare you for their visit, and where, moreover, they do not like to pledge themselves to go twenty or five-and-twenty miles, over bad roads, to dine and return at night, with the chance that the day fixed for the visit may prove rainy or disagreeable. These unexpected visits are considered highly complimentary, though, from the quantity of servants and horses with which Russians travel, the numbers to be provided for *impromptus* are sometimes rather formidable. For instance, on one occasion, when three parties chanced to arrive here to dine and spend a day or two unannounced beforehand, though the guests themselves amounted only to five or six, they brought with them ten servants and sixteen carriage-horses. A single man seldom moves with less than two servants and four horses, and the Russian country-house has no neighbouring inn to which the latter may be inhospitably consigned. The etiquette of visiting, in general, is altogether different in this country and in England. With us, it is always considered the part of the person of higher rank, or of older standing in a society, to make the first advances in forming an acquaintance; whereas, in Russia, it rests with the new comer to select his society among those to whom he is introduced, and he calls upon those whom he desires to know. I think, without prejudice, that the English custom is decidedly the better and more reasonable of the two, since here a stranger, and especially a foreigner, is often at a loss to decide whether his visit will be considered an intrusion, or his omission to pay it an act of ill-breeding.

"VILLAGE FETE—HAPPINESS OF SERFS.

"We reached Troitska about one o'clock, and found in front of a house a long row of tables, at which all the peasants, with their wives and children, had just finished dining; they had been well provided with beer, followed by a glass or two of spirits each; and they were now assembled round the door of the house, shouting and singing with all their might. On the steps of the house were large baskets of gingerbread, which the entertainer and his guests were throwing in every direction among the crowd, and the peasants, men and women, boys and girls, were scrambling for it with the utmost eagerness. After the scrambling was over, we were entertained by a national dance, the execution of which had no merit to boast, especially as some of the performers were drunk; the music was a monotonous ditty, sung, or rather screeched at the pitch of their voices, by the performers themselves. We soon afterwards sat down to dinner, and the singing was continued under the windows by four or five pair of vigorous female lungs during the whole time that we were at table. The swing, that most necessary appendage to all Russian festivities, which is seen in every village and in every gentleman's garden, was of course kept in full play. After dinner we found that the peasants had apparently got tired of amusing themselves, and had gone home to their houses. About six o'clock we drove to see a neighbouring gentleman's garden, which was somewhat celebrated in the country: the proprietor received us most civilly, and showed us over his garden, which was his hobby; it was large and well kept, but for the most part dull and sombre, being laid out chiefly in straight walks, entirely shaded over, but which, however, were old and of considerable size, so as to impart a degree of respectability to the place. The garden was decorated by large formally-shaped ponds; at one end was a stew filled with pike, and close by a tawdry summer-house of painted wood. We returned to Troitska to tea, and drove home in the cool of the evening, or rather in the dark. * * * * * The first impression produced by the merriment of the peasants at their village fête may be a conviction of the happiness of the people, and of their readiness to be pleased and amused. It does not follow, however, because the Russian dances and sings, that he is to be considered happy for his station. On the contrary, it surely is a melancholy spectacle, and even degrading to human nature, to see bearded men scrambling like monkeys for gingerbread, and delighting in the sports of children. These people undoubtedly were not oppressed; they were under a kind and considerate master, and they wanted for none of the necessaries of life; they therefore, as individuals, were not to be pitied, and, knowing no better, were probably contented with their lot; but the chain of slavery was on their minds, as it is on the minds of the Russian peasantry at large. They know that they can do nothing to change or improve their condition, and therefore they have no stimulus or excitement to energy. They have no habit of acting or deciding for themselves, and are, in fact, mere grown-up children, equally thoughtless and improvident; as such, indeed, they are treated by law and custom. With little in the world to hope

or fear, since to rise is out of the question; and to sink impossible; and with a naturally easy and cheerful disposition, they sing, and dance, and play, like children on a holiday, with a light-hearted merriment which is not happiness; the reckless hilarity of intoxication, forgetful of yesterday and careless of to-morrow, not the sober satisfaction of rational contentment. While the vast extent of Russia, and her thinly scattered population, continue to render food, shelter, and clothing cheap and abundant, the peasant may continue to laugh and dance in his fetters, careless or unconscious of his degraded position; but should the pressing evils of want or scarcity arise to disturb his thoughtless gaiety and empty merriment, he will become a morose, discontented slave; his eyes will be opened to a sense of his condition, and woe to that generation, both of lord and serf, in which the light shall break forth; for unless the country is far more generally civilised and enlightened than at present, a revolution must commence in bloodshed, and end in anarchy; the elements of true liberty are not to be found as yet in Russia."

Next follows an account of

A RUSSIAN CARNIVAL IN THE PROVINCES.

"We have now arrived nearly at the conclusion of the carnival, which ends to-morrow (Sunday) at midnight, since Lent in the Greek church begins not on Ash Wednesday, but on the Monday before. Indeed, the carnival-week is, strictly speaking, a commencement of the fast, or a sort of preparation for it; for the use of meat is forbidden at this time, though eggs, milk, and butter are allowed. This, however, is a distinction which is seldom or never observed by the higher classes, who generally content themselves with abstaining from animal food during a single week of Lent, usually the first or last. The traders and peasants are, as I have already told you, extremely rigid in observing this, and all other rules of the church. One of the great amusements of the carnival is eating *bleenies*; a bleeny being a kind of cake, which is somewhat like an English crumpet, and is eaten with butter. This luxury was, I presume, originally invented as a compensation for the loss of meat during the extra week of fast, which the Greek church imposed on its members. The carnival is the season in which ice-hills are chiefly in request in Russia, but I am sorry to say none have been erected here this winter, and the only specimen I have seen is a very small one made in the courtyard of a private house for the amusement of the children. For the three last days, as well as on Sunday, there have been grand promenades in the principal street, at which nearly all the inhabitants of the town have appeared parading up and down in sledges of every description, at a foot-pace, in two rows, like the lines of carriages in Hyde Park on a Sunday, when Hyde Park was in its glory. Order is maintained by a number of policemen, aided by a few mounted gens-d'armes, and the centre of the street is reserved for sledges with poles instead of shafts, since these are dangerous in the lines, as, in the case of a sudden stoppage, the point of the pole may run against the back of the person in the sledge next before. We have joined the procession more than once with a large party in a sledge holding ten or twelve people, and drawn by four horses, and our pole procuring us admission to the open centre-space, we have been able to drive rapidly up and down the street, so as to pass in review the two lines of sledges on either side. The weather during the whole week has been most beautiful—a hard frost and a bright sun. The Tamboff promenaders, however, instead of enjoying the fine and pleasant portion of the day, do not begin to appear till about four o'clock, when the sun is not very far from the horizon. By about five o'clock the street is crowded, and the sledgers continue patiently to glide up and down till nearly seven. This inconvenient fashion arises, I presume, from the Russian habit of wasting two or three hours of daylight in sleeping after an early dinner. The lower orders consider it most unlucky not to appear in a sledge at the promenade, at least once during the carnival, thinking, as I am told, that it helps them on their way to heaven; the forfeiture of which, it is also said, they fear to risk, if they omit to get drunk in the course of the week. Be this as it may, there are few among them who do not scrupulously avoid all difficulty on this score, and during the two last days happy is the master who has a cook sober enough to dress his dinner, or a servant steady enough to place it on the table. On Thursday there was a public assembly, the last ball of the season, and an extremely dull affair. Yesterday there was a masquerade for the servants, small traders, &c. We went with some friends into the gallery to witness the amusement, and the decorum, and even politeness, which prevailed was quite as great as among the more fashionable society which

had appeared in the same room the night before. The ladies' maids were dressed in imitation of their mistresses, and, for the most part, wore neither mask nor fancy dress. The men were, however, equipped in general in various grotesque costumes, being disguised by veils placed instead of masks, to hide their features; these were, however, removed in general as the wearers became hot with dancing. Waltzes, quadrilles, polonaises, were executed with tolerable success; but the national dance, which was frequently repeated, was the great attraction of the evening. This is performed by two persons at a time, and is a sort of pantomime representing courtship. The partners are placed opposite to one another, about seven or eight feet apart; the gentleman first advances with many graceful and winning steps to his fair *vis-à-vis*, who remains in her place; he then figures in various attractive attitudes before her, but in vain, as she turns brusquely round and rejects him, upon which he finally retires. It is now the lady's turn to make similar advances, which, of course, are received in the same manner, with demonstrations of scorn. This alternate advance and retreat is carried on for some time; the talent of the performers consisting in the coquetry displayed on both sides, and the grace and variety of their movements; at last the lady, instead of rejecting her suitor, accepts his attentions, and deigns to receive the kiss which concludes the dance."

We had marked some other passages for extract, but we must refer the reader to the pleasant, plain-speaking volume itself, which we *can*, and do, very cordially recommend.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley.

This is a very neat and convenient edition of the works of a real poet, who has been gradually rising in the estimation of his countrymen. We have always looked upon Shelley as one having more of the soul of poetry than any of his cotemporaries; or if we have made an exception, it has been a single and a doubting one. Others indeed have written greater or more finished poems; but Shelley, who perished, from the upsetting of a vile boat, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, had not poured out a tithe of the poetry that was in him, and had not had time to attain to that fixed philosophy which is essential to the highest kinds of production. Beautiful and masterly as are some of his poems—exquisite as are many passages in them—we look upon them as nothing, compared to what he might, and would have written, if his life had been lengthened. Perhaps, however, we should here be inclined to make an exception in favour of his "Cenci," an unsurpassable composition—a wondrous, and, in its way, we think, an all but perfect one.

The first poem in the present collection is the "Queen Mab," which the affectionate and reverential editor has thought fit to curtail of some of its wildest passages. We question whether this has been done wisely. We should like to have the whole, as presenting a strange, *early* picture of a strange mind.

"Shelley was eighteen years of age when 'Queen Mab' was written; he never published it. When he wrote it, he had come to the decision that he was too young to be a 'judge of controversies;' and he was desirous of acquiring 'that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism.' But he never doubted the truth or utility of his opinions; and in printing and privately distributing 'Queen Mab,' he believed that he should further their dissemination, without occasioning the mischief either to others or himself that might arise from publication. The poem has since been frequently reprinted; and it is too well known, and the poetry is too beautiful, to allow of its being omitted, although it is doubtful whether he would himself have admitted it into a collection of his works. His severe classical taste, refined by the constant study of the Greek poets, might have discovered defects that escape the ordinary reader; and the change his opinions underwent in many points, would

have prevented him from putting forth the speculations of his boyish days. . . . . Some years after, when in Italy, a bookseller published an edition of 'Queen Mab' as it originally stood. Shelley was hastily written to by his friends, under the idea that, deeply injurious as the mere distribution of the poem had proved, the publication might awaken fresh persecutions. At the suggestion of these friends he wrote a letter on the subject, printed in 'The Examiner' newspaper, with which I close this history of his earliest work.

"'Sir,—Having heard that a poem, entitled 'Queen Mab,' has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair as it relates to me. A poem, entitled 'Queen Mab,' was written by me, at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit; but even then not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to Chancery for any injunction to restrain the sale, but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's 'Wat Tyler,' (a poem written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm,) with little hope of success. Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem, it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity, or the excellence of monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation, and imprisonment, and invective and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society.'"

In the next passage Mrs. Shelley shows the unhappy life led by the poet at school and college, and the state of abandonment into which he fell when a mere stripling.

"Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys; this roused, instead of taming, his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience, when it was enforced by menaces and punishment. To aversion to the society of his fellow-creatures—such as he found them when collected together into societies, where one egged on the other to acts of tyranny—was joined the deepest sympathy and compassion; while the attachment he felt for individuals, and the admiration with which he regarded their powers and their virtues, led him to entertain a high opinion of the perfectibility of human nature, and he believed that all could reach the highest grade of moral improvement, did not the customs and prejudices of society foster evil passions and excuse evil actions. The oppression which, trembling at every nerve, yet resolute to heroism, it was his ill fortune to encounter at school and at college, led him to dissent in many things from those whose arguments were blows, whose faith appeared to engender blame and execration. 'During my existence,' he wrote to a friend in 1812, 'I have incessantly speculated, thought, and read.' His readings were not always well chosen; among them were the works of the French philosophers; as far as metaphysical argument went, he temporarily became a convert. At the same time, it was the cardinal article of his faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it professed, and above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues, which would make men brothers. Can this be wondered at? At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy,—he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen. It is a singular

fact in the history of society in the civilised nations of modern times, that no false step is so irretrievable as one made in early youth. Older men, it is true, when they oppose their fellows, and transgress ordinary rules, carry a certain prudence or hypocrisy as a shield along with them. But youth is rash; nor can it imagine, while asserting what it believes to be true, and doing what it believes to be perfectly right, that it should be denounced as vicious, and pursued as criminal."

The sufferings of Shelley, both morally and physically, were great.

"This is neither the time nor place to speak of the misfortunes that chequered his life. It will be sufficient to say, that in all he did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified in his conscience; while the various ills of poverty and loss of friends brought home to him the sad realities of life. * * * * * In the spring of 1815, an eminent physician pronounced that he was dying rapidly of consumption; abscesses were formed on his lungs, and he suffered acute spasms. Suddenly, a complete change took place; and though through life he was a martyr to pain and debility, every symptom of pulmonary disease vanished. His nerves, which nature had formed sensitive to an unexampled degree, were rendered still more susceptible by the state of his health. As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the continent, he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne by the Reuss and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favourite poem of 'Thalaba,' his imagination had been excited by a description of such a voyage. In the summer of 1815, after a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire, and a visit to Clifton, he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, on the borders of Windsor Forest, where he enjoyed several months of comparative health and tranquil happiness. The later summer months were warm and dry.

"Accompanied by a few friends, he visited the sources of the Thames, making the voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Cricklade. His beautiful stanzas in the churchyard of Lechlade were written on that occasion. 'Alastor' was composed on his return. He spent his days under the oak shades of Windsor Great Park; and the magnificent woodland was a fitting study to inspire the various descriptions of forest scenery we find in the poem."

It is in this manner—in giving an account of the poems—that Mrs. Shelley gives us glimpses of the poet's life. She has not attempted anything like a regular memoir; but most of these notes which come between the different poems are of a deep interest. We can ourselves vouch for the perfect accuracy and truthfulness of the following description.

"The qualities that struck any one newly introduced to Shelley were, first, a gentle and cordial goodness that animated his intercourse with warm affection and helpful sympathy; the other, the eagerness and ardour with which he was attached to the cause of human happiness and improvement. To defecate life of its misery and its evil was the ruling passion of his soul: he dedicated to it every pulsation of his heart. He looked on political freedom as the direct agent to effect the happiness of mankind; and thus any new-sprung hope of liberty inspired a joy and an exultation more intense and wild than he could have felt for any personal advantage."

Shortly after writing "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," Shelley commenced "The Revolt of Islam," a longer poem, which contains long passages of marvellous beauty and magnificence. The fight in Canto I. between the eagle and serpent is, in our humble opinion, equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind to be found either in Ariosto or Spencer. Let all our readers make haste to study it. The poem was written at Marlow.

"During the year 1817, we were established at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by the town being at no great distance from London, and its neighbourhood to the Thames. The poem was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighbouring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty. The chalk hills break into cliffs that overhang the Thames, or form valleys clothed with beech; the wilder portion of the country is rendered beautiful by exuberant vegetation; and the

cultivated part is peculiarly fertile. With all this wealth of nature, which, either in the form of gentlemen's parks or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlow was inhabited (I hope it is altered now) by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labour; for which they were very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The changes produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. I mention these things,—for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race."

We are old enough to remember the outcry that was raised on the first appearance of the "Revolt of Islam." Its opinions—or at least some part of them—were indeed bold and uncompromising; and there were many minds that could be startled by its daring speculations in philosophy, that were altogether incapable of feeling its beauty as a poem. Nay, we remember, that not a few maintained, with a great blasting of trumpets, that the poetry was as bad as the philosophy, and *that*, in their eyes, was so detestably bad as to entitle its author to a hot berth in Pandemonium.

Well! since those days we have made some progress in taste, and in toleration also. It would now be fool-hardy of any man to question Shelley's high poetical genius, and generally people will judge charitably of what they may consider wrong in the philosophy of a most charitable, noble-hearted young man. We have no doubt whatever that this edition will be widely purchased and read.

Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakspere. Part III. *Romeo and Juliet.*

The labours of the editor are more conspicuously valuable and useful in this part than in the two preceding plays. They have enabled him indeed to give to the world, almost for the first time, a correct edition of this most exquisite play, a copy such as Shakspere, after careful revision, left it for the admiration of all ages. From Pope downwards, editors have been giving us a mongrel copy.

Romeo and Juliet was first printed in the year 1597; a copy of this edition is rare and dear enough to be classed among *libri rarissimi*, but Steevens reprinted it in his not very popular collection of twenty of the plays of Shakspere. The second edition of Romeo and Juliet, with many corrections, augmentations, and amendments, was printed in 1599. This edition is also rare, but the editor has had the advantage of using a copy in the British Museum. The subsequent original editions are a quarto without date; a quarto in 1607; a quarto in 1609; and the well-known folio of 1623. All these editions are founded upon the quarto of 1599—that is, upon the edition corrected by Shakspere himself—from which they differ very slightly.

"'We have taken,' says the editor, 'the folio of 1623 as the basis of our text, indicating the differences between that text and the quartos subsequent to that of 1597, whenever any occur. But we have not attempted to make up a text, as was done by Pope, and subsequently by Steevens, out of the amended quarto of 1599 and the original of 1597. In some instances, indeed, the quarto of 1597 is of importance in the formation of a text, for the correction of typographical errors, which have run through the subsequent editions. Whenever our text differs from that commonly received, we state the difference and the reasons for that difference. Our general reasons for founding the text upon the folio of 1623, which is, in truth, to found it upon the quarto of 1599, are as follows:—

"'The quarto of 1599 was declared to be 'newly corrected, augmented, and amended.' There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations, were those of the author. There are typographical errors in this edition, and in all the editions, and occasional confusions of the metrical arrangement, which render it more than probable that Shakspere did not see the proofs of his printed works. But that the copy, both of the first edition and the second, was derived from him, is, to our minds, perfectly certain. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspere, in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play. We would ask, then, upon what canon of criticism can an editor be justified in foisting into a copy so corrected, passages of the original copy, which the natural judgment of the author had rejected? Essentially the question ought not to be determined by any arbitriment whatever other than the judgment of the author. Even if his correctness did not appear, in every case, to be improvements, we should be still bound to receive them with respect and deference. We would not, indeed, attempt to establish it as a rule implicitly to be followed, that an author's last corrections are to be invariably adopted; for, as in the case of Cowper's Homer, and Tasso's Jerusalem, the corrections which these poets made in their first productions, when their faculties were in a great degree clouded and worn out, are properly considered as not entitled to supersede what they produced in brighter and happier hours. Mr. Southey admirably stated his reason for this in the advertisement to his edition of Cowper's Homer. But in the case of Shakspere's Romeo and Juliet, the corrections and augmentations were made by him at that epoch of his life when he exhibited 'all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and habitual exercise of power.'*

"'The augmentations, with one or two trifling exceptions, are amongst the most masterly passages in the whole play, and include many of the lines that are invariably turned to, as some of the highest examples of poetical beauty. These augmentations, further, are so large in their amount, that, in Steevens's reprint, the first edition occupies only *seventy-three* pages; while the edition of 1609, in the same volume, printed in the same type as the first edition, occupies *ninety-nine* pages. The *corrections* are made with such exceeding judgment, such marvellous tact, that of themselves they completely overthrow the theory, so long submitted to, that Shakspere was a careless writer. We have furnished abundant evidence of this in our first notes, in which we have exhibited some of the more remarkable of the amended passages, and have indicated the most important augmentations. Such being the case, we consider ourselves justified in treating the labour of Steevens and other editors, in making a patchwork text out of the author's first and second copies, as utterly worthless; and we have, therefore, in nearly every instance, rejected the passages from the first copy, which these editors, to use their own words, have *recovered* to swell out the second copy, as mere surplusage which the author had himself rejected. We have, of course, indicated these changes from the commonly received text." . . . . . .

The old editors and commentators were, taken collectively, a wrong-headed, pedantic crew, with little brains and less heart; but in some respects they were good pioneers; they were laborious and painstaking men, not without some of the learning essential to the task—that is, some few of them, like Malone. The present editor is too just, and too well acquainted with the nature, extent, and divisibility of literary labour, to deny them their meed of praise.

"'We have no wish,' he says, 'to depreciate the labours of our predecessors.' We thoroughly agree with Southey, that, 'though in their cumbrous annotations, the last labourer always added more rubbish to the heaps which his predecessors had accumulated, they did good service by directing attention to our earlier literature.'† We most readily acknowledge our own particular obligations to them; for, unless they had collected a great mass of materials, the present edition could not have been undertaken.'"

In the editor's illustrations of the play, there is a great deal that is new and tasteful. We will just quote one little passage from them, which has

* Coleridge's Literary Remains. † Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 178.

greatly pleased us. Everybody, of course, remembers the soul-melting verses in Juliet's speech which have more than the nightingale's music.

"Act iii. Scene v.—'Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.'"

In the description of the garden in Chaucer's translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the pomegranate is first mentioned among the fruit trees:

"There were (and that wot I full well)
Of pomegranates a full great deal."

"The 'orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits' was one of the beautiful objects described by Solomon in his Canticles. Amongst the fruit-bearing trees, the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and, therefore, in the south of Europe and in the East it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakspere find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough, week after week? Doubtless in some of the old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale 'in a fresh green laurel tree:' but the preference of the nightingale for pomegranate is unquestionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the daytime,' says Russell, in his account of Aleppo. * * * * * * In the truth of details such as these, the genius of Shakspere is as much exhibited as in his wonderful powers of generalisation."

The artists have done their part admirably. The engravings are varied and beautiful, but we have not left ourselves room to describe them.

The Lady and the Saints. In three Cantos. With Ten Vignettes, designed by R. CRUIKSHANK.

We like the ten vignettes a great deal better than the three Cantos. Indeed the best verses we can find in the volume are the following.

"Cadgetty fi fum
Sneakery, cheekery, swipe O,
Ponticky ri rum,
Ri whack fal de ral de rido."
See Gabriel's Hymn, Canto iii. page 196.

The Romance of the Harem. By MISS PARDOE.

Miss Pardoe is a very charming and a fast improving writer. We have seen, or fancied, in each of her recent works, a manifest improvement on its immediate predecessor; and we are quite sure that the volumes now before us are much better witten than her book of Travels, which has been so popular under the title of "The City of the Sultan."

Mr. Dix, in his enthusiasm for poor Chatterton, sets down Horace Walpole as guilty of the very same falsehood and act of forgery, of which that "lover of expensive baubles" accused the "Wondrous boy," because he, Horace, prefixed to his Castle of Otranto a statement that the story was translated from an old Italian black letter written by a monk. But this was being too severe: Walpole's joke was not meant to deceive, and it never could have deceived any one at all conversant with old Italian stories and literature. We believe that little white fibs of this kind are perfectly excusable and admissible, and that everything told by an author about the origin and history of his work of fiction is to be taken *cum grano.* Therefore we are not angry with Miss Pardoe for saying of these, *her* (and *very English*) stories, that—

"They are genuine tales related by the professional *Massaldjhes,* or Story-tellers

of the East, in the harems of the wealthy Turks during seasons of festivity, and particularly in that of the Ramazan"—

albeit we know that these tales are no more like those which are told by the professional story-tellers of the East than Horace Walpole's romance is like the Decameron of Boccaccio, the Pecorone of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino, the Cento Novelle Antiche, or any other Italian story of the olden time. In the works which we have named may be found several reasons why an English gentleman should not translate them; and as the strolling Massaldjhes are much plainer speakers than the old Italians, the interdict would be stronger in their case. Nor do we think that the most masculine reader would be much pleased with the tales that set the coffee-houses of Constantinople in a roar. In construction, in language, in sentiment, (all the *romance* of the Harem is of Miss Pardoe's introducing,) these pretty tales are wholly different from, and far superior to, the narratives of the Massaldjhes. Of the language she says—

"In order to localise the different tales, I have endeavoured to adopt, to a certain degree, the florid and figurative style of language in which the Orientals so much delight, and so constantly indulge, while I have been careful neither to caricature their habits nor their opinions; but to confine myself as closely as possible to the actions and feelings of every-day Turkish life; and to fling off, if I may so express it, all idea of authorship, to identify myself for the time with the individuals of whom I wrote."

And yet, (as a contemporary has already observed,) in attempting to orientalize her style, she has got rid of much of that gaudiness and inflation of language which was a serious drawback on her book of Travels. Indeed, most of the little stories are written in a style of very graceful simplicity. They are various and exciting in their incidents. "The Seven Doors," "The Arab Steed," and "The Barber of Bassora," are excellent. The prose is inlaid with some very pleasing verse. Here is a specimen.

"Cobah! Cobah! where art thou now?
We have sought thee in vain on the mountain brow,
We have looked for thee, love, where the stream runs clear,
Cobah! Cobah! thou art not here—
The wind sighs its grief through the cypress bough,
Cobah! beloved one! where art thou?

She is gone! she is gone! but where?
Go ask the earth's starry flowers—
Where the sunbeams of yesterday rest, she's there,
She can never again be ours—
Life's sweetest and brightest things,
The joys we have loved and lost,
Exist in the land where the spirit's wings
Catch heaven's bright beam the most.

Why did she pass away,
Before her sweet youth was o'er,
Like the flower which drinks in the sunbeam to-day,
And to-morrow exists no more?
She loved, till she lived in that light alone
That her own pure soul had made—
And she withered, because the cherished one
Who had been to her both breath and sun,
Left her to pine and fade—
Summer days pass—earth's blossoms die—
Heaven's stars fall from the azure sky—
Our joys all wither one by one—
Cobah is gone! Cobah is gone!"

We almost regret that we cannot find room for one of her shorter

stories; but the book will be popular, and our readers will make themselves acquainted with the whole of it.

Travels of Minna and Godfrey in many Lands. The Rhine, Nassau, and Baden.

Some few months ago we travelled through Holland with Minna and Godfrey to our exceeding great delight, and now we have followed them with equal pleasure up the glorious Rhine,

> "Whose breast of waters broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine,
> And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scatter'd cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine."

We can earnestly recommend this amusing and instructive volume—as we did its predecessor—not only to youthful readers, but also to persons of mature age, who have not time for the reading of large books. The whole series of Travels promises to be an excellent one.

The Gift for all Seasons. Edited by WILLIAM ANDERSON, Esq., Author of Landscape Lyrics, &c.

This is a beautiful little volume, with a title which can never be out of date. We have before had occasion to notice with commendation the labours of Mr. Anderson, and have great pleasure in again bearing testimony to his ability. The present elegant little volume contains a collection of papers, many of which are of more than passing value. Some of them we should have been glad to have transferred to our pages, had not the work reached us at too late a period of the month. We can only, therefore, recommend it, as we do most cordially, to the attention of our present-loving and present-making readers. The work is tastefully embellished with plates, and in a beautiful binding.

The Student's Manual, designed, by Specific Directions, to aid in forming and strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Character and Habits of the Students. By JOHN TODD. Reprinted from the Seventh American Edition.

This is one of those valuable works, and we are pleased to say they are not a few, for which we are indebted to our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Todd has here done good service, and produced a work which the world will not soon be likely to lose sight of—a book of original thought and sterling value. He has here afforded helpful aid at a time when it is most needed—when the character is forming, and the youth is rapidly progressing towards the man. We believe that many a young man will have cause to thank the author for his wise directions and salutary cautions, and to all such we cordially recommend this estimable volume.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Spiers's Old English Poets; Part I. Spenser.—A very good beginning. We hope there may be love of good poetry and taste enough among the people to carry the publisher successfully through his bold undertaking. He here gives, for *one shilling*, the first nine Cantos of the Faerie Queene.

A Letter to the Earl of Durham, on Reform in Parliament, by paying the Elected. By MARVELL REDIVIVUS. The writer of this pamphlet (a *Chartist*, but no Marvell) thinks that we should be served much better in the House of Commons, if we paid our members so much per week. We don't think so.

Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. This, the sixth part, contains some very valuable articles, as "Gunpowder," "Hat Manufacture," "Hosiery," "Iron," "Lace Manufacture," "Lamp," "Lead," with which very heavy but very useful substance it concludes. Four more monthly parts will complete the work.

A History of British Reptiles. By THOMAS BELL, F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology in King's College, London.—*Illustrated by a woodcut of each species, with some of the Varieties, and numerous vignettes.* We have received the second part of this publication. It is in all essentials worthy of its predecessor, which we noticed a short time back.

A plain Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Infant Custody Bill. By PEARCE STEVENSON, Esq.—A very important pamphlet, written in defence of the now outraged rights of wives and mothers. We agree in toto with Mr. Stevenson, and admire the generous warmth with which he pleads the cause of the unhappiest of all the victims of legal tyranny. We rejoice to see that his essay has met with a large portion of public attention. We trust that this notice, short as it is, may direct the attention of some readers to the pamphlet.

The Boy's Country Book. Edited by WILLIAM HOWITT.—Good—very good. We think that boys will read it with delight.

The Quarantine Laws: their Abuses and Inconsistencies. A Letter addressed to the Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., M.P., President of the Board of Control, &c. &c. &c. By ARTHUR T. HOLROYD, Esq.—This is a sensible and well-written pamphlet on an exceedingly important subject. We have had some experience—at times dearly purchased—in this business; and although we are not prepared to assert the non-contagion of the plague, or the uselessness of all quarantine laws, we can very confidently affirm that these laws, wherever they are established, call for instant revision. They are bad enough in England, and, God knows, badly enough administered; but in France, in Spain, in Italy, they are the most distressing, and, in the two latter countries at least, the most useless of regulations—useless on account, in part but not wholly, of the facility with which they are infringed. If lazzarettos are necessary, they ought everywhere to be put upon a very different footing from that on which they now stand, and have been standing, to the disgrace of civilised Europe, for ages. The subject is of such vast importance, that it ought to be coolly and scientifically investigated by all governments, and then made a part and portion of international law. The amount of personal suffering, of pecuniary loss, and commercial embarrassment, occasioned throughout the world by the present system, is incalculable. The public ought to feel indebted to Mr. Holroyd for the pains he has taken to give the subject a popular and prominent shape.

The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living. By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D. Bishop of Down and Connor. Fraser and Crawford, Edinburgh.—This

is the first of a series of cheap and elegant reprints of standard works on Divinity, of which we cannot speak too highly. The size is a handsome octavo, and the wonder is how it can possibly be rendered at the price. It is to be followed by others of equal value, and we hail with decided approbation the attempt thus made to place within the reach of all, those gems of our theological literature, which shed such a lustre on the literary annals of our country. Every work is to be complete in itself, so that a collection may be formed of a part or the whole, at the choice of the purchaser.

The Weather Guide, or an Index to the Barometer. By W. H. B. Webster, Surgeon, R.N.—Nothing is more puzzling to the uninitiated than the observance of the barometer. Mr. Webster has greatly familiarised the subject by the present "Guide," and furnished such explanations as cannot fail to render the indications of the barometer universally intelligible. At a time when so much has been said, and, as it appears, to little purpose, on the subject of the weather, it is satisfactory to possess a means of judging which it seems scarcely possible can lead to error.

The English Bijou Almanack.—This little work is certainly the perfection of miniature books. Its dimensions are indeed fairy-like, and yet it possesses beauties which are not always to be met with in larger works. It has also a still higher value from containing some of the last productions of the lamented L. E. L. We have no doubt that this beautiful little work will meet with an extensive demand.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nugent's Authority of the Roman Catholic Church considered. 12mo. 1*s.*
Secession Justified. By Philalethes. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Bouquet, or Ladies' Flower Garden. Fcap. 3*s.*
An Outline of Ancient and Modern Rome, in Question and Answer. By a Lady. 18mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Stokes's Doctrine of a Special Providence. Fcap. 2*s.*
Hall's (Rev. John) Explanatory Discourses on the Epistles. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
Melvill's Sermons. Vol. II. Second Edition. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Henshaw's Horæ Succisivæ. Edited by W. Turnbull. 18mo. 3*s.*
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Currie's Domestic Homœopathy. 18mo. 4*s*.
Skinner's Religion of the Bible. 12mo. 6*s*.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Chatterton has nearly completed her new work, RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND. We understand it is to be embellished with drawings and wood engravings, from designs by her Ladyship.

The Hon. Mr. Sayers' new work, HENRY ACTON AND OTHER TALES, is now published. We intend to give it early attention.

Mr. Best's new work, ODIOUS COMPARISONS, is expected to appear in a few days.

A little work has just been published, entitled THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Sir Lytton Bulwer has in the press A NEW DRAMA entitled RICHELIEU, which is nearly completed.

A little work, entitled THE SORROWS OF DEAFNESS, is nearly ready.

THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT will appear in a few days.

WAKING DREAMS, with Illustrations, by the author of a series of "Irish Tales," is now ready.

Florigraphia Britannica, or Engravings and Descriptions of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Britain, will be continued in March, 1839.

Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts. By the author of "Spiritual Despotism."

The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, by J. W. Burton, Esq., from original documents.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are sorry to hear that some of our larger manufacturers are lessening their hours of labour. We fear, from the statements lately made, this may arise in part from the progress of rival establishments abroad.

The motion made on behalf of the petitioners to be heard at the bar, on the subject of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, has been refused in both Houses.

From America we learn that a tremendous storm had visited, with destructive violence, both New York and Philadelphia.

The appearances of the spring are, we hope, from the various accounts we have received, on the whole favourable.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 25th of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 205 one-half.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 five-eighths.—Consols, for Account, 92 three-fourths to seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 101 one-eighth.—Exchequer Bills, 63*s.* to 64*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 65*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 25.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 55 one-eighth.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 103 three-eighths to one-fourth.—Spanish Five per Cents., 19 one-eighth to five-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—*City, Feb.* 26th, 1839.—The funds have been without material variation all day, the dealers principally occupied in preparing for the settlement to-morrow. Consols remain at 29⅜ to ½ for money and this account, and at 92⅛ to 3 for the April account; Bank Stock, 205½ to 6; India Stock, 256½ to 7½; Exchequer Bills advertised were 61*s.* to 63*s.*, those at 2*d.* per day, 63*s.* to 65*s.*; and India Bonds, 65*s.* premium.

The depression in Peninsular securities continues. Spanish Actives, with the May coupons, were 18¼ to ⅜; Portuguese 5 per Cents., 34⅜ to 5; the 3 per Cents., 21¼ to ⅜; Brazilian remain 80¾ to 1¼, the scrip of the new loan, 1¾ to 2¼ premium; Mexican were 23½ to 4; Colombian, 29 to ¼. Some improvement took place in the Dutch and Belgian securities. Dutch 2½ per Cents. advanced to 55⅛ to ⅜; the 5 per Cents, to 103½ to ½; Belgian, 100 to ¼; Danish were 75¾ to 6¼.

The Railway shares were without material change. London and Birmingham, 79 to 81; Great Western, 12½ to 13½ premium; North Midland, ¼ discount to ¼ premium; Southampton, 5½ to 5; Brighton, 4½ to 4 discount. Cocoas mining, 16 to 17 per share. London Joint Stock Bank, 2¾ to 3; London and Westminster, 4¼ to 5 premium.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19, TO JAN. 18, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 22. H. H. Hope, Goswell-street, oil and colourman. W. Maddams, Theobald's road, Red Lion-square, cabinet maker.—J. W. Bennett, West-place, West-square, Lambeth, lodging-house-keeper.—J. Johnson, Cockermouth, Cumberland, saddler.—F. Schenk and J. Heapy, Brighton, Sussex, watchmakers.—T. Morris, Worcester, builder.—E. Mason, Kington, Herefordshire, innkeeper.—J. Wood, Manchester, laceman.

Jan. 25. W. Edwards, Wentworth-street, Spitalfields, cabinet maker.—F. F. Gibbs, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Wood, Alnwick, Northumberland, ironmonger.

Jan. 29. W. Hancock, Glasshouse-yard, Aldersgate-street, bookbinder.—R. Wright, jun., and J. Clark, Liquorpond-street, builders.—W. Sutton, Buntingford, Herefordshire, coal merchant.—S. C. Warner, Walworth-road, Surrey, coal dealer.—L. Long, Tonbridge Wells, victualler.—J. Bow, Frith-street, Soho-square, carpenter.—J. Lamb, Chancery-lane, victualler.—J. Tanner, Bristol, victualler.—J. Day, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.—F. Little, Manchester, druggist.—T. Wilson, Beverley, Yorkshire, miller.—D. B. Sorley and T. Crewdson, Liverpool, merchants.—R. Cull, Ramsgate, upholsterer.—R. Pattisson, Liverpool, printer.

Feb. 1. S. Smith, Pump-row, Old Street-road, timber-merchant.—T. Green, Abchurch-lane, bill broker.—N. C. Biale, Calcutta, East Indies, merchant.—J. Shepherd, Leicester, hosier.—G. Haines, Kilsby, Northamptonshire, and Clay-cross, Derbyshire, grocer.—C. Palfreyman, Manchester, and Crag in Wildboarclough, Cheshire, calico printer.—J. Daynes, Norwich, manufacturer.—J. Dawkins, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

Feb. 5. R. S. Firmin and W. King, Conduit-street, Bond-street, button manufacturers.—W. Dale, Cheadle Bulkeley, Cheshire, shopkeeper.—J. Knapman, South Tawton, Devonshire, farmer.—J. Graham, Manchester, linendraper.—J. Sloane and J. Whitty, Liverpool, hatters.—P. T. Smith, Liverpool, hatter.—J. Unsworth, Brindle, Lancashire calico printer.

Feb. 8. G. W. Turner, Bermondsey-wall, paper-maker.—T. J. Groggon, Belvedere-road, Lambeth, manufacturer of imperishable stone scaglio marble works.—J. G. Ourry, Fenchurch-buildings, merchant.—J. Money, Donnington, Berkshire, builder.—T. Cooper, Lewes, coke manufacturer.—J. Fletcher, Haslingden, Lancashire, hardware-dealer.—H. Coward, Bath, draper.—J. Bristowe, Poole, ship-broker.

Feb. 12. C. Gell, New-road, zinc manufacturer.—H. C. Frost, Oxford-street, colourman.—C. Savill, Romford, Essex, grocer.—B. Parnham, High Holborn, slopseller.—Z. Parkes, Stanhope-street, Clare-market, builder.—G. Holloway, Emsworth, Hampshire, merchant.—J. Goodhall, Newcastle-under-Line, Staffordshire, innkeeper.—F. P. Wingate, East Stonehouse, Devonshire.—A Robertshaw, Halifax, Yorkshire, surgeon.

Feb. 15. T. Blay, Bermondsey-street, Southwark, brushmaker.—T. A. Dulcken, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, haberdasher.—B. Parnham, High-street, Shadwell, slopseller.—T. J. Hawkins, West Smithfield, inkeeper.—J. Currie, Orchard-street, Portman-square, tailor.—J. B. Baylis, Rowington, Warwickshire, coal-dealer.—W. Maxey, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, corn-dealer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	41-30	30,46-30,39	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
24	43 27	30,42-30,32	N.W.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
25	49-37	30,05-29,89	N.W.		Cloudy, raining during the evening.
26	39-30	30,10-30,04	N.E.		Afternoon cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
27	35-27	30,21-30,13	N.E.		Cloudy, snow during the night.
28	37-25	29,98-29,63	N.W.		Morning clear, otherwise overcast, snowing very fast during the evening. [during the day.
29	37-27	29,52-29,12	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow and rain
30	31-16,5	29,11-29,00	W.	,335	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snowing frequently during the day.
31	35-22	29,55-29,09	N.		Cloudy, snowing frequently during the day.
Feb. 1	37-17	29,95-29,88	N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy; snow fell during the morning.
2	39-25	29,96 29,92	N.W.		Noon clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	43-30	29,83-29,73	S.W.		Cloudy, rain during the morning.
4	43-27	29,79 29,72	S.	,305	Overcast, rain in the afternoon.
5	43-29	30,02-29,96	S.	,075	Cloudy, rain in the afternoon and evening.
6	43-37	30,09-30,03	N.E.	,275	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
7	52-40	30,20-30,16	S.W.		Cloudy.
8	53-45	30,20-30,18	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
9	52-46	30,23-30,20	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
10	47-37	30,38-30,32	N.W.		Gen. clear, raining very heavily during the morn.
11	45-28	30,33-30,28	S.		Cloudy.
12	49-36	30,21-30,12	S.W.	,0125	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
13	47-30	30,36-30,32	S.W.		Generally clear.
14	53-36	30,00-29,84	S.W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
15	38 30	29,97-29,90	S.W.		Generally clear, except the even. a litte rain fell.
16	47-38	29,80-29,70	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
17	47-29	29,42-29,38	S.W.		Generally clear, snow and hail in the afternoon.
18	39-28	29,44-29,42	N.		Cloudy, snow in the morn., and rain in the even.
19	40-22	29,55-29,47	N.W.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
20	37-34	29,80-29,43	N.E.	,8	Cloudy, rain at times during the morning.
21	39-32	30,15-30,09	E.		Generally cloudy.
22	49-31	29,79-29,56	S.W.		Cloudy, snow dur. the morn. and rain in the even.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

S. Clegg, of Sidmouth Street, Gray's Inn Road, Engineer, for a new improvement in valves, and the combination of them with machinery. January 3rd, 6 months.

H. R. Abraham, of Keppel Street, Russell Square, Architect, for improvements in apparatus applicable to steam-boilers. January 3rd, 6 months.

T. N. Raper, of Greek Street, Soho, Gentleman, for improvements in rendering fabrics and leather waterproof. January 3rd, 6 months.

A. Marrall, of Studley, Warwick, Needle Maker, for certain improvements in the making or manufacturing needles, and in the machinery or apparatus employed therein. January 3rd, 6 months.

L. M. B. Du Maurier, of Lombard Street, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of springs for carriages. January 3rd, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in rotatory engines to be worked by steam or other fluids. January 4th, 6 months.

H. Burnett, of Wharton Street, Bagnigge Wells Road, Gentleman, for new and improved machinery for sawing, planing, grooving, and otherwise preparing or working wood for certain purposes. January 8th, 6 months.

J. C. Daniell, of Limphey Stoke, Wiltshire, for an improved method of weaving woollen cloths and cloths made of wool together with other materials. January 9th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for certain improvements in clogs. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Howarth, of Aldermanbury, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning, roving, doubling, and twisting cotton, and other fibrous materials. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Ashton, of Manchester, Silk Manufacturer, for an improvement or improvements in manufacturing plush of silk, or other fibrous materials. January 11th, 6 months.

J. S. Worth, of Manchester, Merchant, for an improved machine for preparing and cleaning wool for manufacturing purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machines for drilling land, or sowing grain and seeds of different descriptions. January 11th, 6 months.

F. Brewin, of the Old Kent Road, Tanner, for certain improvements in using materials employed in tanning, and preparing the same for other useful purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

R. Logan, of Trafalgar Square, Esquire, for a new cloth or cloths constructed from cocoa-nut fibre, and for certain improvements in preparing such fibrous material for the same and other purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

W. Ponsford, of Wangye House, Essex, Gentleman, for an improvement in the manufacture of hats, and an improved description of felt suitable for hats and various other useful purposes, and improvements in preparing the material or materials chiefly used in the manufacture of such felt. January 12th, 6 months.

E. Marten, of the village of Bransted, Kent, Plumber, for an improved method of laying covering, composed of lead, or other metal, on the roof of houses, or other buildings, with drains, whereby the part of the water falling on such roof, which would penetrate, is carried off, and rolls and seams are rendered unnecessary. January 12th, 6 months.

J. Burch, of Bankside, Blackfriars, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in printing cotton, woollen, paper, and other fabrics and materials. January 15th, 6 months.

W. Witham, of Huddersfield, Machinist, for improvements in engines, to be worked by steam, water, or other fluids January 15th, 6 months.

H. F. Bacon, of Fen Drayton, Cambridge, Clerk, for an improvement or improvements in apparatus for regulating the flow or supply of gas through pipes, to gas-burners, with a view to uniformity of supply. January 17th, 6 months.

W. H. Heginbotham, of Stockport, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for propelling boats, or other vessels, to be employed either for marine or inland navigation, and to be worked by steam or other power. January 17th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in engines, to be worked by air or other gases. January 17th, 6 months.

O. W. Barratt, of Birmingham, Metal Gilder, for certain improvements in the process of decomposing muriate of soda, for the manufacture of mineral alkali, and other valuable products. January 19th, 6 months.

J. Garnett, of Haslingden, Lancaster, Dyer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for carding cotton, flax, wool, or any other fibrous substances. January 12th, 6 months.

R. Dugdale, of Manchester, Engineer, for a method or methods of increasing the security, tenacity, and strength of beams, axles, rods, and other articles made of iron and steel. January 19th, 6 months.

C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for an improvement in gloves, stockings, and other articles of hosiery. January 21st, 2 months.

J. C. Haddan, of Baxing Place, Waterloo Road, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling boats by steam or other power. January 22nd, 6 months.

G. Stevens, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, Brewer, for certain improvements in stoves. January 22nd, 6 months.

J. H. Ainsworth, of Halliwell, Lancashire, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for stretching, drying, and finishing woven fabrics. January 24th, 6 months.

T. Dowling, of Chapel Place, Oxford Street, Gentleman, for improvements in preparing metals for the prevention of oxidation. January 24th, 6 months.

R. Copeland, of Courland, Wandsworth Road, Surrey, Esquire, for improvements in water-wheels. January 24th, 6 months.

P. J. I. Verdure, of the Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of starch, and in machinery for preparing and in employing of the refuse matters obtained in such manufacture. January 25th, 6 months.

J. H. Kyan, of Cheltenham, Esquire, and W. Hyatt, of Lower Fountain Place, City Road, Engineer, forimprovements in steam-engines. January 29th, 6 months.

J. Hillard, of Bread Street, Cheapside, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery and apparatus for making or manufacturing screws. January 29th, 6 months.

W. Lukyn, of Lower Cowley House, Oxford, Dentist, for certain improvements in applying and attaching artificial and natural teeth. January 29th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Photogenic Drawing.—The following letter on this new and interesting subject was recently read at the Royal Society.

"Dear Sir,—In compliance with the request of several scientific friends, who have been much interested with the account of the art of Photogenic Drawing, which I had the honour of presenting to the Royal Society on the 31st of last month, I will endeavour to explain, as briefly as I can, but at the same time without omitting anything essential, the methods which I have hitherto employed for the production of these pictures.

"If this explanation, on my part, should have the effect of drawing new inquirers into the field, and if any new discoveries of importance should be the result, as I anticipate, and especially if any means should be discovered by which the sensitiveness of the paper can be materially increased, I shall be the first to rejoice at the success; and, in the mean while, I shall endeavour, as far as I may be able, to prosecute the inquiry myself.

"The subject naturally divides itself into two heads; viz. the preparation of the paper, and the means of *fixing* the design.

"(1.) *Preparation of the paper.*—In order to make what may be called ordinary photogenic paper, I select, in the first place, paper of a good firm quality and smooth surface. I do not know that any answers better than superfine writing paper. I dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. I then spread a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at the fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use.

"I have found by experiment that there is a certain proportion between the quantity of salt and that of the solution of silver, which answers best, and gives the maximum effect. If the strength of the salt is augmented beyond this point, the effect diminishes, and, in certain cases, becomes exceedingly small.

"This paper, if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photogenic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun: the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves.

"Now, suppose we take a sheet of paper thus prepared, and wash it with a

saturated solution of salt, and then dry it; we shall find (especially if the paper has been kept some weeks before the trial is made) that its sensibility is greatly diminished, and, in some cases, seems quite extinct. But if it is again washed with a liberal quantity of the solution of silver, it becomes again sensible to light, and even more so than it was at first. In this way, by alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it between times, I have succeeded in increasing its sensibility to the degree that is requisite for receiving the images of the camera obscura.

"In conducting this operation, it will be found that the results are sometimes more and sometimes less satisfactory in consequence of small and accidental variations in the proportions employed. It happens sometimes that the chloride of silver is disposed to darken of itself, without any exposure to light; this shows that the attempt to give it sensibility has been carried too far. The object is, to *approach* to this condition as near as possible without *reaching* it; so that the substance may be in a state ready to yield to the slightest extraneous force, such as the feeble impact of the violet rays when much attenuated. Having therefore prepared a number of sheets of paper with chemical proportions slightly different from one another, let a piece be cut from each, and having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for about a quarter of an hour. Then, if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera obscura.

"(2.) *Method of fixing the images.*—After having tried ammonia, and several other re-agents, with very imperfect success, the first thing which gave me a successful result was the *iodide of potassium*, much diluted with water. If a photogenic picture is washed over with this liquid, an *iodide of silver* is formed, which is absolutely unalterable by sunshine. This process requires precaution, for if the solution is too strong, it attacks the dark parts of the picture. It is requisite, therefore, to find by trial the proper proportions. The fixation of the pictures in this way, with proper management, is very beautiful and lasting. The specimen of *lace* which I exhibited to the Society, and which was made five years ago, was preserved in this manner.

"But my usual method of fixing is different from this, and somewhat simpler, or at least requiring less nicety. It consists in immersing the picture in a *strong* solution of common salt, and then wiping off the superfluous moisture, and drying it. It is sufficiently singular that the same substance which is so useful in *giving* sensibility to the paper, should also be capable, under other circumstances, of *destroying* it; but such is, nevertheless, the fact.

"Now, if the picture which has been thus washed and dried is placed in the sun, the white parts colour themselves of a pale lilac tint, after which they become insensible. Numerous experiments have shown to me that the depth of this lilac tint varies according to the quantity of salt used, relatively to the quantity of silver; by properly adjusting these, the images may, if desired, be retained of an absolute whiteness. I find I have omitted to mention that those preserved by *iodine* are always of a very pale primrose yellow, which has the extraordinary and very remarkable property of turning to a full gaudy yellow whenever it is exposed to the heat of a fire, and recovering its former colour again when it is cold.—I am, &c.

"H. Fox Talbot.

"*44, Queen Anne Street, Feb. 20th*, 1839."

Waterspouts.—In the latter end of October, a waterspout passed through Sir Robert Stopford's squadron, a few days after leaving Vourla Bay for Malta, its progressive motion being with the wind, and its rotatory motion contrary to the hands of a watch, as a near view of it enabled me satisfactorily to ascertain. The only other waterspout which passed sufficiently near to enable one to see the direction of its gyrations was a West India one in 1814, both of whose motions corresponded with those of the one of last October. Coming down close upon the vessel's beam, an attempt was made, by putting her head different ways, to avoid collision, but without avail; the meteor seeming to follow the ship as if attracted by her, and finally passed over in a line with the mainmast. From its size being small, no damage was done, the sails being only sharply shaken, and all the light articles whirled about the deck, as if by a land whirlwind.

KAOLIN.—MM. Alexandre Brongniart and Malaguti have been, and are still, making a strict search into the nature of the Kaolin, or earth which is employed in the manufacture of porcelain. The facts to which they already have arrived are, that this earth is a chemical decomposition of feldspath, the gradual transition of which has been observed by them; also, that it is always found in the close neighbourhood of ferruginous rocks, in irregular interrupted beds.

MEGATHERIUM.—In a memoir presented to the French Academy of Sciences, M. de Blainville states, that neither the head, the shoulder, the limbs, the feet nor the dentition of the Megatherium, in any manner resembles those of the sloth, to which tribe the late Baron Cuvier referred this gigantic animal. M. de Blainville places it among the armadilloes, where he conceives that it ought to form a peculiar division, because it *probably* had four toes in front, and five behind; and the teeth are not only tetragonal, contrary to those of the armadillo tribe, but there are only four in each jaw, which is also an anomaly.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Feb. 5.—The Queen proceeded in state this day to open the Session of Parliament in person. Her Majesty entered the House about half-past two o'clock. The Commons having been summoned to attend at the bar, her Majesty, on their appearance, delivered the following Speech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I rejoice to meet you again in Parliament. I am particularly desirous of recurring to your advice and assistance at a period when many matters of great importance demand your serious and deliberate attention.

"I continue to receive from Foreign Powers gratifying assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly relations.

"I have concluded with the Emperor of Austria a Treaty of Commerce, which I trust will extend and improve the intercourse between my subjects and those of the Emperor.

"I have also concluded a Treaty of the same kind with the Sultan, calculated to place the commercial relations between my dominions and the Turkish empire upon a better and more secure footing,

"I have directed copies of these Treaties to be laid before you.

"I have been engaged, in concert with Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia, in negociations with a view to a final settlement of the differences between Holland and Belgium.

"A definitive treaty of peace, founded upon anterior arrangements, which have been acceded to by both parties, has in consequence been proposed to the Dutch and Belgian Governments. I have the satisfaction to inform you that the Dutch Government has already signified to the Conference its acceptance of the Treaty, and I trust that a similar announcement from the Belgian Government will put an end to that disquietude which the present unsettled state of these affairs has necessarily produced.

"The unanimity of the Five Allied Powers affords satisfactory security for the preservation of peace.

"I lament the continuance of the civil war in Spain, which engages my anxious and undiminished attention.

"Differences which have arisen have occasioned the retirement of my Minister from the Court of Teheran. I indulge, however, in the hope of learning that a satisfactory adjustment of these differences will allow of the re-establishment of my relations with Persia upon their former footing of friendship.

"Events connected with the same differences have induced the Governor-General to take measures for protecting British interests in that quarter of the world, and to enter into engagements, the fulfilment of which may render military operations necessary. For this purpose such preparations have been made as may be sufficient

to resist aggression from any quarter, and to maintain the integrity of my Eastern dominion.

"The reform and amendment of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland are essential to the interests of that part of my dominions.

"It is also urgent that you should apply yourselves to the prosecution and completion of those measures which have been recommended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the Established Church, and of confirming its hold upon the affections and respect of my people.

"The better enforcement of the law and the more speedy administration of justice are of the first importance to the welfare of the community, and I feel assured that you will be anxious to devote yourselves to the examination of the measures which will be submitted to you for the purpose of attaining these beneficial results.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I have directed the annual estimates to be prepared and laid before you.

"Adhering to the principles of economy, which it is my desire to enforce in every department of the State, I feel it my duty to recommend that adequate provision be made for the public service. I fully rely on your loyalty and patriotism to maintain the efficiency of those establishments which are essential to the strength and security of the country.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled to inform you that throughout the whole of my West Indian possessions the period fixed by law for the final and complete emancipation of the negroes has been anticipated by acts of Colonial Legislatures; and that the transition from the temporary system of apprenticeship to entire freedom has taken place without any disturbance of public order and tranquillity. Any measures which may be necessary in order to give full effect to this great and beneficial change will, I have no doubt, receive your careful attention.

"I have to acquaint you, with deep concern, that the province of Lower Canada has again been disturbed by insurrection, and that hostile incursions have been made into Upper Canada by certain lawless inhabitants of the United States of North America. These violations of the public peace have been promptly suppressed by the valour of my forces and the loyalty of my Canadian subjects. The President of the United States has called upon the citizens of the Union to abstain from proceedings so incompatible with the friendly relations which subsist between Great Britain and the United States.

"I have directed full information upon all these matters to be laid before you, and I recommend the present state of the Provinces to your serious consideration. I rely upon you to support my firm determination to maintain the authority of my Crown, and I trust that your wisdom will adopt such measures as will secure to those parts of my empire the benefit of internal tranquillity, and the full advantages of their own great natural resources.

"I have observed with pain the persevering efforts which have been made in some parts of the country to excite my subjects to disobedience and resistance to the law, and to recommend dangerous and illegal practices. For the counteraction of all such designs, I depend upon the efficacy of the law, which it will be my duty to enforce —upon the good sense and right disposition of my people—upon their attachment to the principles of justice, and their abhorrence of violence and disorder.

"I confidently commit all these great interests to your wisdom, and I implore Almighty God to assist and prosper your counsels."

As soon as the Speech was concluded the Queen left the House, and their Lordships adjourned till five o'clock.

At five o'clock the House resumed, soon after which hour, Viscount Melbourne moved "That her Majesty's most gracious Speech be taken into consideration."—The Earl of Lovelace moved an humble address in answer to her Majesty's most gracious Speech. His lordship proceeded to consider the various topics suggested by the Speech, and concluded by moving the Address.—Lord Vernon seconded the Address.—The Earl of Hardwicke gave notice that he should call the attention of the House, on Tuesday next, to the State of the British navy. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, &c. addressed the House, and the Address was carried without opposition.—The Earl of Shaftesbury was appointed chairman of committees for the ensuing session, and their Lordships adjourned to Thursday.

Feb. 7.—Their Lordships met at one o'clock, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace with the Address.

Feb. 8.—The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's answer to their Lordships' Address in reply to the Royal Speech, which was as follows:—

"My lords, I thank your Lordships for your loyal and dutiful Address. Relying entirely on your wisdom and patriotism, I can have no greater satisfaction than finding myself supported by your agreement and concurrence."

Lord Glenelg announced his having that morning tendered his resignation to her Majesty, who had been graciously pleased to accept it. His lordship explained his resolution to have been adopted in consequence of a communication made to him by the Cabinet on Tuesday, with respect to a new distribution of office. To the proposed arrangement he could not accede, and therefore resigned.—Lord Brougham brought in a Bill to repeal such parts of the Beer Bills of 1832, 33, and 34, as allowed of beer being sold and drunk on the premises. Their Lordships then adjourned till Monday.

Feb. 11.—Lord Melbourne laid on the table the papers relative to Canada, including several despatches, and Lord Durham's report.—Lord Wharncliffe hoped that their Lordships would have some explanation as to how that report came out and was published before it was laid on the table of that House. It appeared to him that a more improper proceeding had seldom taken place, or one more likely to produce public mischief.—Lord Durham observed, that so far as the publication was concerned, he never expressed any surprise at it, but simply his regret that a portion of the report only, and that the conclusion, had been published. His lordship trusted that they would enter on the subject of the North American colonies with calmness and deliberation.—Lord Londonderry withdrew the motion of which he had given notice relative to the proceedings at the military festival given on the occasion of Lord Durham's departure for Quebec.—Adjourned.

Feb. 12.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 14.—Lord Lansdowne stated, in answer to a question from Lord Brougham, that the papers relative to education which had been laid before the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, would be laid before the House of Lords also.—The Marquis of Salisbury gave notice, that after the Easter recess he would move for a select committee on the turnpike trusts in England and Wales.

Feb 15.—The Duke of Wellington having moved for the production of the correspondence between the Secretary of State and Sir Francis Head, and for the despatches of Sir John Colborne on the subjects of the establishment of rectories in Upper Canada, Lord Melbourne said he thought the noble duke, if he had seen the correspondence referred to, would agree with him that there would be some inconvenience to the public service in producing it. The noble Duke afterwards stated that he would be satisfied with "copies or extracts" of the correspondence, which was agreed to.

House of Commons.—Feb. 5.—The House met soon after one o'clock. At two o'clock it was summoned to the House of Peers to hear the session opened by a Speech from Her Majesty. On the return of the Speaker, the House was adjourned to a quarter to four o'clock.—Amongst the notices for motions were several on the part of members of the government, on the prospective measures noticed in the Royal Speech. Notices were also given by Lord Mahon that on the 12th inst. he would move a resolution to the effect, that in the trial of controverted elections the objects of justice, uniformity, and despatch would be best attained by a tribunal not consisting of Members of Parliament; and if that resolution should be carried, he would on a subsequent day move for leave to bring in a bill to carry it into effect; by Mr. Villiers, that he should at an early opportunity move, "that evidence be received at the bar of the House, with the view of removing all restrictions on the importation of foreign grain; by Mr. Serjeant Talford, that he should on this day week move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of copyright; by Sir E. Sugden, that this day week he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the better protection of purchasers of property against Crown claims and Commissioners of Bankrupts; and by Sir T. Fremantle, that he would on the 14th of February move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law relating to controverted elections.—The Address was moved by Mr. Buller, and seconded by Mr. Wood. Each of these gentlemen entered at length into the question of the Corn Laws. The first more especially pressed on the House the necessity of Irish Municipal Reform as the only measure wanting to perfect the tranquillity of that country; and the second went through a variety of arithmetical details tending to show the improvement manifested in trade and commerce during the past year compared with the four years

preceding it.—An amendment was then proposed by Mr. Duncombe, to the following effect:—"That the amendment in the representation of the people effected in 1832 had disappointed the people; that the Reform Act was not and could not be a final measure, and that it was the duty of that House to take immediate steps towards a further improvement in the representative system."—The Speaker then asked whether any other amendment was to be proposed, when, no reply being made, he put the question, and the debate proceeded on that of Mr. Duncombe. The House divided on Mr. Duncombe's amendment, when there appeared for it, 86; against it, 426.

Feb. 6.—Mr. Wynn called the attention of the House to the recent acceptance and the more recent resignation of office by Mr. D. W. Harvey. Lord J. Russell promised to lay the papers connected with the subject on the table, and to furnish all the information in his power. Mr. E. Buller, accompanied by Mr. G. Wood, then brought up the report on the Address to the Queen's Speech, which was agreed to.

Feb. 7.—The House met at half-past one, for the purpose of going up with the Address. At a quarter to four the House again met, when the Speaker read the following most gracious answer:—"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. I receive with satisfaction the assurances of your support in maintaining the authority of my crown over my Canadian provinces. I rely with confidence on your zealous assistance in upholding the observance of the laws, and on your careful consideration of the weighty matters on which you are engaged."

Feb. 8.—Mr. Leader expressed his surprise at the appearance of Lord Durham's report in the "Times" newspaper, before it had been presented to the House.—Lord John Russell was equally astonished, as the report had only been submitted to her Majesty on Monday last.—The noble lord subsequently said, in answer to Mr. T. Duncombe, that it was the intention of government to bring in a Bill to amend the Poor Law Act.—Mr. Christopher gave notice that when Mr. Villiers should bring on his motion on the subject of the Corn Laws, he would move that the House be called over.—Lord John Russell, after some former resolutions of the House on the subject of petitions had been read at the suggestion of the Speaker, moved that the House do adhere to the existing practice. For the motion of Lord J. Russell, 183; against it, 43; majority, 140.—Several bills were then brought in;—one by the Attorney-General for the better registration of electors; one by Mr. Hawes to substitute an affirmation for an oath in cases where persons might allege a conscientious scruple against taking oaths; one by Mr. Barneby to amend the laws relating to highways in England and Wales; by Lord J. Russell, to provide for the safe custody of registries of deaths and burials; and Mr. Gillon moved for certain returns relating to the soap duties.—Adjourned till Monday.

Feb. 11.—The report of Supply was brought up and agreed to.—Lord John Russell laid on the table Lord Durham's report on the Canadas, and stated that the course the government intended to pursue was to introduce a measure respecting Canada before Easter, and to take the second reading of it immediately after the recess. His lordship then obtained leave to bring in Bills for the better ordering of prisons, and for making alterations in the jurisdictions of county courts and petty sessions.—On the motion of Mr. V. Smith, the select committee on Church Leases was re-appointed.—Sir R. Peel could not allow the motion for its renewal to pass without stating that he entirely dissented from the principle upon which the committee was originally appointed, and that to any attempt to divert any expected surplus from purposes purely ecclesiastical he should give every opposition in his power.—Mr. G. W. Wood, in rising to move for some corn returns, complained that Sir R. Peel should have proved on a preceding night that the statements which he (Mr. Wood) made on the commerce of the country supported views exactly the reverse of those which he brought them forward to establish: it was an unfair proceeding. After again entering into a variety of statistical data, the hon. gentleman concluded by moving for a "return of the prices of wheat, as inserted in the Royal Gazette, for every week in the year 1838; and a similar return for each of the four preceding years; the whole arranged in corresponding columns." The question having been put from the chair, Sir R. Peel said that he had not the slightest objection to the course adopted by the hon. gentleman who had just addressed the House. He had no objection to the production of the returns which he had moved for, and he must say that nothing could be more natural than for the hon. gentleman to attempt—although the attempt must be perfectly useless—to remove the impression which was made, not on his mind alone, but he would venture to say on the mind of every person

who had heard, and of every person who had read, the important statement which, on the first night of the Session, the hon. gentleman had made to the House. He could imagine that the hon. gentleman would not be able to pass the north-west corner of Palace-yard, on his way to or from the House, without hearing disagreeable questions from certain persons assembling in that neighbourhood, which, after the statement he had made on a former night, he would have some difficulty in answering satisfactorily; and he was in no degree, therefore, surprised that the hon. gentleman should attempt, if he could, to reinstate himself in the good opinion of those whose interests he represented, and of those by whom he had been elected to the office of President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. The right honourable baronet pursued in the same strain of irony, binding down Mr. Wood to the admissions which he had made, and wound up his speech by reiterating that the conclusion which he (Sir R. Peel) had drawn from the statement made by the President of the Chamber of Commerce was the natural argument from the premises it contained, and that statement had left on his mind an impression that the hon. gentleman had done more to assist the existing system than all that had been done by its open and avowed supporters.—Mr. Wood's motion for returns of the price of corn for the last four years, was agreed to.—Lord Palmerston laid on the table papers relative to the treaty of commerce between this country and Austria.—Mr. Fox Maule obtained leave to bring in a Bill to extend the application of the Metropolitan Police Act. The hon. member explained the principal object of the measure to be the extension of the regular police to the City of London; and the conversation that ensued was nothing less than a continued series of testimonies from all sides of the House in favour of the admirable working of the existing system, for which the capital is so deeply indebted to Sir Robert Peel.—The House then adjourned.

Feb. 12.—Lord John Russell availed himself of the presentation of some papers to explain his views on the subject of general education. He conceived that there was a great deficiency both in the quantity and quality of education. Looking to the different schemes which had been propounded, he could not coincide with any of them. Government deemed it unadvisible to adopt either the exclusive principle desired by the church, or the open principle advocated by the British and Foreign School Society. He had therefore determined to establish a Central Board for considering and arranging the subject; which Board was to consist of five Privy Councillors, with the President of the Council at their head. If, as in a former year, 20,000*l.* should be voted by Parliament for education, or, as he should prefer it, 30,000*l.*, the Board would have to settle the distribution of that grant. The first and most important duty they would be called on to discharge would be the establishment of a normal school—a school to educate masters for other schools. This might be done for 400*l.* or 500*l.* a year. He thought, too, that a part of the money should be allotted to local schools already in existence. Moreover, he should like to see infant schools established, for children aged from three to seven; and at that early time of life he apprehended that the children of parents of every creed might be taught together, without danger that any of them would receive religious impressions which would influence their maturer judgments.—Sir R. Inglis was afraid he could never praise his noble friend for anything he did in his public capacity, but he felt much satisfaction that the noble lord proposed to do so little mischief on this occasion. He could not praise what his noble friend did, but what he left undone. For, in the first place, the noble lord had reprobated in the strongest terms the unnational and unprincipled system of education advocated by those who admired the foreign schemes of instruction; and, in the second place, he had abandoned formally what was called the joint and comprehensive system of education, as inapplicable to England.—Sir R. Peel insisted that it was of great importance that before the House was called upon to vote a grant of money, they should have distinct information as to the principles by which this Board was to be guided, because, if they made the vote merely on the understanding that year after year the Board was to decide what principles should govern them, and how far it should be governed by the principles of the Church of England, they would be giving the widest possible discretion to that Board. The proper time for discussion would no doubt be when the vote for the grant of money was proposed, and then it would be perfectly open for them, if they thought the discretion given to the Board too wide, to take that course which he for one should take—namely, exercise the right and power to object to the grant altogether. He likewise wished to understand from the noble lord, whether this proposed Board of Privy Councillors (her Majesty's ministers) was to discharge

the functions hitherto performed by the Treasury with respect to the approbation of the funds voted by parliament. The principle of those grants had been to encourage local exertions for the purposes of education. He hoped the noble lord did not mean to depart from that principle, and if he adhered to it, he (Sir Robert Peel) begged also to ask whether the Treasury was to have the distribution of that portion of the funds, or was the new Board, over which the President of the Council was to preside, to discharge that duty?—To the first of these questions Lord John answered in the affirmative; the latter involved a point which must be considered.—On the motion of Sir M. Wood, a Committee was appointed to consider the various reports that had been presented to the House in 1836, 1837, and 1838, on the improvement of the metropolis, and any other plans for the same object that the committee might think expedient.—Leave was given to Sir Edward Sugden to bring in a bill for the better protection of purchasers against judgments, crown debts, and fiats in bankruptcy.—Mr. Brotherton having brought forward his annual motion against entering on new business after midnight, the House divided—for the motion, 19; against it, 26.

Feb. 13.—No house.

Feb. 14.—Mr. O'Connell gave notice, that on the 28th inst. he would move for leave to bring in a bill to assimilate the franchise of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and to render it more extensive; also a Bill to secure the liberty of the press, and to check vexatious actions for libel. Mr. O'Connell also gave notice, that when Lord Duncannon moved for an inquiry into the state of Maynooth College, he would move that the inquiry be extended to Trinity College, Dublin.—Lord Morpeth obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations in Ireland.

Feb. 15.—Mr. C. W. Wynn moved a new writ for the borough of Southwark in the room of Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, who had since his election accepted the appointment of Registrar of Metropolitan Hackney Carriages.—Mr. Harvey said, that for his own part, he would at any time second any motion for sending any member to account to his constituents. He himself, no doubt, was a peculiarly fit person to be so sent back, because he had made a very alarming precedent in labouring gratuitously. Mr. Wynn, he thought, might have argued the question better than on the narrow ground of precedents—might have expatiated on the great constitutional danger of leaving in that House any member who either received, or had the expectation of receiving, any profit from Government. On a question like the present, however, the construction should be held strictly against his opponents, because they sought to affect him with consequences in the nature of penalty; and his was an office not held by patent or otherwise from the Crown, but held under an appointment signed by the Secretary of State. His own opinion was, that any member accepting any office whatever ought to vacate his seat, but that no office of any description ought to incapacitate him from being re-elected. The Attorney-General then proposed a select committee to search precedents and report to the House; to which Mr. Wynn acceded.—The Registration of Electors Bill, and the Register of Births and Deaths Bill, were severally read a second time, and ordered for committal.—The Bill introduced by Mr. Hawes, for allowing affirmations in place of oaths by all persons affecting to have scruples on the subject, was read a second time, and committed for Friday next.—The Poor Relief (Ireland) Amendment Bill was also read a second time.—On the Lord Advocate's motion for going into a committee on the Judges' (Scotland) Salaries Bill, Mr. Gillon moved, as an amendment, that the House should go into committee on that day six months.—For the Lord Advocate's motion, 56; for the amendment, 27.—In the committee the Lord Advocate proposed two resolutions—one, that judges above seventy years of age, who should have served more than fifteen years, should be allowed to retire on their full salaries; and the other, that the salaries of the judges of the Court of Session should be increased. The first was agreed to without opposition, and on the second the committee divided—for the resolution, 67; against it, 20.—Lord John Russell brought in a Bill to carry into effect, with some modification, the fourth report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which was read a first time.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy: a Play, in Five Acts. To which are added, Historical Odes on the Last Days of Elizabeth; Cromwell's Dream; the Death of Nelson. By the Author of the "Lady of Lyons," "Eugene Aram," &c.

The drama of Richelieu, which has met with such triumphant success on the stage, is no doubt ere this familiar to many of our readers, who will have recognised in it a great improvement on the author's two preceding plays, "The Duchess de la Vall'ère" and "The Lady of Lyons." The keen eye to scenic effect, the happy management of stage incident, which made the "Lady of Lyons" so great a favourite with playgoers, are far more conspicuous and more perfect in the acts and scenes of Richelieu, which is essentially an *acting* play. The subject, moreover, is one of the highest interest, and the plot is exceedingly well contrived, so as to keep expectation and excitement on tiptoe, from the first appearance of the Cardinal to the closing scene. The character of Richelieu is not altogether what we have been accustomed to conceive of that deep and wonderful statesman, the creator of the great French monarchy: but where there is so much doubt and mystery, there may very well be a variety of opinion or conception on the subject, and of a man so various, so universal, and so changing, as the great Cardinal—who never has been, and never will be, drawn at full length,—even different busts bearing a slight resemblance to each other, may all be like the original under some particular phase. The foot-notes to the tragedy taken from different old French writers, will greatly assist the reader in understanding some of the more salient points of Richelieu's character and habits.

The following spirited passage, which occurs upon Richelieu's detecting a conspiracy against his life, is nobly written, and conveys, in our opinion, a correct notion of the master passion of the great statesman, of the object he constantly pursued, which was to make one compact and consistent whole, of the then divided and distracted French territory. We give the passage the more readily, because part of it is omitted in the stage representation.

" *Richelieu.* So, they would seize my person in this palace?—
I cannot guess their scheme:—but my retinue
Is here too large!—a single traitor could
Strike impotent the faith of thousands;—Joseph,
Art sure of Huguet?—Think—we hang'd his Father!
Joseph. But you have bought the Son;—heap'd favours on him!
Richelieu. Trash!—favours past—that's nothing.—In his hours
Of confidence with you, has he named the favours
To *come*—he counts on?
Joseph. Yes:—a Colonel's rank,
And letters of nobility.
Richelieu. What, Huguet!—
(*Here Huguet enters, as to address the Cardinal, who does not perceive him.*)
Huguet. My own name, soft—(*glides behind the screen!*)
Rich. Colonel and nobleman!
My bashful Huguet—that can never be!—
We have him not the less—we'll *promise it*!
And see the King withholds!—Ah, kings are oft
A great convenience to a minister!—
No wrong to Huguet either!—Moralists
Say, Hope is sweeter than Possession!—Yes—
We'll count on Huguet! Favours *past* do gorge
Our dogs; leave service drowsy—dull the scent,
Slacken the speed;—favours *to come*, my Joseph,
Produce a lusty, hungry gratitude,
A ravenous zeal, that of the commonest cur
Would make a Cerberus.—You are right, this treason
Assumes a fearful aspect:—but once crush'd,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power; and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn!
(*Huguet holds up his hand menacingly, and creeps out.*)
Joseph. The saints grant it!
Rich. (*solemnly.*) Yes—for sweet France, Heaven grant it!—O my country,
For thee—thee only—though men deem it not—
Are toil and terror my familiars!—I
Have made thee great and fair—upon thy brows
Wreath'd the old Roman laurel:—at thy feet
Bow'd nations down.—No pulse in my ambition
Whose beatings were not measured from thy heart!
In the old times before us, patriots lived
And died for liberty—
Joseph. As you would live
And die for despotry—
Rich. False monk, not so,
But for the purple and the power wherein
State clothes herself.—I love my native land
Not as Venetian, Englisher, or Swiss,
But as a noble and a priest of France;
" All things for France"—lo, my eternal maxim!
The vital axle of the restless wheels
That bear me on! With her, I have entwined
My passions and my fate—my crimes, my virtues—
Hated and loved, and schemed, and shed men's blood,
As the calm crafts of Tuscan sages teach
Those who would make their country great. Beyond
The map of France—my heart can travel not,
But fills that limit to its farthest verge;
And while I live—Richelieu and France are one.
We priests, to whom the church forbids in youth
The plighted one—to manhood's toil denies
The soother helpmate—from our wither'd age
Shuts the sweet blossoms of the second spring

That smiles in the name of Father—We are yet
Not holier than Humanity, and must
Fulfil Humanity's condition—Love!
Debarr'd the Actual, we but breathe a life
To the chill marble of the Ideal—Thus,
In thy unseen and abstract Majesty,
My France—my country, I have bodied forth
A thing to love. What are these robes of state,
This pomp, this palace? perishable baubles!
In this world two things only are immortal—
Fame and a People!

Enter Huguet.

Huguet. My Lord Cardinal,
Your Eminence bade me seek you at this hour.
Rich. Did I?—True, Huguet.—So—you overheard
Strange talk amongst these gallants? Snares and traps
For Richelieu?—Well—we'll balk them; let me think—
The men at arms you head—how many?
Huguet. Twenty,
My Lord.
Rich. All trusty?
Huguet. Yes, for ordinary
Occasions—if for great ones, I would change
Three-fourths at least.
Rich. Ay, what are great occasions?
Huguet. Great bribes!
Rich. (*to Joseph.*) Good lack, he knows some paragons
Superior to great bribes!
Huguet. True gentlemen
Who have transgress'd the laws—and value life,
And lack not gold; your Eminence alone
Can grant them pardon. *Ergo* you can trust them!"

To the passage which we shall next lay before our readers in the calm of the sitting-room, the acting of Macready has given great effect upon the stage.

" *First Secretary.* The affairs of Portugal
Most urgent, Sire;—one short month since the Duke
Braganza was a rebel.
Louis. And is still!
First Sec. No, Sire, *he has succeeded!* He is now
Crown'd King of Portugal—craves instant succour
Against the arms of Spain.
Louis. We will not grant it
Against his lawful king. Eh, Count?
Baradas. No, Sire.
First Sec. But Spain's your deadliest foe: whatever
Can weaken Spain must strengthen France. The Cardinal
Would send the succours:—(*solemnly*)—balance, Sire, of Europe!
Louis. The Cardinal!—balance!—We'll consider.—Eh, Count?
Bar. Yes, Sire;—fall back.
First Sec. But——
Bar. Oh! fall back, Sir.
Joseph. Humph!
Second Sec. The affairs of England, Sire, most urgent: Charles
The First has lost a battle that decides
One half his realm,—craves moneys, Sire, and succour.
Louis. He shall have both.—Eh, Baradas?
Bar. Yes, Sire.
(Oh that despatch!—my veins are fire!)
Richelieu (*feebly, but with great distinctness.*) My liege—
Forgive me—Charles's cause is lost! A man,

Named Cromwell, risen—a great man!—your succour
Would fail—your loans be squander'd!—Pause—reflect.
Louis. Reflect.—Eh, Baradas?
Bar. Reflect, Sire.
Joseph. Humph!
Louis (*aside.*) I half repent!—No successor to Richelieu!—
Round me thrones totter!—dynasties dissolve?—
The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake!
Joseph. Our star not yet eclipsed!—you mark the King?
Oh! had we the despatch!
Rich. Ah! Joseph!—Child—
Would I could help thee!
Enter Gentleman, who whispers Joseph, who exit hastily.
Bar. (*to Secretary.*) Sir, fall back.
Second Sec. But——
Bar. Pshaw, sir!
Third Sec. (*mysteriously.*) The *secret correspondence*, Sire, most urgent,—
Accounts of spies—deserters—heretics—
Assassins—poisoners—schemes against yourself!——
Louis. Myself!—most urgent!—(*looking on the documents.*)
Re-enter Joseph with François, whose pourpoint is streaked with blood. François passes behind the Cardinal's attendants, and, sheltered by them from the sight of Baradas, &c., falls at Richelieu's feet.
François. O! my lord!
Rich. Thou art bleeding!
François. A scratch—I have not fail'd. (*Gives the packet.*)
Rich. Hush! (*Looking at the contents.*)
Third Sec. (*to King.*) Sire, the Spaniards
Have reinforced their army on the frontiers.
The Duc de Bouillon——
Rich. Hold—In this department—
A paper—here, Sire,—read yourself—then take
The Count's advice in't.
Enter De Beringhen hastily, and draws aside Baradas.
(*Richelieu, to Secretary, giving an open parchment.*)
Baradas, (*bursting from De Beringhen.*) What! and reft it from thee!
Ha!—hold!
Joseph. Fall back, son,—it is your turn now!
Bar. Death!—the Despatch!
Louis (*reading*). To Bouillon—and sign'd Orleans!
Baradas, too!—league with our foes of Spain!—
Lead our Italian armies—what! to Paris!—
Capture the King—my health require repose—
Make me subscribe my proper abdication—
Orleans, my brother, Regent!—Saints of Heaven!
These are the men I loved!
(*Baradas draws,—attempts to rush out,—is arrested. Orleans, endeavouring to escape more quickly, meets Joseph's eye, and stops short.*)
(*Richelieu falls back.*)
Joseph. See to the Cardinal!
Bar. He's dying!—and I yet shall dupe the King!
Louis (*rushing to Richelieu.*) Richelieu!—Lord Cardinal!—'tis *I* resign!—
Reign thou!
Joseph. Alas! too late!—he faints!
Louis. Reign, Richelieu!
Rich. (*feebly.*) With absolute power?——
Louis. Most absolute!—Oh! live!—
If not for me, for France.
Rich. France!
Louis. Oh! this treason!—
The army—Orleans—Bouillon—Heavens!—the Spaniard!—
Where will they be next week?
Rich. (*starting up.*) There—at my feet!"

When the skilful actor sets his foot upon the scroll, which contains the particulars of the defeated conspiracy against Richelieu's own life, the effect upon the crowded house is galvanic. Another most effective scene is that where Mauprat suddenly confronts his wife, whom he believes to be at that moment betrayed to the lust of the King, and in the arms of the imbecile Louis.

" *De Mauprat.* Thy stars
Deceive thee, Cardinal; thy soul of wiles
May against kings and armaments avail,
And mock the embattled world; but powerless now
Against the sword of one resolved man,
Upon whose forehead thou hast written shame!
Richilieu. I breathe;—he is not a hireling. Have I wronged thee?
Beware surmise—suspicion—lies! I am
Too great for men to speak the truth of me!
De Maup. Thy *acts* are thy accusers, Cardinal!
In his hot youth, a soldier, urged to crime
Against the State, placed in your hands his life;—
You did not strike the blow—but, o'er his head,
Upon the gossamer thread of your caprice,
Hovered the axe.—His the brave spirit's hell,
The twilight terror of suspense;—your death
Had set him free:—he purposed not, nor prayed it.
One day you summoned—mocked him with smooth pardon—
Showered wealth upon him—bade an angel's face
Turn earth to paradise——
Rich. Well?
De Maup. Was this mercy?
A Cæsar's generous vengeance? Cardinal, no!
Judas, not Cæsar, was the model! You
Saved him from death for shame; reserved to grow
The scorn of living men—to his dead sires
Leprous reproach—scoff of the age to come—
A kind convenience—a Sir Pandarus
To his own bride, and the august adulterer!
Then did the first great law of human hearts,
Which with the patriot's, not the rebel's, name
Crowned the first Brutus, when the Tarquin fell,
Make Misery royal—raise this desperate wretch
Into thy destiny! Expect no mercy!
Behold De Mauprat! (*Lifts his vizor.*)
Rich. To thy knees, and crawl
For pardon; or, I tell thee, thou shalt live
For such remorse, that, did I hate thee, I
Would bid thee strike, that I might be avenged!—
It was to save my Julie from the King,
That in thy valour I forgave thy crime;—
It was, when thou—the rash and ready tool—
Yea, of that shame thou loath'st—did'st leave thy hearth
To the polluter—in these arms thy bride
Found the protecting shelter thine withheld. (*Goes to the side door.*)
Julie de Mauprat—Julie!
(*Enter Julie.*)
Lo! my witness!
De Maup. What marvel's this? I dream! My Julie—*thou!*
This, thy beloved hand?
Julie. Henceforth all bond
Between us twain is broken. Were it not
For this old man, I might, in truth, have lost
The right, now mine, to scorn thee!
Rich. So, you hear her?
De Maup. Thou with some slander hast her sense infected!

Julie. No, sir: he did excuse thee in despite
Of all that wears the face of truth. Thy *friend*—
Thy *confidant*—familiar—*Baradas*—
Himself revealed thy baseness.
De Maup. Baseness!
Rich. Ay;
That *thou* didst *court* dishonour.
De Maup. Baradas!
Where is thy thunder, Heaven? Duped!—snared!—undone!
Thou—thou could'st not believe him? Thou dost love me!
Love cannot feed on falsehoods!
Julie (aside.) Love him!—Ah!
Be still, my heart! Love you I did:—how fondly,
Woman—if women were my listeners now—
Alone could tell. For ever fled my dream:
Farewell—all's over!
Rich. Nay, my daughter, these
Are but the blinding mists of daybreak love
Sprung from its very light, and heralding
A noon of happy summer. Take her hand,
And speak the truth, with which your heart runs over,
That this Count Judas—this Incarnate Falsehood—
Never lied more, than when he told thy Julie
That Adrian loved her not; except, indeed,
When he told Adrien, Julie could betray him.
Julie (embracing De Mauprat.) You love me, then!—you love me!—and they wrong'd you!
De Maup. Ah! could'st thou doubt it?
Rich. Why, the very mole
Less blind than thou! Baradas loves thy wife;—
Hoped her hand—aspired to be that cloak
To the king's will, which to thy bluntness seems
The Centaur's poisonous robe—hopes even now
To make thy corpse his footstool to thy bed!
Where was thy wit, man? Ho! these schemes are glass!
The very sun shines through them.
De Maup. O, my lord,
Can you forgive me?
Rich. Ay, and save you!
De Maup. Save!
Terrible word! O, save *thyself*: these halls
Swarm with thy foes: already for thy blood
Pants thirsty Murder!
Julie. Murder!
Rich. Hush! put by
The woman. Hush! a shriek—a cry—a breath
Too loud, would startle from its horrent pause
The swooping Death! Go to the door, and listen!—
Now for escape!
De Maup. None—none! Their blades shall pass
This heart to thine."

We turn from the popular drama which has secured universal attention, to the Historical Odes at the end of the book, which the author evidently fancies are not likely to meet with so much notice during "the present indisposition to poetry." For our own parts, we believe, that notwithstanding this indisposition, the Odes will meet with the attention they merit. The best of them, in our opinion, is the first of the three, "The Last Days of Queen Elizabeth." The evocation of Mary Queen of Scots, with which the poem opens, is startling and spirited.

"Rise from thy bloody grave,
Thou soft Medusa of the Fated Line,*
Whose evil beauty look'd to death the Brave;—
Discrowned Queen, around whose passionate shame
Terror and Grief the palest flowers entwine,
That ever veil'd the ruins of a name
With the sweet parasites of song divine!—
Arise, sad Ghost, arise,
And, if Revenge outlive the Tomb,
Thou art avenged—Behold the Doomer brought to Doom!
Lo, where thy mighty murderess lies,
The sleepless couch—the sunless room,
And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
The woe-word shadow of the Titan Queen!"

The wretched condition of Elizabeth in her dying hours, when she delighted to sit in the dark, with her eyes fixed immovably on the ground, and when her ministers and courtiers were wishing her dead, and fixing *their* eyes upon her successor, "the rising sun," as, according to formula, they entitled that foul mist, the despicable James, is finely contrasted with the glory and gaiety of her accession, and the grand achievements of her reign.

"Call back the gorgeous Past!
Lo, England white-robed for a holyday!
While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
Peals shout on shout along the Virgin's way,
As through the swarming streets rolls on the long array.
Mary is dead!—Look from your fire-won homes,
Exulting martyrs!—on the mount shall rest
Truth's ark at last! the' avenging Lutheran comes
And clasps THE BOOK ye died for to her breast!
With her, the flower of all the land,
The high-born gallants ride,
And, ever nearest of the band,
With watchful eye and ready hand,
Young Dudley's form of pride!

Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,
Love half allures the soul from power;—
And blushes, half suppress'd, betray
The woman's hope and fear;
Like blooms which in the early May
Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,
And mark the mellowing year.—
While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
Less to the monarch than the maid,
Melodious on the ear!

Call back the gorgeous Past!
The lists are set, the trumpets sound,
Bright eyes—sweet judges—thron'd around;
And stately on the glittering ground
The old chivalric life!
'Forward.'—The signal word is given—
Beneath the shock the greensward shakes—
The lusty cheer, the gleaming spear—
The snow-plume's falling flakes—
The fiery joy of strife!
Thus, when, from out a changeful heaven

* "Mary Stuart—'The soft Medusa' is an expression strikingly applied to her in her own day."

O'er waves in eddying tumult driven
A stormy smile is cast,
Alike the gladsome anger takes
The sunshine and the blast!—
Who is the victor of the day?
Thou of the delicate form, and golden hair,
And manhood glorious in its midst of May;—
Thou who upon thy shield of argent, bearest
The bold device, 'The Loftiest is the Fairest!'
As bending low thy stainless crest,
'The vestal throned by the west'
Accords the old Provençal crown
Which blends her own with thy renown;—
Arcadian Sidney—nursling of the Muse,
Flower of fair chivalry, whose bloom was fed
With daintiest Castaly's most silver dews,
Alas! how soon thy amaranth leaves were shed—
Born, what, the' Ausonian minstrel *dream'd*, to *be*
Time's knightly Epic pass'd from earth with thee!

Call back the gorgeous Past!
Where, bright and broadening to the main,
Rolls on the scornful river,—
Stout hearts beat high on Tilbury's plain,—
Our Marathon for ever!
No breeze above, but on the mast
The pennon shook as with the blast.
Forth from the cloud the day-god strode,
O'er bristling helms the splendour glow'd,—
Leapt the loud joy from earth to heaven,
As, through the ranks asunder riven,
The Warrior-Woman rode!
Hark, thrilling through the armed line
The martial accents ring,
'Though mine the woman's form—yet mine,
The heart of England's King!'
Woe to the Island and the Maid!
The Pope has preach'd the New Crusade,
His sons have caught the fiery zeal;—
The monks are merry in Castile;
Bold Parma on the Main;
And through the deep exulting sweep
The Thunder-Steeds of Spain.—
What meteor rides the sulphurous gale?
The flames have caught the giant sail!
Fierce Drake is grappling prow to prow;
God and St. George for Victory now!
Death in the Battle and the Wind—
Carnage before and Storm behind—
Wild shrieks are heard above the hurtling roar
By Orkneys' rugged strands, and Erin's ruthless shore.
Joy to the Island and the Maid!
Pope Sixtus wept the Last Crusade;
His sons consum'd before his zeal,—
The Monks are woeful in Castile;—
Your Monument the Main,
The glaive and gale record your tale,
Ye Thunder-Steeds of Spain!"

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. 4 vols. 8vo. Vol. II.

This volume contains the "Prometheus Unbound," a lyrical drama, in four acts, which overruns with passages of beauty and sublimity; the "Cenci," a tragedy,—in our opinion the most perfect of Shelley's productions, one of the noblest efforts of modern genius—and "Hellas," another lyrical drama, which abounds in exquisite lyric beauties. All these things we confidently hope will find fitter audience now than they met with on their first publication, when there was a bigoted outcry against the author, and a stigma set upon all his works. These circumstances, as we have already hinted, arose no doubt in part from the poet's boldness—at times his uncompromising audacity. In his heart it was different, but with his pen in his hand he showed little tolerance to old established notions; and his new ones, heaven knows, were little tolerated in return. The following passage in his preface to the "Prometheus" contains not only much that is high and beautiful, but, in the compass of a few words, much that was likely to irritate.

"Let this opportunity be conceded to me of acknowledging that I have what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, 'a passion for reforming the world;' what passion incited him to write and publish his book, he omitted to explain. For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus. But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarise the highly-refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence: aware that until the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life, which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the harvest of his happiness. Should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is, produce a systematical history of what appears to me to be the genuine elements of human society, let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Æschylus rather than Plato as my model. The having spoken of myself with unaffected freedom will need little apology with the candid; and let the uncandid consider that they injure me less than their own hearts and minds by misrepresentation. Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse and instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderable, he is yet bound to exert them: if his attempts be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient; let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts; the pile they raise will betray his grave, which might otherwise have been unknown."

Alas! poor Shelley! his grave, or at least the receptacle of the ashes collected by Byron and Leigh Hunt, after the burning of the body on the beautiful shores of the Gulph of Spezzia, lies, not unknown or unhonoured, in the shadow of the tomb of Caius Cestius at Rome; but his bright fame, still brightening with time, extends over the earth, or to all parts of it where Englishmen or their descendants have found a settlement.

Mrs. Shelley continues to intersperse her brief biographical notices between the different poems. Heartily do we wish that she could present us with more memoranda from her husband's own pen.

The malady, which we have already noticed as embittering the poet's existence, was aggravated by deep moral suffering, and by an excitability which no man ever possessed and lived long. A milder climate was recommended; Shelley was anxious to remove from scenes which recalled the most painful recollections, and his soul had long thirsted after the

beauties of Italy, and the wonders of Rome. Never did a drooping body carry a more ardent soul to that lovely land, or a spirit more proper to receive its most exquisite impressions.

"On the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley quitted England, never to return. His principal motive was the hope that his health would be improved by a milder climate; he suffered very much during the winter previous to his emigration, and this decided his vacillating purpose. In December 1817, he had written from Marlow to a friend, saying—'My health has been materially worse. My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to such a state of unnatural and keen excitement, that only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopic distinctness. Towards evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanimation, and often remain for hours on the sofa, between sleeping and waking, a prey to the most painful irritability of thought. Such, with little intermission, is my condition. The hours devoted to study are selected with vigilant caution from among these periods of endurance. It is not for this that I think of travelling to Italy, even if I knew that Italy would relieve me. But I have experienced a decisive pulmonary attack, and although at present it has passed away without any considerable vestige of its existence, yet this symptom sufficiently shows the true nature of my disease to be consumptive. It is to my advantage that this malady is in its nature slow, and, if one is sufficiently alive to its advances, is susceptible of cure from a warm climate. In the event of its assuming any decided shape, *it would be my duty* to go to Italy without delay. It is not mere health, but life, that I should seek, and that not for my own sake; I feel I am capable of trampling on all such weakness; but for the sake of those for whom my life may be a source of happiness, utility, security, and honour, and to some of whom my death might be all that is the reverse.' In almost every respect his journey to Italy was advantageous. He left behind friends to whom he was attached, but cares of a thousand kinds, many springing from his lavish generosity, crowded round him in his native country; and, except the society of one or two friends, he had no compensation. The climate caused him to consume half his existence in helpless suffering. His dearest pleasure, the free enjoyment of the scenes of nature, was marred by the same circumstances. He went direct to Italy, avoiding even Paris, and did not make any pause till he arrived at Milan. The first aspect of Italy enchanted Shelley; it seemed a garden of delight placed beneath a clearer and brighter heaven than any he had lived under before. He wrote long descriptive letters during the first year of his residence in Italy, which, as compositions, are the most beautiful in the world, and show how truly he appreciated and studied the wonders of nature and art in that divine land."

Does Mrs. Shelley possess, or can she procure, copies of these letters? They would be a boon to the world. We once chanced to see a letter written by the poet from Naples, giving an account of a little excursion by water. It was short—struck off *currente calamo*,—but it was indeed one of the most beautiful things in the world.

In Italy Shelley's poetical spirit revived with more vigour and beauty than ever; his health also improved, and he devoted himself to the most earnest and assiduous study, dwelling more particularly upon the great Greek tragedians, mighty indications of which are to be found in the "Cenci," which has nearly all the severity, closeness, and fulness of Æschylus. The subject of "Prometheus Unbound" occupied his mind during many months of travel.

"At last, when at Rome, during a bright and beautiful spring, he gave up his whole time to the composition. The spot selected for his study was, as he mentions in his preface, the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. These are little known to the ordinary visiter at Rome. He describes them in a letter with that poetry, and delicacy, and truth of description, which render his narrated impressions of scenery of unequalled beauty and interest. At first he completed the drama in three acts. It was not till several months after, when at Florence, that he conceived that a fourth act, a sort of hymn of rejoicing on the fulfilment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus, ought to be added to complete the composition."

It was at Rome, and in presence of Guido's wonderful picture, that Shelley conceived the fearful tragedy of the "Cenci." He says,

"A manuscript was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the pontificate of Clement VIII. in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination, both of body and mind, at length plotted with her brother-in-law and mother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being; a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstances and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had, during his life, repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death, therefore, of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The Pope, among other motives for severity, probably felt that whoever killed the Count Cenci, deprived his treasury of a certain and copious source of revenue. Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions, and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end, would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart. On my arrival at Rome, I found that the story of the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest; and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs, and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust. All ranks of people knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice, which is preserved in the Colonna Palace, and my servant instantly recognised it as the portrait of *La Cenci*."

The story of the Cenci, is, indeed, as Shelley characterised it, eminently fearful and monstrous—a thing that would be utterly insupportable in a dry exhibition on the stage; but to conceive what the story became in the hands of this great poet, his drama must be read attentively in the closet. Except in the case of Shakspere, so much terrific force was never united with so much delicacy. The "Mirra" of Alfieri has been extolled, but it is a coarse and clumsy essay compared to the Cenci. We would fain find room for some remarkable passages in prose, wherein Shelley discusses the vulgar notion of a moral to a play, and the nature and bearings of the Catholic religion as professed and felt by the people of the warm South; but we must quit these remarkable notes with the following short extract, which seems to us wonderfully beautiful. Every one that has stood entranced before Guido's picture will recognise the perfect truthfulness of Shelley's description of it.

"I endeavoured whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of light drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are

distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death could scarcely extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world."

A Moral Contrast. By F. Bolingbroke Ribbans, C. C. Coll., Camb., F.S.A.

This is a queer story, in the very oldest fashion, about Mercator, and Euphronius, and Eugenius, and Prodigus, and other gentlemen with the same kind of significant names. Perhaps it is very moral, but certainly it is very dull. It appears, however, to have cost the author some pains. But for his own hint, we should have thought that any one might have written it between sleep and awake in a couple of winter evenings. He tells us that if he shall have succeeded in recalling one stray sheep, he will deem his labour amply rewarded. What effect his writings may have upon sheep we know not, but upon youths (supposing any attempt to read it) it will be *sleep*.

The New Aid to Memory. Part the First, containing the most Remarkable Events of the History of England. Illustrated by one hundred and twenty symbolical Engravings. By a Cambridge M. A.

Cambridge certainly does not shine in our eyes this month. Here is another book from that university, and by one, too, that writes M.A. after his name. If the thing were meant for an experiment in conundrums and cross purposes it might pass, but as a scientific aid to memory it is not worth very much. The plan is to represent events to the eye by some fanciful figure or figures; but generally the symbol is more difficult to remember than the event itself, and at times it expresses anything—at times nothing at all. The substitution of certain letters of the alphabet for numerals is all well enough, but is almost as old as the first date in this very curious History of England. It is difficult to give an idea of the book without the assistance of the etchings. We will, however, attempt it in words. There is, for example, a big capital letter B, decidedly of the bouncing B family, and through this letter B is put a thing called a Roman standard, though it is considerably more like a toothpick. This means Britain invaded by Julius Cæsar, before Christ 55; but unfortunately the symbol expresses no date whatever, and so the author writes on the opposite page the word "ally," which, according to his system of substitution, denotes 55. Here, however, he rather confounds our notions of a great historical event, saying that by this invasion Britain became the *ally* of Rome. Now we had always thought that Britain became a conquered province of Rome. Perhaps a modern instance may make our Master of Arts' new system more intelligible. He gives a sketch of a cabinet, or bookcase, and places on the top of it a can. "This," he says, "will easily evince the fact of Mr. *Can*ning's elevation to the zenith of his deserved popularity, and the word "evince" will give

the date 1827." We cannot help thinking that it would be almost as easy to remember the simple fact that Mr. Canning became prime minister in 1827, or thereabouts, as to remember this can, which may just as well be taken for a watering-pot, and this cabinet, which may pass almost equally well for a chest of drawers, a birdcage, or a large lantern, and this awkward word "evince," which is not pictured at all, but given in regular type on another page. And did the learned Master of Arts never reflect on the impropriety of associating the name of a great man with cans or beer-pots?

Still, however, for an evening's amusement we will venture to recommend this "New Aid to Memory by a Cambridge M.A." If it fail to provoke a few as hearty laughs as are to be drawn out by Tommy Hood's Comic Annual, we shall be *hugeously* mistaken. Before leaving it to its proper uses, we must venture on another bit or two. The accession of George IV. is designated by a gorget in a square or hatchment, with a death's head and cross bones on the top of it—"which," says our ingenious M.A., "will suggest George IV." But why, we should ask, George IV. in particular? Why not any other George? And certes, that very good-looking sovereign would have been little obliged to our Cantab for connecting him with a death's head and cross bones. And then by the side of the gorget, death's head, &c., there is a prayer-book, with the words "Queen Caroline" erased. "This erasure," says our author, "will remind us of the fact that Queen Caroline's name was erased from the Liturgy by the command of her husband, George IV., who accused her of incontinence, for which she was tried and acquitted. Bones will give the date 1820." But it ought to be *cross-bones*, and what date would cross-bones give? We fancy our Cantab must have studied chronology in a charnel-house. A little lower down there is another skull, with two pens "crossed *instead of bones*," and opposite this grinning skull there is seated in a chair a very gentlemanly-looking gentleman in a Highland dress. Reader—laughter-loving reader—can you guess the meaning of this hieroglyphic? Can't you guess—do ye give it up? Let us read the riddle. It means George the Fourth's visit to Scotland, and the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, the secretary for foreign affairs. But the date of these great events? *Attendez.* Here you have it in thea uthor's own way and words—"George the Fourth, when he held a court at Holyrood House in Scotland, was attired as a bonny Scot. *Bonny* will give the date 1822. Riddle-me-riddle-me-ree, but this is more than *bonny!* We fear our learned Cantab has not studied his politics in that good Whig school, for which Cambridge was once celebrated, for he gives an etching of a girl building a house with a pack of cards, and this, he says, "may remind us of the new construction of the House of Commons by the Reform Bill." And again, to represent Lord Melbourne's accession to office, he gives the figure of a miserable little lamb walking in at a very great door-way.

We thank him for some pleasant cachinnation, but we should really be inclined to give to this M.A. the advice which the fair Venetian gave to Jean Jacques Rousseau—*andate studiar le mathematiche.*

Trials of the Heart. By MRS. BRAY, Author of "Trelawny," "The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," "The White Hoods," "Warleigh," &c. &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo.

This is a collection of short and striking tales, written in Mrs. Bray's best manner, and with her usual good moral purpose. The tales are very various as to time and place, incident and character. In number

they are five,—" Prediction," " The Orphans of La Vendée," " The Little Doctor," " Vicissitudes," and " The Adopted." In each of these narratives there is much to recommend, and they are all amusing. Perhaps our two favourites are " The Orphans of La Vendée," and " The Adopted," as these revive in our minds certain very agreeable recollections. In them the author draws upon her experience as a traveller, and describes a striking part of France, with which she is well acquainted. It is some years ago (both for her sake and our own we will not say how many) since Mrs. Bray, then Mrs. Charles Stoddart, published her delightful tour through Brittany and a part of Normandy,—a book which we read with avidity then, and which we often refer to now with a still increasing pleasure. If he have a taste for the Norman History of this country, and for monumental antiquities, so much the better, but let every reader, who may be as yet unacquainted with that volume, procure it, and diligently peruse it. The best of the scenes of " The Adopted," the longest, and, we think, the best of these narratives, are placed in Brittany, which in some respects may be called Mrs. Bray's own ground, for it was scarcely better known in this country than Timbuctoo when she first directed her steps thither; few English travellers have explored it since, and none, certainly, have come up to her description of it. Unlike the general run of novel writers, Mrs. Bray always introduces some solid information—something beyond mere story-telling. " The Adopted " abounds in details of the arts, the manners, and customs of the Bretons, who were a most remarkable branch of the great Celtic stock of nations, and who still for the most part remain perfectly distinct from the French. The celebrated combat of " thirty," which took place in the time of our Edward the Third, and which is related at length by Monstrellet, is introduced with good effect, and with some romantic embellishments. It was a deadly fight, and the English had the worst of it—at least so say the Chroniclers of Brittany.

We should now and then differ in politics with the accomplished author, who writes about the French Revolution, as ladies *will* write, (and some old gentlemen too,) but we can nevertheless cordially recommend these tales to notice.

The Author's Printing and Publishing Assistant, comprising Explanations of the Process of Printing, Preparation and Calculation of Manuscripts, Choice of Paper, Type, Binding, Illustrations, Publishing, Advertising, &c. With an Exemplification and Description of the Typographical Marks used in the Correction of the Press.

The object of this useful little work is sufficiently explained in the title-page. The helplessness and ignorance of most authors, in all that regards the mechanical reproduction of the children of their brain, and in all that relates to the routine of publishing, advertising, &c., are very remarkable, particularly when they might be removed with so very small a cost of inquiry and attention. Many of the brotherhood, as we remarked some time ago, have not attained even to the facile art of correcting a proof sheet, so that it may be intelligible to the printer. In this particular, and in others of equal moment, " The Author's Assistant" will be found to afford sufficient aid and information. The hints at the end of the volume will be very serviceable to such writers as contemplate retaining their own copyright, and publishing at their own risk and expense—a course frequently rendered necessary especially with first productions.

The following extracts will convey a notion of the little book, and at the same time give sundry very useful hints to inexperienced authors.

"It has been before observed, that correcting the press, so far as the printers are concerned, is an extremely troublesome, and to them, the most unpleasant part of their business. It occupies much more time than could be supposed, and consequently occasions an expense which the mere alteration of a few words in a page would perhaps scarcely be thought sufficient to justify. But when it is considered that every alteration disturbs the whole adjoining mass of type, and may do so to the end of the page, or several pages, it will be less difficult to perceive the reason of the well-ascertained fact, that printers always greatly prefer being employed in the setting, rather than in the correcting department of their office.

"It is not uncommon for authors, unaware of these circumstances, to deliver their manuscript for the press in a very unfinished state; and in some instances, as if they actually considered that they could not satisfactorily correct their work, until they saw it in print—an error which it would probably only require them to combat to overcome: it should, however, in all such cases, be distinctly understood, that the expenses of correcting will, if considerable, unavoidably enhance that of the printing, and this in a ratio that would very naturally surprise those unacquainted with the subject.

"All errors which are not in the manuscript are considered as errors of the press; the correction of which devolves on the printer. Indeed no proof should be submitted to the author until these have been made: a careful reader in the printing office will also sometimes draw the author's attention to some word or sentence, which appears to be susceptible of improvement, and which might otherwise have passed unnoticed; this is, however, not always done, unless requested.

In correcting a proof, for the reasons already given, as few alterations as possible should be made; when these are, however, unavoidable, it would be advisable to observe this rule, namely, always, if possible, to insert in a line or page, as much as is taken out, or *vice versâ*; this is, in a great majority of instances, very practicable; and the advantage of it is, that it will avoid what is technically called *overrunning*. This will, perhaps, be best explained by referring to the corrected proof (p. 40) in the third line of which it will be seen that the word *for* is marked out, and the word *of* inserted in its stead; which, it will be perceived by the opposite revised page, has occasioned no alteration beyond the line; but at line seventeen there is an insertion marked without an omission; which would have rendered it necessary to carry as many lines as were inserted to the next page, if the page had been previously filled up in the usual way. This is called *overrunning*, and often requires that each subsequent page should be altered to the end of a chapter, or if the work is continuous, to the end of all that has at that time been set in type.

"There is also another point to be observed; which is, that where revises are considered necessary, as few as possible should be required, each revise requiring the repetition of the process already described in striking off a proof, and which will not only occasion additional expense, but will also frequently cause considerable delay in the progress of the work. Generally speaking, if the corrections are clearly marked, and not very numerous, the final revision may safely be entrusted to the care of a skilful printer. If any error should escape the notice of the author or corrector, and be printed off, it may be corrected by reprinting the leaf in which it occurs, which is called a cancel. This is, however, seldom necessary, when the error is clearly typographical.

"It is frequently a convenience to the author to have two proofs of each sheet, one to be returned corrected, the other to be retained for reference.

"It is not, perhaps, generally known, that works printed in London may be corrected by authors residing at any distance, the proof sheets passing and repassing through the Post Office at single postage, provided they are not cut, and that the direction is written *upon* the sheet. An envelope would occasion double postage. It is usual also to add the words 'Proof-sheet' in the corner."

Every one who has written for the press, or who may write, should possess this work.

The Fall of Warsaw, a Poem. In Three Cantos.

There are some well-rounded verses in these three cantos, which, however, on the whole, are rather characterised by a love of liberty, than by any peculiar power of expressing that passion. We presume that the author, who is young in his art, is also young in years. We have little to object to the following sample of verses, except that Russian soldiers do *not* wear mail armour, or sport jewels in their helmets. Their pay will not allow of such extravagance.

> " Hark! o'er the distant hill the pealing drum
> Proclaims, at length, the Russian hosts are come:
> On yon blue height, that seems to pierce the skies,
> Their mail-clad ranks in countless numbers rise;
> And, decked with spoils in former conquests won,
> Brightly their helmets glitter in the sun:
> Oh, 'tis a glorious sight! along the line,
> Far as the eye can reach, their lances shine:
> Their jewelled casques, and waving plumes so gay,
> And sabres flashing in the bright sun's ray:
> All these unite, to form a glorious show,
> And martial music sounds where'er they go:
> Loud rings the mellowing pipe o'er height and plain,
> Hoarse rolls the drum amid the martial strain;
> Thrills through the trembling air the trumpets' note,
> And the broad pennons in the glad winds float.
> While the good steed, with hot and swelling vein,
> Champing the bit, impatient of the rein,
> Snorts, as he hears the clarion's blast afar,
> And longs once more to join the din of war."

Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. Illustrated with Engravings.

In paper, type, presswork, binding, and general getting up, this edition (*the nineteenth!*) is worthy of the beautiful poem, or series of poems. We wish we could stop here—we wish the publishers had stopped here—for the embellishments, though described, as usual, as being by "eminent artists," are the most artificial, meretricious, and *un*-oriental things that we have cast our eyes upon this very long time. Surely Mr. Moore deserved something better, and his glowing verses ought to have given some sparks of inspiration. We cannot but feel for him. The poet must be distressed, amiable and tolerant as he is, by these unpoetical attempts to illustrate his conceptions. The things might pass in an Annual—there, their fop finery would not quite so much distress us.

A Fantastical Excursion into the Planets.

While others have been whisking on railroads to Liverpool, and the Lord knows where else, or have been contemplating short trips to India, by the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea, we have been making a journey to the moon, and strolling like the knight of the hippogriff amidst

> —— varie e solitarie selve
> Ove le ninfe ognor caccian le belve.

We have made the journey several times before, and in very good

company, from Ariosto, who was half a cardinal, to Berkeley, who was a whole Protestant bishop, but yet we have found the excursion pleasant with our present travelling companion, the author of the fantastical and agreeable little volume before us, who discourses delightfully on systems and theories, the vagaries of philosophy, and the anomalies of social life, and who not unfrequently rises to sublime meditation. From the satisfaction we have experienced, we can recommend our readers to make an "excursion into the planets," under the same guidance. They will find much to amuse them, and something to improve and elevate their minds. The greatest fault we can find is an occasional transposed, inverted style, which smacks of a long residence in Germany—or in the moon.

Memoirs of the Early Life and Service of a Field Officer on the retired List of the Indian Army.

This is a simple, honest account of a very eventful life, written by an amiable man, who finishes his narrative by referring to his advanced years, and saying that his next journey will be to that undiscovered country from "whose bourne no traveller returns," and who, since then, has taken that solemn journey. This was Major David Price, formerly Judge Advocate General of the Bombay army, a most accomplished Oriental scholar, who was well known and most highly esteemed, and who enriched the Royal Asiatic Society of London with a splendid donation of Persian and Arabic manuscripts. He was also the author of some laborious and valuable works on Oriental history and literature. His "Essay towards the History of Arabia, antecedent to the Birth of Mahommed," is the best work we possess on that important subject.

David Price was one of those men who make their own way in the world, and achieve great things in spite of the most discouraging circumstances. He was the son of a poor Welsh parson, who died after his son had been a short time at Cambridge, leaving little or nothing behind him, except a good name and several children. Without the means of pursuing his studies in the university, without any distinct prospect of a provision in the church, he went up to London, and after a brief career of youthful extravagance—apparently the result of despair—he enlisted as a recruit for the service of the East India Company, being fascinated at an alehouse by the tales of some old soldiers, who had already served in India under Clive and Coote, and who embellished their recitals with gorgeous accounts of nabobs and captured treasures. Through the active exertions of a kind-hearted Welsh doctor, who was serving on board an East Indiaman, he was removed into the Essex, (Evans's ship), admitted to mess with the midshipmen, *four of whom were Welch*, and was further consoled with the prospect of obtaining a cadetship. In the course of the voyage out, the Essex bore a distinguished part in the smart skirmish between the squadrons of Admiral Souffrein and Commodore Johnson, off the Island of St. Jago; and a short time after, the Essex was dismasted in a hurricane. After a variety of adventures, which are exceedingly well described—because naturally and without the slightest tinge of affectation—young Price arrived at Madras, where he was immediately appointed acting ensign, and sent to serve on the coast of Coromandel, under Sir Hector Munro; and afterward at Trincomalee with the naval force of Sir Edward Hughes. In 1782 he proceeded with the ill-fated army under General Matthews; but escaped its evil destiny by being opportunely appointed to another corps, commanded by Captain Daniel Carpenter, a near relative of the wife of Sir Walter

Scott. From this period, down to 1791, when he lost a leg at the siege of Durwar, he was actively engaged in the warfare against Tippoo. Minus a leg, but with a good staff appointment, he was then settled at Surat, where he made a vast collection of Persian and other Oriental works; and turning his attention as actively to literature as before he had done to war, he laid the groundwork of those Mahometan histories and researches, which he completed in later life, in a quiet and honoured retirement, in his native principality. In 1795 he was appointed Judge Advocate to the Bombay army. In 1797 he again took the field with Colonel Dow, who was charged with important operations in Malabar, and who was glad to have Price as his military secretary and interpreter. Our gallant Welshman also served in the siege of Seringapatam, and after the fall of Tippoo he arranged and allotted that sovereign's jewels, library, &c. In 1805, after a continued service in India of twenty-four years, he sailed for England with a handsome fortune and a still increasing love for Oriental literature. He returned to South Wales, married happily, and spent the rest of his days—nearly thirty years—among his friends, his books, and his Eastern manuscripts. He died in 1836, at the advanced age of seventy-three.

The volume, which terminates with his services in India, abounds in interesting passages, and is likely to be exceedingly correct, as during his services in the field he kept a regular journal. That part of the journal which relates to the siege of Seringapatam is not only very amusing, but also valuable as an historical document. The whole of the book may be particularly recommended to young men about entering our army in India. We can fully corroborate the assertion of the excellent old author, that there is nothing in the volume that can be injurious to morality, or subversive in any shape of the good order of society. *Perhaps* the editor might have somewhat reduced the size of the book, without injuring it, by leaving out some of the sea logs, &c.

The Bouquet, or Ladies' Flower Garden; being a Description of those Plants which will flower in the Room, and the Treatment most suitable for them. By a FLORIST.

This is a very useful little book for all Londoners that are fond of flowers, and have no larger garden-room than what is afforded by a balcony, or a window-frame. By following the author's very judicious and very clear directions, a succession of beautiful flowering plants may be secured for every month in the year, from January to December. The plan and object of the cheap little volume are thus explained:—

"It has been a matter of great surprise to me, that amongst all the various books that have been written upon botany, and the cultivation of plants, none should ever have been written upon the treatment plants require when placed in a London sitting-room. I have, therefore, taken upon myself a task of this kind, in hopes that, when it has been perused, it will be the means of preserving many plants, and also of keeping that healthy and beautiful appearance upon them, which can only be done by proper treatment. It was my intention at first to have placed all those plants that require the same treatment together, and to have made one description answer for each head or section: but this I found would be impracticable, as almost every two or three plants would require to be placed under a different head, and would consequently cause much confusion in the arrangement of them. I have, therefore, made a selection of the most approved flowers for the various months of the years, and so given a description of each plant individually."

We may add, that we have ourselves followed the author's easy di-

rections, and found them attended with complete success. The general fault of these books is, that they are not simple enough. This is so plain that a child of seven years of age might understand it.

M. T. Ciceronis Opera Selecta. In usum Academiæ Edinensis. Ex editione J. C. Orellii.

This is a very excellent school-book—most ably edited, and elegant and pretty looking to the eye, as school-books should be. We believe it was Leigh Hunt that observed some time ago, that a good part of boys' distaste to school learning was owing to the repulsive ugliness of old school-books. We are gradually getting rid of these eye-sores. This volume is also nicely done up in cheerful green, with a not inelegant label in gold.

Heads of the People. Taken off by Kenny Meadows. (Quizfizz.)

We have derived much amusement from this periodical work—one of the very best now going. "The Heads," as taken off by Meadows, are full of expression and character. The literary contributions, nearly all by first-rate hands, are as good as the plates. Mr. Leigh Hunt's articles alone, are worth ten times the price of the book. The "Omnibus Conductor" is done in that delightful writer's best manner; but, perhaps, his "Monthly Nurse" is still better, still fuller of humour and true nature. Only see, dear reader, the style in which he introduces this great functionary.

"The Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-slop kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her, (excepting her own family,) consist of wives who are brought to bed, and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minnikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a 'bit o' dinner' that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at a 'dish o' tea,' or at that which 'keeps cold out of the stomach,' and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fussiest of the cosy; though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good-nature to settle the irritabilities of her position, and turn the balance in favour of comfort or hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all old household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swathes; the inhabitant of a hundred bed-rooms; the Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of child-birth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner-cupboard, and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel,) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life, is when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence

of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits—then puts the water in the tea-pot—then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a 'counteraction')—then smoothes down her apron, adjusts herself in her arm-chair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between whose and snuff-box.

"Good and ill nature, as in the case of every one else, make the great difference between the endurability, or otherwise, of this personage in your house; and the same qualities, in the master and mistress, together with the amount of their good sense, or the want of it, have a like re-action. The good or ill, therefore, that is here said of the class in general, becomes applicable to the individual accordingly. But as all people will get what power they can, the pleasant by pleasant means, and the unpleasant by the reverse, so the office of the Monthly Nurse, be her temper and nature what it will, is one that emphatically exposes her to temptation that way; and her first endeavour, when she comes into a house, is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this subject, she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband (as she tells him) 'can never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account;' or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentleman, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about 'natural living,' and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or 'master,' as the humbler ones call him—is, according as he behaves himself, and receives her revelations for gospel, a 'sweet good man'—'quite a gentleman'—'just the very model of a husband for mistress,' &c. &c.; or, on the other hand, he is a 'very strange gentleman'—'quite an oddity'—one that is 'not to be taught his own good'—that will 'neither be led nor *drav*'—that will 'be the death of mistress with his constant *fidge-fidge* in and out of the room'—and his making her 'laugh in that dreadful manner,' and so forth;—and, as to his 'pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candlestick.' 'Holding the baby,' indeed, is a science, which she reckons to belong exclusively to herself; she makes it the greatest favour to visiter or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs in the world, and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin, and find your competency come to nothing before the explanatory pity of her information.

"Respecting the 'doctor,' her thoughts cannot be so bold or even so patronising. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she has her hearty likes or dislikes of him too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there 'never *was* such a beautiful doctor,' except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Buttermouth, (both dead,) and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a 'fine man'—so patient—so without pride—and yet 'so firm, like;'—nobody comes near him for a difficult case—for a fever case—for the management of a 'violent lady.' If she dislikes him, he is 'queer'—'odd'—'stubborn'—has the 'new ways,'—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses, in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Doctor Gripps, who is 'always' called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his 'other right hand,' and 'the *jewel* that rhymes to *gruel*.'

"Armed with these potential notions in general, and the strongest possible sense of her vice-royalty over master and mistress for the time being, she takes possession of the new room and the new faces; and the motto of her reign—the *Dieu et Mon Droit* of her escutcheon—is 'During the month.' This phrase she has always at hand, like a sceptre, wherewith to assert her privileges, and put down objection. 'During the month;' the lady is not to read a book. 'During the month,' nobody is to lay a finger on the bed for the purpose of making it, till her decree goes forth. 'During the month,' the muffle of the knocker is at her disposal. And 'During

the month,' the husband is to be nobody, except as far as she thinks fit, not even (for the first week or so) to his putting his head in at the door. You would take him to be the last man who had anything to do with the business. However, for her own sake, she generally contrives to condescend to become friends with him, and he is then received into high favour—is invited to tea with his wife, at some 'unusually early' period; and Nurse makes a bit of buttered toast for 'master' with her own hand, and not only repeats that 'baby is as like him as two peas,' (which it always is, the moment it is born, if the lady's inclination is supposed to set that way,) but tells him that she fears he is 'a sad charming gentleman,' for that 'mistress talks of him in her sleep.' The phrases commonest in her mouth are mostly of an endearing or flattering sort, with an implication, in the tone, of her right to bestow them; and she is very aristocratic in her ideas. She tells the lady in her hour of trial, as the highest encouragement to fortitude she can think of, that 'the Queen must suffer the same;' and the babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, be sure;—and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and 'the child is father to the man,' mankind, according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full grown; and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms. But she has also modes of speech, simply pathetic or judicious. If the lady, when her health is inquired after, is in low spirits, she is described as 'taking on so;' if doing well, it must not be too well, for the honour of the importance of the case, and the general dignity of ailment; and hence the famous answer, 'as well as can be expected.' By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill-used of infant elegancies, if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig; and when it is sleepy, and yet will 'not go to sleep,' (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea,) or when it is 'fractious' for not having had *enough* pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear, that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair, will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back, and jolting of its very soul out, will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation, prostrate across the nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and about as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with 'brats,' and 'drat it,' and 'was there ever such an 'obstropulous' little devil!' while her lips are loud in deprecation of the 'naughty milk,' or the 'naughty cot,' (which is to be beaten for its ill behaviour;) and 'Dordie' (Georgy) is told to 'go' to a mysterious place, called 'Bye-bye;" or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of 'Was it a poppet then?' and 'Did it break its pretty heart?' up to the future glories of 'Shall it be a King then?' 'Shall it be a King Pepin?' 'Shall it be a Princy-wincy?' a 'Countess!' a 'Duchess?' 'Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?' In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort, have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shakspeares."

History of Napoleon. From the French of Norvins, Laurent (de l'Ardêche), Bourrienne, Las Casas, the Duke de Rovigo, Lucien Bonaparte, &c.; with Abstracts from the Works of Hazlitt, Carlyle, and Sir Walter Scott. Edited by R. H. HORNE, ESQ., Author of "Cosmo de' Medici," "The Death of Marlowe," &c. *Richly Illustrated with many hundred Engravings on Wood, after designs by* Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacque, &c.

This promises to be an excellent work. Mr. Horne, who in other matters has shown himself a spirited and original writer, seems to do his task *con amore*, and the French artists have certainly done theirs admi-

rably. The book is beautifully printed, upon good paper, in a clear, legible page. We shall, no doubt, have occasion to return to this work. In the mean time we will give a short passage, wherein Mr. Horne gets over the early history of the most extraordinary man of his age.

"Napoleon Bonaparte was born on the 15th of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. There is reason to believe that his ancestors, on the mother's side, were Neapolitans; and that on his father's, they were members of certain noble houses of San Miniato, in Tuscany. The majority of his historians and biographers endeavour to show that his descent was illustrious, if not slightly tinged with royalty. The name of *Bonaparte* stands high among the senators in the "Golden Book" of Bologna; but there is no proof that Napoleon was lineally descended from that family. The fact is not important; for inasmuch as time can easily trace many men back to something of nobility, so the retrospection has only to be extended in order to prove the origin of all men very humble. Whatever qualities were displayed by Napoleon, he did not derive his power from his family, but from his own nature, his own actions, and the circumstances of which he was the creature and the creator.

"Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, was a man of good intellect and education; possessing much eloquence, a dignified address, and unaffected vivacity. He was an advocate in the Royal Court of Assize. He manifested his patriotism and energy in the struggle of the Corsicans under Paoli, against the barter of their country, effected by the Genoese, with the French, through the diplomatic manœuvre of the Duke de Choiseul. Various circumstances show that Charles Bonaparte was held in respect by his countrymen, and possessed their confidence. To the scene of warfare in which he had taken so prominent a part, he was accompanied by his wife, Letitia Ramolini, a lady of superior mind, much beauty and courage, and who often shared the fatigues and dangers he encountered.

"The French won the battle of Ponte Nuovo, which decided the fate of the Corsicans; and Letitia Ramolini, then *enceinte*, was compelled to take refuge among the mountains of Ronda, whence she regained Ajaccio in safety. Here, being anxious to attend mass at the celebration of the Assumption, she went forth at an imprudent period; felt herself overtaken with sudden pains, returned home in haste, but was unable to reach her chamber in time. The mother and her offspring were found lying upon a carpet in an adjacent room, Letitia Ramolini having there given birth to a son. The child was called Napoleon.

"It is not unreasonable to suppose, 'that the harassed life and high-wrought feelings of his mother, previously to his birth, might have had an influence on the temper and future fortunes of her son.' He was called Napoleon after one of the Italian Bonaparte family. *A Saint* Napoleone once existed in the Romish calendar, but had fallen out by some accident or neglect. In after times, the Pope restored the saint to his former rank, in compliment to his more fortunate namesake.

"Many prognostics are reported to have been made concerning Napoleon, some of which, as is usual, would certainly never have come to light, had he not accomplished the assumed predictions; while others were evidently founded on close observation of his early character, or on certain precocious indications not easily mistaken. Among the former, we may class the predictions said to have been founded on the peculiar circumstances attending his birth. M. de Las Casas, for instance, having discovered that the carpet on which the future conqueror first saw the light was covered with antique figures, illustrative of certain fables or allegories, suggests that they were, perhaps, some of the heroes of Homer's Iliad. Subsequent biographers, overlooking the 'perhaps,' have adopted this fancy. The medical attendant of Letitia Ramolini would, doubtless, have accounted for the unadorned fact by a far more simple process of reason. Among the admissible class of these pre-visions, we must particularly notice the opinion delivered by his great uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, when on his deathbed. The archdeacon, who had been the preceptor and adviser of his relations, was always accustomed to consider Napoleon (the second son of Charles Bonaparte) as the head of the family; and so convinced was the dying man of the true grounds of his impression, that he exhorted the elder brother, Joseph, never to forget that fact.

"Alluding to his childhood, Napoleon said, 'I was an obstinate and inquisitive child. I was extremely headstrong; nothing overawed me, nothing disconcerted me. I made myself formidable to the whole family. My brother Joseph was the one with whom I was oftenest embroiled; he was bitten, beaten, abused: I went

to complain before he had time to recover from his confusion.' To these characteristic traits we must add that he displayed a vivid intelligence; rapid comprehension; a keen, and often a splenetic sensibility; wilfulness under restraint; unbounded energy; and a violent temper. Whether the aggressor or the aggrieved, he generally gained his point. Nobody had any command over him except his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and strict justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her. From her he learnt the virtue of obedience.

"In 1799, Napoleon obtained his admission to the Military School at Brienne, where he soon attracted notice by his reserved manners, and the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies. He devoted himself principally to history, mathematics, and geography.

"He spoke only the Corsican dialect on first entering the college, but speedily made great progress in the French language. He hated Latin. Bourrienne says of him, 'During play-hours he used to withdraw to the library, where he read with deep interest works of history, particularly Polybius and Plutarch. I often went off to play with my comrades, and left him by himself in the library.'

His poverty has been said to have subjected him to mortifications among his comrades; they also ridiculed him on account of his country, and twitted him with the obsolete Saint, whose name he bore. They sometimes made insulting allusions to his mother, and this exasperated him beyond all bounds.

"Amidst the contradictory accounts given by biographers of the early character and conduct of Napoleon, a middle course will, probably, bring us nearest to the truth. He appears, at this time, to have been a studious, reflecting, solitary boy, whose premature development of mind, without a corresponding clearness of purposes, and objects to be attained, gave him a contempt for the companionship of his fellows, without inducing satisfaction in himself. Hence he was grave, moody, brusque; and sometimes morose, from disgust with his masters, his mates, himself, his position, and perhaps with everything else. He felt a power within him, but could not see his way. In spite of his devotion to the exact sciences, the hot imagination of youth got the better of the labours of the understanding, and there was probably a struggle going on within himself, which—considered apart from the good or evil of its future results—might ask some allowance, perhaps some sympathy.

"The saturnine boy was evidently not suffered to remain unmolested in his solitary moods, as sundry bickerings attest; but in general he withdrew himself from all companionship in silent scorn. If he revenged himself, he did it openly, and not by any indirect means. He had occasionally to superintend certain tasks or duties. However he disliked his comrades, he never reported their misdemeanours; contemptuously preferring to go to prison himself. He and Bourrienne were once placed as superintendents of some duty, which being neglected, Napoleon persuaded the latter to accompany him to prison, rather than report the offenders. They remained ten days in confinement.

"The first impression he received at Brienne was of an irritating nature, though originating in circumstances not commonly felt by boys of ten years of age. He observed a portrait of the Duke de Choiseul hanging in the hall. 'The sight of this odious character, who had sold my country,' he afterwards said, 'extorted from me an expression of bitterness. For this he had to endure much persecution. 'I let malevolence take its course,' proceeded he, 'and only applied more closely than ever to study. I perceived by this what human nature was.'

"At the same time that Bourrienne was Napoleon's fellow-student, Pichegru was his tutor. It is certain, however, that he made few friends among his masters or his school-mates: it is equally certain that some of the former entertained a high opinion of his intellect; and that he possessed great influence with the latter, notwithstanding their mutual animosities. On one occasion, the cadets had been ordered to confine themselves strictly within their own precincts, at the time of the annual fair held near Brienne; but, under the direction of Napoleon, they laid a plot to secure their usual day's diversion. They undermined the wall of the exercising ground, with so much skill and secrecy, that, on the morning of the fair, a part of it *accidentally* fell, and through the breach they instantly sallied to the prohibited amusement.

"Many stories have been invented in order to show the atrocities of Napoleon's early youth. One of these, which was generally believed in England, asserted that he fortified his garden against his comrades; and, watching an opportunity, fired a train of gunpowder, whereby many of them were seriously injured.

"Bourrienne says, 'the fabrication probably originated in the juvenile affair of the

snow-forts and snow-balls. In the winter of 1783-84, there were immense falls of snow. Napoleon, being prevented from taking his solitary walks, proposed to his comrades that they should sweep and shovel up the snow in the great court-yard, and make horn-works, raise parapets, dig trenches, &c. 'This being done,' said he, 'we may divide ourselves into platoons, form a siege, and I will undertake to direct the attacks.' The proposal, which was received with enthusiasm, was immediately put into execution. This little sham war was carried on for the space of a fortnight."

"Napoleon, being one day on a visit at the house of Madame de Brienne, heard a lady blaming Turenne for burning the Palatinate, when he immediately replied, 'And what of that, madam, if it answered the end he had in view?' Bourrienne denies the authenticity of this anecdote; but the reason he adduces against it rather tends to prove the fact. Napoleon was quite likely to have said such a thing.

"Whatever might have been the assiduity of Napoleon in his private studies and reflections, he made no very marvellous progress in the usual routine. Some of his French biographers, with Scott and Hazlitt subsequently, aver that the school was proud of him. It does not appear that there were any scholastic reasons for this, though the school no doubt became proud of the recollection. He, however, attained sufficient height in mathematics to pass his examination for admission to the Military School of Paris.

"On arriving there, he found the whole establishment on so brilliant and expensive a footing, that he immediately addressed a memorial on the subject to the vice-principal of Brienne. He showed that the plan of education was really pernicious, and far from being calculated to fulfil the object which every wise government must have in view. The result of the system, he said, was to inspire the pupils, who were all the sons of poor gentlemen, with a love of ostentation, or rather with sentiments of vanity and self-sufficiency; so that, instead of returning happy to the bosom of their families, they were likely to be ashamed of their relations, and to despise their humble homes. Instead of the numerous attendants by whom they were surrounded, their dinners of two courses, and their horses and grooms, he suggested that they should perform little necessary services for themselves, such as brushing their clothes, and cleaning their boots and shoes; that they should eat the coarse bread made for soldiers, &c. Temperance and activity, he added, would render them robust, enable them to bear the severity of different seasons and climates, to brave the fatigues of war, and to inspire the respect and obedience of the soldiers under their command. Thus reasoned Napoleon, at the age of sixteen, and time showed that he never deviated from these principles. Of this the establishment of the Military School at Fontainebleau is a decided proof."

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the past Year in Mechanics, Natural Philosophy, Electricity, Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, Geology and Mineralogy, Astronomy, Meteorology, and Geography. Illustrated with Engravings. By the Editor of "The Arcana of Science."

The object of this work is pretty fully set forth in its title. A collection such as this can hardly fail to interest a large class of the community. In the course of a year, especially in the present advanced state of knowledge, a sufficient number of interesting facts occur amply to enrich such a volume, and of these the editor appears to have diligently availed himself. Such a record is a pleasing addition to the library of the scientific, and a lively incentive to the student of useful knowledge—to all such we cordially recommend it.

Waking Dreams. By C. M. I. *With Illustrations, designed and etched on Stone by the Author.*

Under this piquant title the lively author of this work has furnished a volume which will certainly excite an interest more than sufficient to pre-

vent any of its readers from dreaming. The "Four Greys, or Travelling Adventures in Ireland," is a most amusing sketch, full of genuine Irish humour. Indeed, we may say of the whole, that the character of the work is well sustained throughout, and that it gives evidence of a talent well worth cultivating. If our readers in libraries can tolerate a single volume, which we know to be difficult, we can safely recommend that before us to their especial attention.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Self-Culture; an Address introductory to the Franklin Lecture, delivered at Boston, United States, September 1838. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING.—One of those lessons of life which the distinguished author is so capable of giving, and which are equally applicable and available in every quarter of the globe. We are glad to see it in an English edition; it cannot be too widely circulated.

The Memoirs of Davy Dreamy. Edited by FLIT; with Illustrations by Peter Palette.—Trash—insulse!

Vegetable Organography; or, an Analytical Description of the Organs of Plants. By M. AUG. P. DE CANDOLLE. Translated by BOUGHTON KNIGHTON. *With Plates.*—This is a good translation of a very able and valuable work. The plates are good.

Considerations on the State of the Nation. To which are added, Two Letters relating to the Wellington and Nelson Tribute.—This is a well-written pamphlet. The considerations are weighty and well put. The Letters on the Wellington and Nelson Tribute contain some judicious suggestions. If we do not keep wide awake, we shall most assuredly have an abomination foisted upon us in Trafalgar Square after all.

The Life of Thomas Reynolds Esq., formerly of Kilkea Castle, in the County of Kildare. By HIS SON, THOMAS REYNOLDS.—This is a lamentable mistake. The treacherous conduct of old Reynolds was of that deep dye, that no filial piety may ever hope to efface it, or even disguise it, under milder tints. The very able articles in the "Examiner" and "Athenæum" relieve us from the painful duty of dissecting a work which ought never to have been written. We are told—and we can credit the fact—that Thomas Reynolds the younger is a benevolent and honourable man, but this will not save his father from the charge of having been a—what Mr. Thomas Moore and others have described him.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sir F. B. Head's Narrative. 8vo. 12*s.*
Gladstone's Church and State. Third Edition. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
Selections from American Poets. New Edition. 12mo. 5*s.*
Oriental Herald Original Department, 1838. 8vo. 12*s.*
Blundell's Midwifery. Edited by C. Severn. Royal 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Crabb's Conveyancer's Assistant. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Parliamentary Pocket Companion, 1839. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Immanuel. By Archbishop Usher. Edited by Rev. J. N. Pearson. 32mo. 1*s.*
Allen's Constructive Greek Exercises. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
De Morgan's First Notions on Logic. Royal 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Hand-Book of Heraldry. 32mo. 1*s.*
Hand-Book of Domestic Cookery. 32mo. 1*s.*
Woodland Rambles. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Tables of Logarithms. Fcap. 3*s.*
Lindsay's Letters on Egypt, Edom, &c. Third Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24*s.*
The Englishman's Greek Concordance. Royal 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*
A Narrative of the Greek Mission. By Rev. S. S. Wilson. 8vo. 12*s.*
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. By Southey. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hours of Sadness, or Instructions and Comforts for Mourners. Fcap. 5*s.*
Mrs. Hewitt's Scripture Emblems. 18mo. 3*s.*
Wordsworth's Greek Grammar. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Parliaments and Councils of England from William I. to the Revolution in 1688. 8vo. 30*s.*
Prout's Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy. Imp. folio. 4*l.* 4*s.*
Taylor's Bee-Keeper's Manual. Second Edition. 12mo. 4*s.*
Wilson on the Corn Laws. 8vo. 5*s.*
Moseley's Illustrations of Mechanics. Fcap. 8*s.*
Lindley's School Botany. Fcap. 6*s.*
Meade's Manual of Apothecaries' Hall. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Curtis on Health. New Edition. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Bickersteth on Prayer. New Edition. 5*s.*
Jewel's Apology. Translated by Rev. W. W. Ewbank. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Births, Deaths, and Marriages. By Theodore Hook. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
'Tis an old Tale, and often Told. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Cresy's Treatise on Bridges, &c. Folio. 21*s.*
Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Second Edition. Vol. I. Fcap. 5*s.*
Ritter's Ancient Philosophy. Vol. III. From the German. By the Rev. A. I. W. Morrison. 8vo. 18*s.*
Maugham's Law of Attorney's Statutes, &c. 6*s.*
Gwilt's Rudiments of Architecture. Second Edition. Royal 8vo. 12*s.*
The Juvenile Naturalist. By the Rev. B. H. Draper. Square. 6*s.* 6*d.*
The Popular Songs of Ireland. Edited by T. C. Croker. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Fergusons; or Woman's Love and the World's Favour. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Turner's Sermons. 8vo. 12*s.*
Cox's Our Great High Priest. 12mo. 5*s.*
No Fiction. New Edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
The Democrat of Marylebone. By I. W. Brooke. Post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Hack's English Stories of the Olden Times. 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*
The Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man. New Edition. Royal 32mo. 2*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Best's new work, ODIOUS COMPARISONS, OR, THE COSMOPOLITE IN ENGLAND, is now published.

Lady Chatterton's new work, RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND, in 1838, will be published in a few days, with numerous illustrations from drawings by her Ladyship.

Dr. Cumming has just published his new work, entitled, NOTES OF A WANDERER IN SEARCH OF HEALTH, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine.

A lady, not, we believe, as yet known in our literary circles, has just committed to the press a new novel of considerable promise, entitled, MAX WENTWORTH.

Sir Lytton Bulwer's new Play, RICHELIEU; OR, THE CONSPIRACY, continues to increase in popularity; we observe it has already reached the seventh edition.

A new and cheaper edition of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, is just ready. This valuable work appears to have met with a singular reception, having been equally appreciated by men of all parties. It is unquestionably a rare and standard production.

Captain Robinson has in the press an interesting volume on steam navigation, entitled THE NAUTICAL STEAM ENGINE EXPLAINED, and its Powers and Capabilities described; for the use of Naval Officers and others interested in the important results of Steam Navigation.

The Eighth Edition of MR. LODGE'S valuable PEERAGE, corrected to the present date, from the personal communications of the Nobility, is now ready.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Considerable activity prevails in the manufacturing districts at this season from orders arriving from accustomed channels. The rapid intercourse spreading through the kingdom, by the opening of the various railroads, will also doubtless produce a most beneficial effect on our internal relations. The "Liverpool" steamer has just arrived from New York, after a rather tempestuous passage; she brings papers to the 2d. The news from Canada is, upon the whole, satisfactory.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 201 one-half to 201.—Three per Cent. reduced, 93 five-eighths to one-half.—Consols, for Account, 92 seven-eighths to three-fourths.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 100 three-fourths.—Exchequer Bills, 49*s.* to 50*s.* prem.—India Bonds, 58*s.* to 50*s.*

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent. 84 seven-eighths to three-fourths.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent. 55 three-fourths to one-half.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 103 three-eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents., 20 three-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Wednesday Evening, March 27th.—The English Funds have been nearly stationary throughout the day; but Consols were only slightly affected, the quotations being 92⅛ to ¾ for money, and 92⅜ to ½ for account. Some heavy sales of Exchequer Bills, caused by a temporary pressure for money, reduced the premium from 53*s* to 55*s*., which were the rates yesterday, to 48*s.* to 50*s*., at which they left off to-day. An attempt was made to practise upon the market and try its strength by the sale of one bill at 42*s*., but the manœuvre failed, and was not repeated. India Bonds were 50*s.* premium; Bank Stock, 200½ to 1½ for the opening; India Stock, 252 to 4.

The Foreign Exchanges also have experienced but little fluctuation. Spanish Actives, with the May coupons, were 20⅜ to ½; Portuguese 5 per Cents., 34½ to ¾; the 3 per Cents., 21½ to ¾; Brazilian 79 to ½, the scrip of the new loan, ¼ discount to ¼ premium; Mexican, 23½ to 4; Colombian, 28¼ to 9½; Dutch 2½ per Cents., 55½ to ¾; the 5 per Cents, 103⅛ to ⅜; Belgian, 102 to ½.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEB. 19, TO MARCH 22, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 19.—J. Chapman, Sion-hill, Isleworth, market-gardener. — R. Hamilton, Liverpool, master mariner. — T. Mucklow, Duke's-row, New-road, Middlesex, agent.—J. Cooper, Newport, Isle of Wight, Hants, innkeeper.—C. Reesby, Stamford, Lincolnshire, maltster.—J. Newsome, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, blanket-manufacturer.—G. Jones, Taunton, Somersetshire, silk throwster.

Feb. 22.—E. J. Ravenscroft, Took's-court, Cursitor-street, printer.—T. Carter, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. — J. Hellyer, Spalding, Lincolnshire, draper. — W. Wallen, Circus-place, Finsbury, builder.—W. Norman, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, baker.—A. Woolf, Brighton, cabinet-maker. — J. Jackson, Epworth, Lincolnshire, victualler.—F. Lockcock, Birmingham, wharfinger.—J. Camp, Newhaven, Sussex, grocer.—R. Southall, jun., Birmingham, factor.

Feb. 26. — H. C. Smith, High-street, Camberwell, gilder. — E. Lloyd, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, printer. — J. Simpson, Carlisle-street, Soho square, picture dealer.—J. Morris, Leominster, Herefordshire, innkeeper. — T. Bennet and P. Fish, Fleetwood, Lancashire, joiners.—G. Taylor, Bury, Lancashire, currier.—R. Bryan, Knucklas, Radnorshire, hop-merchant.—W. Rich, Wigan, Lancashire, and W. Rich, Leigh, Lancashire, builders.—R. Robinson, Hulme, Lancashire, innkeeper.

March 1. — S. Simpson, Oxford-street, cheesemonger.—J. Last, Edward-street, Hampstead-road, printer.—W. Hellyer, Plymouth, painter.—C. Stovin, Birmingham, coach proprietor.—J. J. Cohen, Manchester, goldsmith. — S. Fowler, Manchester, corn-dealer. — J. Newton, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, cotton-dealer.

March 5.—T. Watkinson, jun., and H. Watkinson, Meredith-street, Clerkenwell, tea-dealers.—R. N. Jenkins, New Windsor, Berkshire, butcher.—W. J. D. Arnold and T. H. Johnson, Norway-wharf, Westminster, coal-

merchants.—W. Sweeting, Fore-street, Cripplegate, linen draper.—J. Lumley, Leeds, flax spinner.—F. E. Maw, Maxton, Lincolnshire, mustard manufacturer.—J. Batt, Torquay, Devonshire, hotel keeper.—W. W. Wheeler, Liverpool, ale and porter merchant.—J. Marshall and T. Collier, Manchester, merchants.

March 8.—J. Carttleh, Whitecross-street, victualler.—G. Howes, Milton, Kent, tavern-keeper.—J. Stanger, Maidstone, Kent, ironmonger.—J. Marrow, Thatto-heath within Sutton, Lancashire, and T. Frodsham, Tonfeith, Lancashire, brewers.—P. James, Bideford, Devonshire, grocer.

March 12.—W. R. Edwards, London-road, linen draper.—J. Ashley and J. J. Ashley, Regent-street, bankers.—T. Horne, Nottingham, dealer in hardware.

March 15.—J. Jeffrey, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, grocer.—G. Till, Exeter-street, Lisson-grove, Paddington, victualler.—H. E. Thompson, Marlborough Brewery, Marlborough-road, Chelsea, brewer.—J. Davison and R. Clark, Wallington Mills, Beddington, Surrey, horse-hair-manufacturers.—R. H. Hughes, Dudley, Worcestershire, linen draper.—J. Blackwin, Swainswick, Somerset, dealer.—W. Newham, sen., King's Lynn, Norfolk, builder.—G. D. Watts, Great Musingham, Norfolk, grocer.—W. Robinson, Ulverston, Lancashire, maltster.—R. Martin, Newbury, Berks, carrier.

March 19.—J. Winter, Fountain-court, Cheapside, glove manufacturer.—A. Flint, Pudding-street, Mary-le-bone, linen-draper.—E. Brown, Cheltenham, grocer.—E. Brown, Brompton-street, Mary-le-bone, coal merchant.—R. Gibson, Liverpool, cartowner.—E. Kirkby, J. Kirkby, J. Gregory, and W. E. Gregory, Sheffield, silver platers.—H. F. Palmer, Cambridge, brewer.—J. Spencer, Ulverston, Lancashire, cabinet-maker.—W. Cogan, Plymouth, builder.—S. Leon, Manchester, furrier.—J. Warburton, Liverpool, linen draper.

March 22.—S. Rothwell, Cross-lane, Tower-street, City, printer.—J. Martin, Tonbridge-wells, Kent, builder.—F. Blake, Ealing, grocer.—T. Moss, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, draper.—W. Firth and W. Jepson, Manchester, cotton spinners.—W. Fisher, Lincoln, and G. Fisher, Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, wharfingers.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 39″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1830.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	45-46	29,67-29,80	W.	,0875	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
24	47 30	29,70 29,60	W.		Generally clear.
25	49-32	29,82 29,58	W.		Generally clear, except the aftern. when rain fell.
26	46 28	29,93-29,92	W.		Generally clear.
27	47 -33	29,97-29,76	W.		Generally clear, a little rain fell in the afternoon.
28	42-30	30,00-30,00	S.W.	,025	Generally clear.
March					
1	46 36	29,93-29,79	S.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
2	53 37	29,91 29,77	S.		Cloudy, a few drops of rain in the afternoon.
3	51-28	30,00-29,98	E.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
4	43-30	30,01-29,97	E.		Generally cloudy.
5	40-31	30,02-29,95	E.		Evening clear, otherwise overcast.
6	34-24	29,81-29,58	N.E.		Generally cloudy, snowing frequently during the
7	35-23	29,69-29,45	N.W.		Cloudy, snowing generally all the day. [day.
8	37-26	29,73-29,64	N.		Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
9	38-16	29,80-29,80	N.		Generally clear.
10	39-15½	30,12-30,08	N.		Generally cloudy.
11	42-29	30,11 30,08	S.E.		Afternoon cloudy, otherwise clear.
12	42 29	30,03-30,02	E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
13	51-34	29,98 29,95	S.E.	,1	Overcast, raining in the morning and evening.
14	51-37	29,97-29,95	S.E.		Overcast, frequent rain.
15	52-44	29,79-29,30	S.W.	,7125	Generally cloudy, raining all the morning.
16	49-41	29,25-29,29	S.W.	,3	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
17	47-35	29,66-29,46	N.E.	,0875	General overcast. [afternoon.
18	39-33	29,80-29,75	N.		General overcast.
19	48 24	29,93-Stat.	W.		Generally clear.
20	50-33	29,94-29,64	S.W.		Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the
21	52-40	29,57-29,53	W.		Generally cloudy. [afternoon.
22	49-38	29,61-29,57	W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

T. B. Daft, of Regent Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in inkstands, and in materials and apparatus for fastening and sealing letters or other documents. February 2nd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the means of conveying and transporting persons and goods from one place to another. February 4th, 6 months.

J. Evans, of Birmingham, Paper-maker, for improvements in the manufacture of paper. February 4th, 6 months.

T. Robinson, of Wilmington Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the process of rectifying or preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. February 7th, 6 months.

C. Binks, of Newington, Edinburgh, manufacturing chemist, for certain improvements in obtaining or manufacturing, and in rendering useful chloride; the chlorides of lime and soda, and other compounds of chlorine applicable in bleaching. February 8th, 6 months.

C. G. Baron de Suarce, of Red Lion Square, Middlesex, Colonel in the French Service, and W. Pontifex, of Shoe Lane, in the city of London, coppersmith, for their invention of a new mode of obtaining dyes, colours, osmain, and acids, from vegetable substances. February 11th, 6 months.

G. H. Manton, of Dover Street, Piccadilly, Gunmaker, for certain improvements in fowling-pieces and other fire-arms. February 11th, 6 months.

E. P. Tee, of Barnsley, York, dyer, for improvements in weaving linen and other fabrics. February 11th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, Rectifyer, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. February 11th, 6 months.

F. C. Worsley, of Holywell Street, Westminster, Esquire, for certain improvements in locomotive engines and carriages. February 14th, 6 months.

R. Prosser, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for generating steam, consuming smoke, and heating apartments. February 19th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in epaulettes and ornamental metallic wire fringe, and other ornamental articles or fabrics of wire.—February 21st, 6 months.

J. A. Stumpff, of Great Portland Street, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements in grand and other pianofortes. February 21st, 6 months.

M. Uzielli, of Fenchurch Street, London, Merchant, for improvements in locks or fastenings. February 21st, 6 months.

H. R. Williams, of the City of Gloucester, Surgeon, for improvements in trusses and surgical bandages. February 21st, 6 months.

T. Hall, of Leeds, Brass Founder, for a new combination or arrangement of parts forming an improved furnace for consuming smoke and economising fuel, applicable to steam-engine boilers, and other furnaces. February 21st, 6 months.

W. Nash, of Budge Row, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in the construction of bridges, viaducts, roofs, and other parts of buildings. February 21st, 6 months.

J. Silvester, of West Bromwich, Stafford, Whitesmith, for certain improvements in the arrangement and construction of apparatus for hanging and closing doors. January 21st, 6 months.

W. Joynson, of St. Mary Cray Paper Mills, Kent, Paper Maker, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the manufacture of paper. February 21st, 6 months.

W. Nash, of Budge Row, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery for winding, spinning, doubling, and throwing silk and other fibrous substances. February 23rd, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—Feb. 18.—Lord Brougham brought forward his promised motion that witnesses should be heard at the bar in support of the allegations contained in certain petitions complaining of the operation of the Corn Laws. His lordship reviewed the whole subject in a long and elaborate speech, entering into a variety of statistical details bearing upon the fluctuations in the prices of corn, those in the currency, and their mutual action on each other.—The Duke of Buckingham followed with the same zeal and energy in behalf of the British farmer, for which he was so conspicuous in the other House of Parliament; and Earl Stanhope showed the fallacy of various propositions laid down by Lord Brougham.—The Duke of Richmond would meet the motion by a direct negative, because their Lordships were already in possession of all the information they could have on the subject, and to grant inquiry would only be to raise hopes that they could not realise.—Lord Melbourne objected to the motion as totally unnecessary, and, even if inquiry were necessary, as suggesting the worse form of pursuing it. It could produce nothing but delay, complication, and disappointment.—The Duke of Wellington entreated their Lordships not to lose time upon this question; he entreated them to consider it upon each and all of the grounds stated by the noble and learned lord, and to come as speedily as possible to such a decision as would, according to the best of their judgments, be consistent with the public interests at large.—The motion was negated.

Feb. 19.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 21.—Notice was given by the Earl of Radnor for Lord Fitzwilliam, that his noble friend would on Thursday, the 14th of March, submit a resolution to the House, to the effect, "That the present Corn Laws failed to produce that steadiness of price which was essential to the best interests of the country."—Lord Londonderry moved for papers relating to the interference of the Government in the war in Spain. After a short discussion Lord Londonderry acceded to the suggestion of Lord Melbourne, that the motion should stand over to the next evening, in order to give time for ascertaining whether the papers could be produced.

Feb. 22.—Lord Colchester moved, pursuant to notice, for certain returns respecting the present force and efficiency of the navy, which was agreed to without a division.

Feb. 25.—The Poor Law (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill was read a second time.

Feb. 26.—The Rules of Proceedings (Borough Courts) Bill was committed.—A long conversation on the state of Ireland followed Lord Charleville's motion for the returns relating to Coghlan's case.

Feb. 28.—The Poor Law (Ireland) Amendment Bill was read a third time and passed. The report on the Boroughs (Courts) Bill was brought up, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on the day following.

March 1.—The Boroughs (Courts) Bill was read a third time and passed.

March 4.—The most important business of the evening was then gone into by Lord Ebrington's explanation of the speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, in July last, on the subject of the Irish Tithe Bill, and alluded to lately by Lord Lyndhurst.

March 5.—Nothing of importance.

March 7.—Nothing of importance.

March 8.—The Earl of Roden gave notice, for the 21st, of a motion on the state of Ireland.—The Earl of Radnor, on behalf of the Earl Fitzwilliam, fixed the motion of the latter, on the Corn Laws, for the 14th inst., subject to alteration if that day should not be found convenient. Lord Brougham moved for a return from the Court of Bankruptcy of an account of all sums received on account of commissions of bankruptcy which had been issued previously to the 1st of January, 1838, distinguishing the different commissions.

March 11.—Lord Lyndhurst, after referring to the report of the Commons on the subject, moved that the proper officer of the House attend on the trial of the case of Mr. Lawson, for publishing extracts from their Lordships' report concerning New Zealand, to produce the original evidence, which was agreed to.

March 12.—The Transfer of Aids Bill went through Committee, and was ordered to be read a third time on Thursday.

March 14.—Earl Fitzwilliam moved, pursuant to notice, the following resolution:—"That the Act 9 George IV., c. 60, has failed of securing that steadiness in the price of grain which is essential to the best interests of the country."—After a discussion, in which the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Radnor, and several other noble lords delivered their sentiments, the House divided.—The numbers were—contents 96; non-contents 224; majority 200.

March 15.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Transfer of Aids Bill and the Poor Relief (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill.

March 18.—On the subject of Church extension in Scotland, the Earl of Aberdeen questioned Lord Melbourne as to his lately-expressed determination not to submit any measure during the present session; and the noble viscount said that Government had not yet made up their mind to submit a motion relating to the matter in question.

House of Commons.—Feb. 18.—The Poor Relief (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill went through committee.—The Lord Advocate brought in a Bill for increasing the salaries of the Judges in Scotland.

Feb. 19.—Mr. Villiers moved for an examination of evidence at the bar of the House of Commons on the subject of the Corn Laws. He was supported by Mr. Poulett Thompson, Sir P. H. Fleetwood, and others. The chief Ministerial speakers were Lord Howick, who was opposed to hearing evidence at the bar, and Lord J. Russell. After an able speech by Sir R. Peel, the House divided. For the motion, 179; against it, 361; majority, 189.

Feb. 20.—No business of consequence.

Feb. 21. The Committee on Mr. Harvey's case reported unanimously that Mr. Harvey had vacated his seat by the acceptance of the office of Registrar of Hackney-coaches; it was ordered that a new writ be issued for Southwark.

Feb. 22.—The Prisons (Scotland) Bill was read a second time, and committed for Monday se'nnight. The Bankrupts Estate (Scotland) Bill was read a second time, and ordered for committal on Friday week. The House having gone into Committee of Supply, a vote of two millions in aid for the service of the year, was agreed to. On the motion for going into Committee on the Affirmation Bill, Mr. Goulbourn moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be committed that day six months. For going into Committee, 93; for the amendment, 125; majority against the Bill, 32.

Feb. 25.—The Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Bill was read a second time without a division, though after a debate of some length, and ordered to be committed on the same day fortnight. The Supreme Courts (Scotland) Bill was read a second time. The Factory Act Amendment Bill was read a second time.

Feb. 26.—No house.

Feb. 27.—The Copyright Extension Bill was read a second time. The House then went into a Committee of Ways and Means, and the Report of the Committee having been brought up, the House adjourned.

Feb. 28.—Mr. O'Connell then brought on his motion for leave to introduce a Bill which should assimilate the elective franchise in England and in Ireland. Several hon. members took part in the discussion; and after a reply from Mr. O'Connell, in which he announced his intention to continue to agitate, the House divided. For the motion, 92; against it, 155; majority against Mr. O'Connell's motion, 63.

March 1.—Mr. J. Jervis brought up the report of the Select Committee which had been directed to inquire into the appointment of the Right Hon. Charles W. W. Wynn to the office of Steward of the Lordship of Denbigh, which was read and agreed to be printed. On the order of the day having been read for going into Committee on the subject of railways in Ireland, a lengthened discussion took place, when Lord Morpeth moved a resolution that the Lords of the Treasury be empowered to issue Exchequer bills to the amount of 6,500,000*l*. In the result the Committee divided:—For the resolution, 144; against it, 100; majority in favour of the grant, 44. When the House resumed, Lord Morpeth moved the second reading of the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, which was eventually postponed till Friday next.

March 4.—Nothing of importance.

March 5.—Sir E. Codrington moved, pursuant to notice, an address to the Crown for the enlargement of the powers of the naval and military Commission now sitting, so as to embrace the subject of pensions and every other subject which the Commissioners might think beneficial to the public service. After a short discussion, the

motion was negatived without a division. An address to the Crown was moved by Mr. Gibson, for copies of any despatches, &c., that have passed between the British Mission at Stockholm and her Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, during 1837 and 1838, relative to the port of Slito, in the island of Gothland. The motion was thrown out by a majority of 22. On the motion of Lord Morpeth, leave was given to bring in a Bill, entitled, "An Act to abolish Compositions for Tithes in Ireland, and to substitute rent-charges in lieu thereof."

March 6.—The House went into Committee on the Highway Bill, and, after some of the clauses had been agreed to, two divisions took place, by which it was determined respectively that there should be a general Board for the superintendence of highways, and that the districts should be co-extensive with those of the Poor Law Unions. The adjourned debate on the Navy Estimates was resumed; but no vote was passed, and on the motion of Capt. Gordon, the Chairman reported progress, and obtained leave to sit on Friday.

March 7.—Mr. Shaw moved, pursuant to notice, for a variety of returns, illustrative of the domestic state of Ireland in regard to crime, punishments, and other similar details.—Mr. O'Connell intimated that he should move, as an amendment, the extension of the proposed returns to England, Scotland, and Wales. The debate was eventually adjourned.

March 8.—On the order of the day having been read for the second reading of the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, a lengthened discussion took place, after which, in a division, the second reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 300 to 39. The Bill to be committed *pro formâ* on Monday, in order that certain alterations may be made in it, and it is to be recommitted after Easter.

March 11.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply on the Navy Estimates, and after some discussion, the vote for 34,165 men, for the naval service of the country, was agreed to. Also, a vote for 1,800,089*l.* for defraying the expenses of seamen and marines. And a vote of 546,655*l.* for victualling the seamen and marines in the ordinary and guard departments.

March 12.—Mr. Villiers brought forward the motion of which he had given notice, and the object of which was to effect the repeal of the Corn Laws. The motion was seconded by Sir George Strickland, and opposed by Mr. Cayley; Mr. Poulett Thompson followed on behalf of the motion, and Sir Edward Knatchbull against it. The debate was adjourned.

March 13.—The adjourned debate was resumed by Sir William Molesworth, who was answered by Mr. Christopher. Mr. Grote, Lord Darlington, Mr. Clay, Mr. Wodehouse, and Lord Howick took part in the debate this evening, after which the debate was again adjourned.

March 14.—The adjourned debate on the Corn Laws was resumed. Lord Worsley opened the debate, and was followed by Mr. E. Tennent, Sir H. Parnell, Lord Maidstone, Mr. Ward, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, after which the debate was again adjourned.

March 15.—The adjourned debate on the Corn Laws was resumed. The speakers were, Mr. Hume, Mr. Mark Phillips, and Mr. T. B. Hobhouse, in favour of the motion. Those in favour of the agricultural interests of the country were Colonel Wood and Mr. Handley. Sir R. Peel followed Mr. Hobhouse. Mr. Fielden moved the adjournment till Monday, and Mr. Ewart till Tuesday. Both motions were negatived by large majorities; the first by 473 to 61, and the latter by 373 to 53, and the resumption of the debate was at length fixed for Monday next.

March 18.—Lord John Russell said that the Metropolitan Police Bills would not be proceeded with before Easter. The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, 89,000 men, exclusive of 20,000 men for the army in the East Indies, were agreed to. For the army, half-pay, pensions, &c., 500,000*l.* was voted, as also 150,000*l.* on account of civil pensions and allowances.—The adjourned debate on the Corn Laws was then proceeded with. Mr. Fielden contended for a repeal, Mr. S. O'Brien for a fixed duty of 12*s.* per quarter; Sir J. Tyrrell thought that no monopoly more grinding than that which the declaimers against the presumed monopoly of the landlords had established, viz. the railroads; Mr. O'Connell advocated a free trade in corn, and in everthing else; Lord Sandon thought that no case had been made out for withdrawing protection from agriculture: Mr. Harvey and many other members spoke. At length Mr. Villiers replied, and the House dividing, his motion was rejected by a majority of 147—there being 195 for the motion, and 342 against it.

INDEX TO VOL. XXIV.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Autobiographical Sketches, by Mrs. Crawford, 46.
An Invocation to My Lyre, by Mrs. E. Thomas, 354.

Christmas Thoughts, by Mrs. Abdy, 24.
Courtier of the Reign of Charles II., the, by Mrs. C. Gore, 34, 138, 272.
Curiosities of Legal Experience, No. I., by a Solicitor, 261, 409.

Deed of Separation, the, a Tale, by Mrs. Abdy, 67.
Delaval O'Dorney: an Autobiography, 307, 389.
Deluge, the, a Drama, &c., by J. E. Reade, Esq. 81.

Exile's Visions of Home, the, by Major Calder Campbell, 251.

Festival of Love, the, by R. S. Fisher, Esq., 284.
Flights in Italy: a Soar over the Alps, 190.
Fox Hunt, the, 92.

Going Rather too Far, 318, 421.

Habits and Opinions of the Poets, 25, 371, 252.
Hope and Memory, by Richard Howitt, 136.

Journey Southward from Damascus, by C. G. Addison, Esq., 225, 355.

Moyla, a Canzonet, for the Guitar, by Mrs. Crawford, 33.
Mems in the Mediterranean, by Launcelot Lamprey, 55, 177.
Memoirs of a Cadet, 75.
Memoirs of Charles Mathews, 97.
My Day-Book, 444.

Note-Book of an Irish Barrister, the, 1, 337.
Night's Adventure, a, by Mrs. Crawford, 432.

Recollections of Ancient Literature, No. I., by an Irish Barrister, 113.
Rest, by Mrs. E. Thomas, 176.

Snatches of Song, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 23, 75, 271.

Scene in Russia, a, by the Author of "Incidents of Travel, 87.
Shakspeare Fancies, 158, 329, 401.
Song, by Richard Howitt, 54.
Song, Distant Bells, by Mrs. Abdy, 199.
Song, My Dark-eyed Zuletta, by Mrs. Crawford, 224.
Song for English Children, a, 284.

The Woodman and the Baron, a Legend of the Hartz, by a Forester, 150.
The Life Canoe, by Washington Browne, 200.
The Martyr's Cave, 203.
The Pirate, by a French Naval Officer, 235, 379.
The Night Auction, 286.
The Widower's Bride, by Mrs. Abdy, 304.
The Poet's Quest, by Richard Howitt, 306.

Wishes, 368.

Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse, noticed, 23
An Impartial Examination of all the Authors on Australia, noticed, 18
Author's Printing and Publishing Guide, noticed, 110
Axel, from the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, noticed, 19

Bankrupts, 27, 56, 86, 123
Book of the Passions, a, noticed, 17
Bouquet, the, or the Ladies' Flower Garden, noticed, 114

California, a History of, noticed, 67
Ciceronis Opera Selecta, M. T., noticed, 115
Commercial Relations of the Country, 26, 55, 85, 123
Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, noticed, 43

Deluge, the, noticed, 65
Discovery of the Vital Principle, the, noticed, 50
Domestic Scenes in Russia, noticed, 72

Edinburgh Cabinet Novels, the, noticed, 52
Emigration Fields, noticed, 57
Entomologist's Text Book, the, noticed, 42.
Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada, noticed, 15

Fall of Warsaw, a Poem, noticed, 112
Fantastical Excursion into the Planets, a, noticed, 112
Francia's Reign of Terror, Sequel of Letter on Paraguay, noticed, 40
Funds, 26, 56, 86, 123

Gazella; or, Rilcar the Wanderer, noticed, 53
Geraldine, a Sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, noticed, 14
Gift of all Seasons, the, noticed, 82

Heads of the People, noticed, 115
History of Egypt under the Ptolemies, noticed, 51
Historical Register, 30, 59, 91, 126
History of Napoleon, noticed, 117

Ignatia and other Poems, noticed, 46

Janet, or Glances at Human Nature, noticed, 33

Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakpeare, noticed, 21, 78

Lady and the Saints, the, noticed, 80
Lalla Rookh, noticed, 112
List of New Publications, 25, 54, 84, 121
Literary News—Works in Progress, 25 55, 85, 122

Mabinogion, the, noticed, 7
Memoirs of the Early Life of a Field Officer, noticed, 113
Meteorological Journal, 29, 59, 87, 124
Miscellaneous, Philosophical, &c. 89
Money Market Report, 26, 56, 86, 123
Moral Contrast, a, noticed, 108

New Aid to Memory, noticed, 108
New Patents, 27, 57, 87, 125

Painting and the Fine Arts, noticed, 17
Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, noticed, 75, 105
Public Buildings, the, noticed, 52

Richelieu, a Play, noticed, 97
Romance of the Harem, the, noticed, 80
Rudiments of English Composition, noticed, 18

Scenes at Home and Abroad, noticed, 41
Student's Manual, noticed, 82
Summary of Works received, 24, 53, 83, 121

Travels in Town, noticed, 9
Travels of Minna and Godfrey in many Lands, noticed, 82
Trials of the Heart, noticed, 109

Waking Dream, noticed, 120
Works of Ben Jonson, the, noticed, 1

Year Book, the, noticed, 120

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